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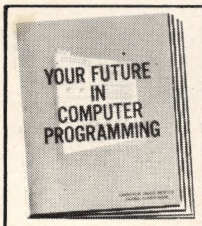

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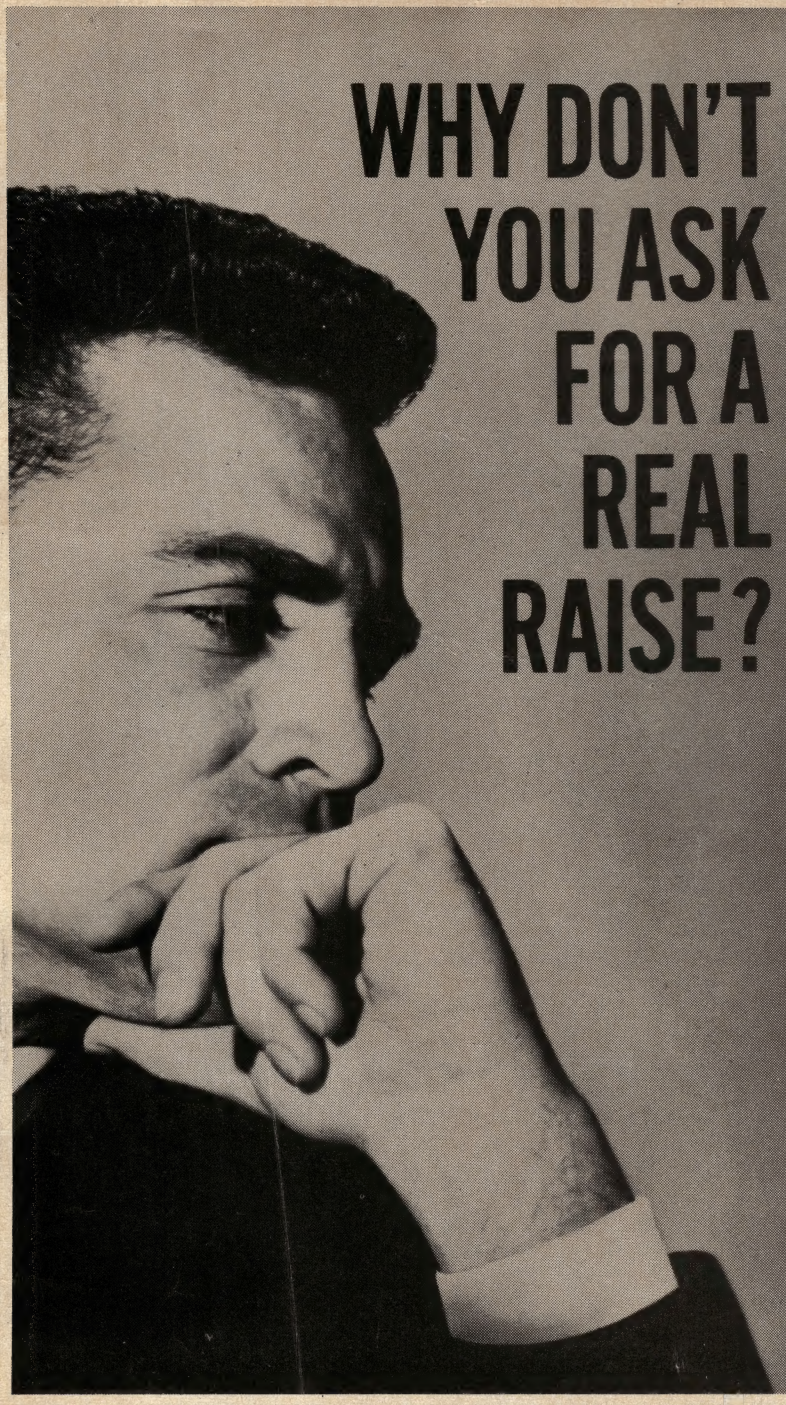

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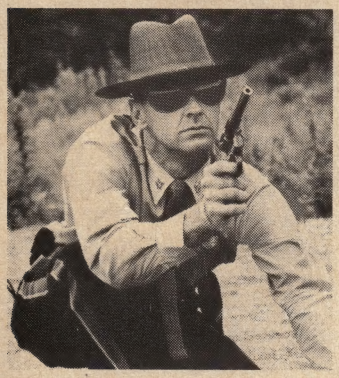

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The thrilling true adventures of the jungle daredevil who fights Africa's big game bare handed.

TRUE EXTRA-LENGTHER

INVASION OF THE CYCLE BRUTES ..... **Hal Rensom** 12
A renegade mama and her lover undergo a night of terror when a revenge-seeking cycle gang takes over their house.

SPECIAL FEATURES

AMERICA'S AIRPORTS ARE DEATH TRAPS ..... **Ray Lunt** 16
The frightening facts they tried to suppress about our airports—and couldn't.

Each room offers something different in THE BEST HOUSE IN NEW YORK ..... **James Lewis** 18
A personalized tour that lets you meet the girls and experience the pleasures of Manhattan's most lavish joy house.

Shipwrecked without food or water in mid-ocean "DAMN IT, WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE!" ..... **Tod Cross** 24
The agonizing ordeal of a man and woman adrift in a lifeboat.

From the long-awaited book of turn-on techniques CHANGE-OF-PACE SEX ..... **Archer Scanlon** 26
2 sexologists reveal five can't-miss ways to score—that women can't resist.

WHY SHAFT-THE-CONSUMER BUSINESSES ARE HAVING A FIELD DAY AT YOUR EXPENSE ..... **Mike Levjay** 28
Why an enraged President Nixon ordered a special investigation of the vultures who are robbing us blind!

A tough Yank who refused to break "I ESCAPED FROM AL NAJAF PRISON IN HELLHOLE DESERT" ..... **Richard Farrington** 30
The only man ever to make it out of Iraq's prison of torture tells how he managed to do it.

Cosa Nostra heist mob vs. the U.S. MAFIA SMUGGLING CONFIDENTIAL ..... **Moss Halner** 36
The inside, hidden story of how the mob's world-wide ring was smashed.

Prize Fiction SHOWDOWN WITH A NUDE BLONDE ..... **Neil Turnbull** 40
First he had to prove he was better than she was. Only then would Mrs. Benning take him into her passion pit.

BONUS FEATURES

HOTLINE ON WOMEN 8
MEN'S NEWSLETTER—News a man can use 11
THE MANY FACES OF MARTA—A picture story for men 32
KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD 35
PHOTOSTOPPERS 38
CONSUMER CONFIDENTIAL 48
PUSSYCAT—Comic extra 94

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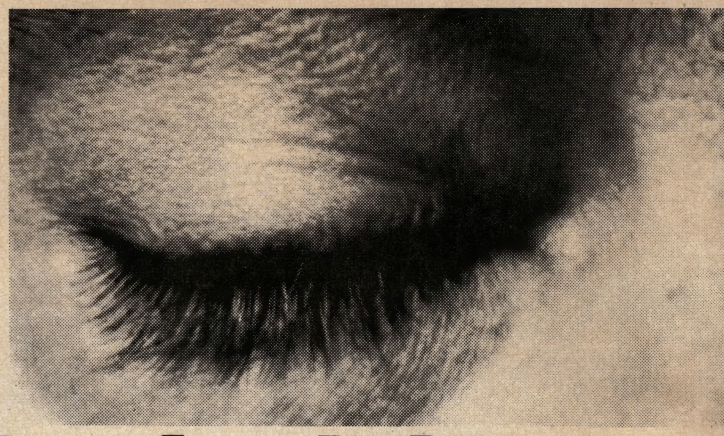

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HOT LINE ON WOMEN

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT SO MANY GIRLS ENGAGE IN JUST ONE SINGLE ACT OF INTERCOURSE AND BECOME PREGNANT?

Females have a habit of engaging in sex at just the wrong moment. Says Dr. Bruce Robertson: "There is mounting evidence that the adult human female experiences something like the animal period of being 'in heat.' This occurs near the time of ovulation, when sexual desire noticeably increases. The most recent confirmation comes from a study by Drs. J. Richard Udry and Naimo M. Norris of the University of North Carolina. They reported that a group of women who agreed to keep daily accounts of sexual activity, recorded intercourse most often around the middle of the month. Corroboration can be found in a study by the Institute for Sex Research, which indicated that many women experienced orgasm at this mid-menstrual point. If true, this fact goes a long way toward explaining the high proportion of nice young girls who impulsively make love just once—and become pregnant. That impulse was no accident. Nature apparently gives them a push at precisely the time they are most likely to conceive.

IS IT NATURAL FOR A WOMAN TO WANT MORE SEX THAN A MAN?

Yes. As Dr. Ivan Popov, Europe's leading youth doctor, declares: "Sex is much better in every way for women. They definitely have a greater sexual capacity than men. The orgasm is extremely useful to women—for health, beauty, youth. It makes them bloom. They can and should indulge in sex more than men. Yes, this disbalance is fair, because a woman's sex life is shorter than a man's—not because of her capacity. There's no limit to that. She could be active her whole life. But because she ceases to be attractive! The length of a man's sex life depends on his capacity, not on his age or attractiveness."

ARE THERE ANY POSITIONS FOR INTERCOURSE THAT WILL PREVENT PREGNANCY?

No. Dr. Robert Barbfel says: "This is an old wives tale that dies very hard. In parts of the Midwest there are many couples who practice the woman-above position under the illusion that pregnancy is impossible in such a union. Actually, conception is possible in any position. In different parts of the world, different positions are in vogue, and in no place is the birth rate anywhere near nil."

IF A DIVORCEE MEETS HER EX-MATE IN THE COMPANY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING, IS SHE LIKELY TO KNIFE HIM TO THE GIRL?

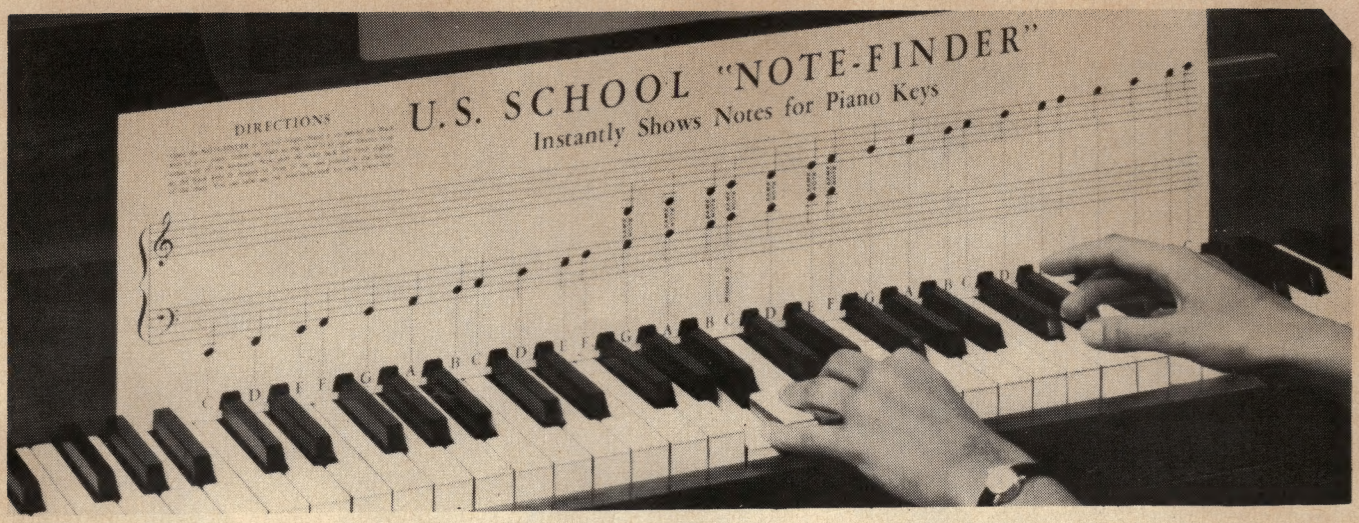
Almost never. Says consulting psychologist Kenneth Wagner: "Most often, an ex-wife will take such a situation as amusing. She is amused to see her husband 'starting from scratch. And she is amused to see a girl being 'taken by a line I've outgrown. Of course, this is a form of defense mechanism. Psychologically, seeing another woman going for the same man and 'pitch' she had fallen for is a form of reassurance that she had not been hopelessly stupid for having married the guy in the first place. This is proof to her that any woman could have made the same mistake. Indeed, desire and need for this reassurance can be so strong that some ex-wives go out of their way to assist their ex-mate's romance. This often is the behavior pattern behind so many so-called 'friendly divorces.' "

ARE ANY WOMEN IN THE WORLD REALLY LESS LIKELY TO MAKE A FUSS ABOUT THEIR HUSBANDS HAVING AN AFFAIR?

Yes. It is no lie about French women; they are more tolerant of a wandering husband than any other women. When they learn their husband has a mistress, they never, never make a big fight about it. As one woman declared in a leading monthly publication: "They wouldn't dream of saying, 'You choose between me and her.' An American wife finds out her husband is having an affair, she says 'Skunk!' and tells him what she thinks of him. She yells . . . maybe cries. The French wife smiles and smiles, says nothing to the husband—and gets even by having a clandestine affair with his best friend. Cynical? Maybe. But practical. We're realists. You Americans are romantics."

AND SPEAKING OF FRENCHMEN, DO MOST WOMEN REALLY CONSIDER THEM GREAT LOVERS?

An affair with a Frenchman is probably one of the major disappointments in an American girl's life. It is the French girl who is the great lover—because she has been taught how to make love to men. "Make a man feel you think he's wonderful and he will be forever convinced of your charm." That quotation comes from a book of advice published for French women in the 18th Century. That's the way the French woman has acted ever since. As for the Frenchman, most American girls come home with a definite preference for the domestic.



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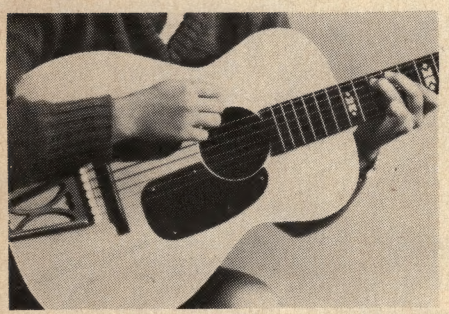
You can learn any instrument in your home...in spare time



Teach *yourself* music? Yes, you can—and you'll be amazed how easy it is! Piano, guitar, accordion, saxophone—any popular instrument—you can teach yourself to play it *right away*. It's all possible thanks to the remarkable home-study Course offered to you now by the famous U.S. School of Music.

You Learn Quickly, Easily

This superb Course shows you how to play your favorite music *by note*. You read and play actual sheet music. There are no "gimmicks" at all. And the incredible thing is that you learn *so quickly* and *easily*.

The secret of this rapid success is in the Course's unique, proven method of instruction. Simple, easy-to-understand instructions tell you what to do. Then, wonderfully clear pictures *show* you just how to do it. It's so easy that even children can learn. And you don't need any special talent, or previous experience, or even special knowledge of music!

From the very first lesson you start playing actual tunes from sheet music. As you progress, you'll be playing more and more advanced pieces. Before you know it you'll be playing your favorite music as though you've known how all your life!

Convenient and Economical

You'll also be delighted to discover how *convenient* and *economical* this wonderful Course is. You learn at home, in your spare time. You go as fast or as slowly as you wish. There's no expensive private teacher to pay. You get valuable sheet music included at no extra cost. And you learn for just pennies a day!

Start Enjoying a New Way of Life

Just imagine yourself playing your favorite instrument, and playing it *well*. What a thrill and sense of accomplishment you'll feel as you skillfully and confidently play popular hits . . . classical pieces . . . folk and country music . . . dance tunes—any kind of music you like! You'll enjoy a wonderful escape from the tensions and problems of everyday life. You'll win *new* friends and *new* popularity. Best of all, you'll have that warm, deep-down sense of satisfaction and self-fulfillment that comes with going ahead and doing something you've always wanted to do!

Mail coupon today

Don't go on missing the pleasures that playing music can bring into your life. Write now for our new FREE booklet that tells you all about the Course and shows you how *fast* and *easy* this unique instruction really is. We'll also send you a FREE Piano "Note-Finder." No obligation. Just mail the coupon TODAY to: U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050. *Estab. 1898. Licensed by the New York State Education Department.* Accredited Member National Home Study Council

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Here's How Others Learned to Play This Fast, Easy Way!

Excited–Delighted–"I'm so excited, thrilled and delighted with this magnificent Course that it's difficult to 'go slowly.' Instructions are easily understood. And I enjoy the fact that I can practice and study at my own time and speed." *Clara J. Napoleon—Trenton, N.J.*

Plays folk music–"I have finished college, and my ability to play the guitar really paid off there, especially since folk music has become so popular. I have played both as lead and accompanist guitarist." *Dwight Bullard—Concord, Ark.*

Friends are astonished–"Ever since I signed up for the Piano Course, I have been reaping happiness. My friends are astonished and my family happy. I will never forget the fun I've had." *Linda Kurtz—Airville, Pa.*

U.S. School of Music,
Port Washington, New York 11050

Yes! I want to learn to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, FREE, your illustrated booklet, "Now You Can Learn To Play Music in Your Own Home"—*plus* free Piano "Note-Finder." I am under *no obligation*. Check the instrument you would like to play (check one only):

☐ Piano	☐ Steel Guitar	☐ Trumpet
☐ Guitar	☐ Saxophone	☐ Cornet
☐ Accordion	☐ Violin	☐ Clarinet
☐ Organ–pipe, electronic, reed	☐ Tenor Banjo	☐ Ukulele
	☐ Mandolin	☐ Trombone

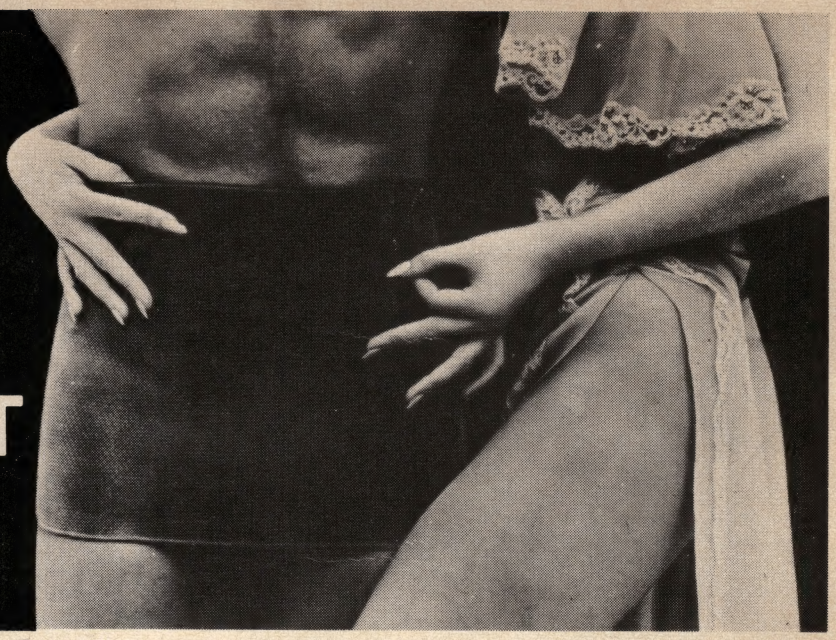
Mr.
Mrs _____ Age _____
Miss (Please print clearly)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No
Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students at reduced rates.

91-N

Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

Slim Down & Make Out

with JOE WEIDER'S SLIM·GARD® THE INSTANT SLIMMER



Gives your waist sex appeal!

NOW!—An entirely New "SCIENCE WEAPON"—A "New Speed" to help a guy with a pot belly lose up to 3¼ inches and give him a sleek, sexy waist—Or to help a chubby fellow lose up to 17 pounds and "shake his world"—**ALL IN JUST 14 DAYS!** The **SLIM GARD** and **SLIMMER'S KIT** has quickly turned thousands of fat and flabby, run-down pussy cats into "Turned On" Tigers on the prowl! However, we wanted more proof of this amazing fast-working plan so **we conducted a controlled test at a leading university. The students reported waist losses of up to 3.25 and overall fat losses of up to 17 pounds —IN ONLY 2 WEEKS!** Results came so fast with our "Slimmer's Kit" that the students called it a 'small miracle'—they found it the only foolproof way to reduce the waist, hips and overall fat in a matter of days.

Forget vibrators, electronic machines, rubber or weighted-belts, pills, crash diets or other gimmicks—the government claims such devices, by themselves, are practically useless for slimming and shaping.

The **slimmer kit** is a guaranteed, simple 3-part program that really works—whether you're 20, 30, 50, or even 70 (**and University Tests and 1000-plus users back up our claim!**), "Slim-Gard" and "Slimmer's Kit" are the only foolproof way to reduce your waist, hips, and produce overall weight losses in a matter of days. And what makes it so great is that you can do it **secretly** . . . in the **privacy of your own room.** It takes only 15 minutes a-day for 14 days to help create a more exciting and sexier-looking you! It's so good it's endorsed by coaches, physical educators, beauty queens, TV stars and physique champions everywhere. So if you are serious about trying our foolproof way of slimming down and shaping up . . . lucky YOU! It's all here—the "Slimmer's Kit" for you to try out—secretly and privately—for 14 days . . . and on my Money-Back Guarantee offer. So let's get started, Tiger . . . you have nothing to lose but a flabby waist or a fat body!

1 THE "SLIM GARD"

The Instant Slimmer—Trims inches off your waist, hips and lower back—without dieting. For a speedy "gateway" slip on **SLIM GARD**—the entirely new "science weapon" that when used with the **SLIMMER'S** routine will take up to 3.25 inches off your waist in only 2 weeks—and keep it off—as proven by thousands of recent users and in a controlled university test. So, go on—slip on **SLIM GARD the Instant Slimmer.** Then, take it easy, for while you're sitting around, watching TV, relaxing or eating, your waist, hips and small-of-the-back are getting an effortless "going over" that takes inches off your soft belly without your even knowing it! It hugs your body gently but firmly, keeping warm air in—cool air out—trimming inches effortlessly away! **SLIM GARD** and the **SLIMMER'S Routine** work effectively for the fat or slender man. Instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight. When you have slimmed down, you are given a simple "maintenance" program that will **keep** you slim and trim for the rest of your life. **And SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . except the inches that go! You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!**

Building a natural Muscle Girdle that holds in your waist for life is easy, when you buy and use

THE "SLIM GARD"

(Made to last for years)

and The Slimmer's Routine.

Only $9.98

Comes in sizes: Small, Medium, Large

2 "SLIMMER" SHAKE

Helps You Lose Up to a Pound-A-Day—14 Pounds in 14 Days—Without Losing Your Strength and Vigor. If you're 10 to 100 pounds overweight and want even faster weight losses—up to a-pound-a-day, Part 2 of Joe Weider's famous **SLIMMER'S Formula** is the easiest and most delicious way to do it. It's called The **"SLIMMER" Shake**—a scrumptuous, **protein-enriched** milkshake-flavored drink. It supplies nutrients to your body that charge it with **power** and **vim** while it slenderizes you. Even chubby guys who won't even lift a finger can lose up to a-pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days—just drinking The **SLIMMER** Shake! It's the first and the best for fast weight losses . . . that's why even the world's strongest and best-built men and Olympic champions drink it to get in shape quickly.

"SLIMMER" SHAKE (Complete nutritious meal-in-a-glass) **and The Slimmer's Routine.**

Only $11.98

(2 weeks supply) (choice of chocolate or vanilla)

FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks To Shape You Up and Trim You Down

Here's Part 3 of the Slimming Formula, the surprisingly effortless **"Aerobic/Circuit"** training routine used by athletes, coaches, actresses and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier, more Exciting You! You need this routine NOW—because it's the youthful-appearing person who gets and stays ahead!—**AND IT'S YOURS FREE!**

SPECIAL OFFER!

3 SLIM GARD AND SLIMMER'S SHAKE and The Slimmer's Routine ALL THREE ($21.98 value) For only $17.96

INSTANTLY LOOK SLIMMER

LOSE UP TO 3.25 INCHES IN 14 DAYS!

Go Ahead . . . Start Moving Your Belt Back A Few Notches, Instantly . . . And Keep It There.

SHAKE YOUR WORLD

Now You Can Have a Slimmer, Sexier Waist and a "Turned On" Sleek Body—Fast!

It's Foolproof! It's Easy!—and so simple to slim down for life with my effortless, GUARANTEED 1-2-3 SLIMMER'S FORMULA. Attack your weight problem these 3 ways: (1) Wear SLIM GARD to lose up to 3.25 inches from your waist in 14 days. (2) Drink The SLIMMER'S SHAKE to lose overall weight of up to 17 pounds in 2 weeks. (3) Do the "effortless" SLIMMER Routine 15 minutes a day for 14 days. WHY NOT GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY? You've nothing to lose but a flabby waist—or a fat body—and you'll gain a "turned on" sleek body, a real "male status symbol". If you have that, you're definitely "in" with the girls. Don't miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime offer! Prove to yourself that within 14 days you can slim down once and for all—OR EVERY PENNY BACK. Clip and mail the NO RISK COUPON NOW—while it's still handy and the offer is available to you.

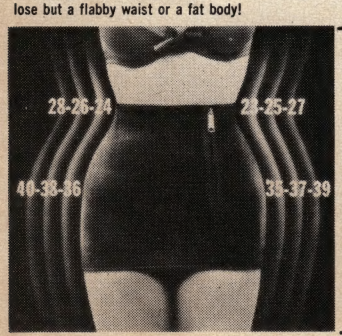
I GUARANTEE YOU A WAIST LOSS OF UP TO 3.25" —A WEIGHT LOSS OF UP TO 17 POUNDS—IN THE NEXT 14 DAYS—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!—FAIR?

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

My entirely New "SCIENCE WEAPON" and the SLIMMER'S Formula really works! That's why I can guarantee these results. I have tested it over 2 years with astonishing results and just recently a CONTROLLED TEST WAS CONDUCTED AT A LEADING UNIVERSITY AND AS MENTIONED BEFORE, THE STUDENTS REPORTED WAIST LOSSES OF UP TO 3.25 INCHES AND OVERALL FAT LOSSES OF UP TO 17 POUNDS—IN JUST 14 DAYS.

Trainer of the Champions, Architect of Beauties since 1936 with over 2,500,000 successful students

Joe Weider
JOE WEIDER



GREAT FOR WOMEN!

Slim Down with the Instant Slimmer JOE WEIDER'S SLIM·GARD® THE INSTANT SLIMMER

You Lose Up to 5 Inches or More Off Your Waist and Hips in 30 Days—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

This New, university-tested, proven, ridiculously easy Do-It-Yourself-Complete-Home Gym-Slimmer's Kit is guaranteed within 14 days to slim you down and start giving you a firm, seductive waistline—all in the privacy and secrecy of your own room—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING! **HARD TO BELIEVE? WELL! 'SEEING IS BELIEVING'!** Jet off your order now for your own personal SLIMMER Kit and see inches of flab go fast . . . in just 14 days. Your waist and hipline must COME ALIVE—just as it's done for thousands of models and stars—or every penny back! Don't just sit there in your fat —start slimming down **instantly** by ordering proven, tested **SLIM GARD** and **SLIMMER'S KIT.** You'll be so happy you did!

CHECK THE "SLIMMING DOWN" PLAN YOU NEED BELOW:

1 ☐ **SLIM GARD** and Free Course **only $9.98**
Check size: ☐ Small (24-29) ☐ Medium (30-38) ☐ Large (39-47)

2 ☐ **SLIMMER'S SHAKE** and Free Course **only $11.98**

3 ☐ **SPECIAL OFFER:** Slim Gard, Slimmer Shake and Free Course **only $17.96**

I enclose check or money order for: $.....

JOE WEIDER

Dept. 16-10SG3
Famous Fitness School
531—32nd Street
Union City, N. J. 07087

Dear Joe: YES! I want to start slimming down at your risk! I am enclosing only the special low price for the plan I need to "SLIM DOWN" and "SHAPE UP" If I am not completely satisfied, I can return the unused material within 5 days for a full refund of the purchase price.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

Prices do not include small parcel post charge paid on delivery

MEN'S NEWSLETTER MEN'S NEWSLETTER

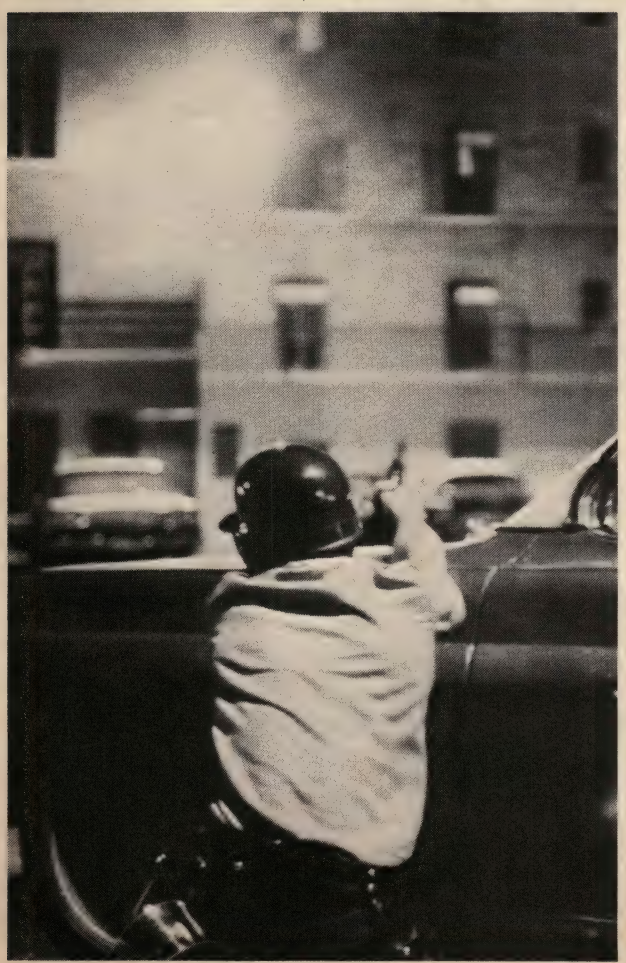
MUGS, MOLLS, MAYHEM

Swap couples answering those let's-get-acquainted ads make great robbery bait—as many of them are finding out. Crooks have discovered swappers are always determined to impress new "friends" so the wife will wear every bit of jewelry she owns. And naturally they can be lured to some house in an out-of-the-way area where they can be mugged at a criminal's leisure. . .

TURNS OUT 30 PERCENT OF ALL BUSINESS FAILURES ARE THE FAULT OF CROOKED EMPLOYEES FILCHING EVERYTHING THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON. . .

Department store dicks now get special training at rump watching—to spot distinctive way female shoplifters waddle when they have masses of merchandise trussed up between their legs. . .

SHOCKING FACT HOW POORLY MOST COPS DO WHEN SHOOTING IT OUT WITH SNIPER IN HIGH BUILDING. GUN EXPERTS SAY IT'S BECAUSE MOST POLICEMEN PRACTICE THEIR PLINKING AT LEVEL TARGETS AND UPWARD SHOOTING REQUIRES A LOT OF SPECIAL TRAINING AND AIM ADJUSTMENTS. . .



Dead-Eye Dick Misses

Big reason counterfeiting's becoming major headache again: Enforcement depends on stoolies and many underworld weaklings have lost faith in Secret Service's ability to protect informers. They reason that if Secret Service couldn't protect John Kennedy, they'd do a lot worse protecting a canary from underworld vengeance. . .

MOST WIDE OPEN CITY IN WORLD FOR BANK ROBBERY IS MONTREAL, CANADA, WHERE THINGS HAVE GOTTEN SO BAD THAT UNION IS DEMANDING THAT BANK CLERKS BE GUARANTEED PAY FOR TIME A BANK IS CLOSED BECAUSE OF A HOLDUP. . .

Most psychiatrists insist it's hogwash that an honorable person can be hypnotised into committing a crime. They say technique will only work on a subject who has criminal tendencies to begin with. . .

SHOCKING STATISTIC ON DRUG ADDICTION IS FACT THAT IN NEW YORK CITY DOPE ADDICTS STEAL AN ESTIMATED $1 MILLION WORTH OF PROPERTY A DAY TO SUPPORT THEIR HABIT. . .

UP AT THE FRONT

MOST RIDICULOUS SITUATION IN WORLD IS FACT THAT G.I.s STATIONED ALONG DMZ IN KOREA DON'T DRAW FULL COMBAT PAY—EVEN THOUGH THEY DO PLENTY OF "PEACETIME" DYING. . .

Despite all the bleating about how patriotic they are and what they do for ex-G.I.s, it's a sad fact that most of Big Business won't offer any combat vet anything better than laboring or other menial job. . .

RECENTLY UNCOVERED IN SAIGON: CONG SPY RING SPECIALIZING IN POISONING DOG FOOD COMING INTO COUNTRY. ENEMY IS THAT DESPERATE TO STOP OUR CANINE CORPS. . .

Newest headshrinker report out of West Germany shows there are scores of ex-Army officers who go to bed wearing their WW II medals, caps, even weapons. Diagnosis is it's form of "military senility" and/or childlike refusal to believe that Fatherland lost the war. . .

RED SCENES

Latest satellite crime statistics: Czechs claim out of 138 murders committed in their country last year, all but nine were solved. And in Hungary, crime record is down overall by about 7 percent but crimes of violence—assault with a deadly weapon, rape—are up. Hungary also plagued by big increase of witch burnings in small town. Six men were recently sen-

(Continued on page 42)

DAMN, but she must have been something strange to see that night, racing down a deserted dirt road on a motorcycle without a stitch on her. Yes sir, she must have really been something to see.

I wasn't there, but from what she told me later, it wasn't hard for me to close my eyes and imagine how she looked and how it all happened: her long blonde hair being whipped back by the wind; her firm breasts glistening in the moonlight; her small, hard backside nestling in the huge, black, saddle-leather seat as she crouches low to cut down on the wind resistance; her lean, muscular legs dangling over the sides of the cycle, pressing against the cold metal for balance.

Her face is twisted in pain from the torturous beating she had taken just a half hour before, and from the rocks and pebbles which the front wheel of her speeding motorcycle is kicking up against her nude body. Her eyes are glued to the unfamiliar road, as the beam from her cycle headlight probes the darkness, picking up the bumps and potholes and sudden turns she has to navigate.

Her hands and feet work automatically, smoothly shifting gears, braking, steering—avoiding the obstacles that spell disaster if taken the wrong way.

And her ears are cocked, listening for the roar of a dozen motorcycle engines, the telltale sound that the Devil's Disciples, the most vicious cycle gang ever to roar down the highways of the Southwest, are close on her trail. She already bears their cuts, and burns, and bruises, and welts. And she'll bear more of them—much more—if they catch her. Not only for the motorcycle she stole but for the missing 20 grand also.

Suddenly, she spots a side road, not more than five feet wide. In a flash she's past it. But she clamps down hard on her hand brakes, and the tires of her cycle dig into the road, screeching, clawing for something solid to hold onto. But there's nothing except dirt and the wheels spin eerily out of control. Finally, she hits a pothole and goes flying off the cycle, landing in a bed of the thorny bushes that line both sides of the road.

While her cycle flip-flops crazily and then falls on its side, she lays in her bed of thorns, hardly daring to move a muscle. Tears stream down her dirt-caked

(Continued on page 14)

Invasion of the

By QUINT LAKE as told to HAL RENSOM

TRUE EXTRA-LENGTHER

TWO MEMBERS OF A CYCLE GANG SHOT DEAD BY A LOCAL RANCHER

The behind-the-headlines shocker about a cycle gang in the Southwest on a lust-and-crime spree that went vengeance-hunting for a renegade cycle mama — and ran into a rancher who heroically defied them . . .

Rancher Tells Court: "CYCLE GANG CHARGED MY HOME — BEAT ME TO A BLOODY PULP"

cycle brutes!

MEN
JANUARY 1970

cycle brutes!

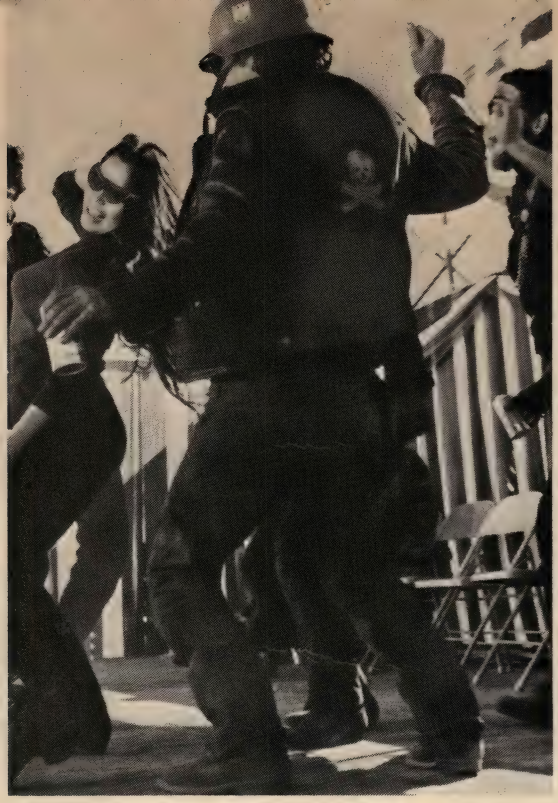
face, etching white lines on her cheeks.

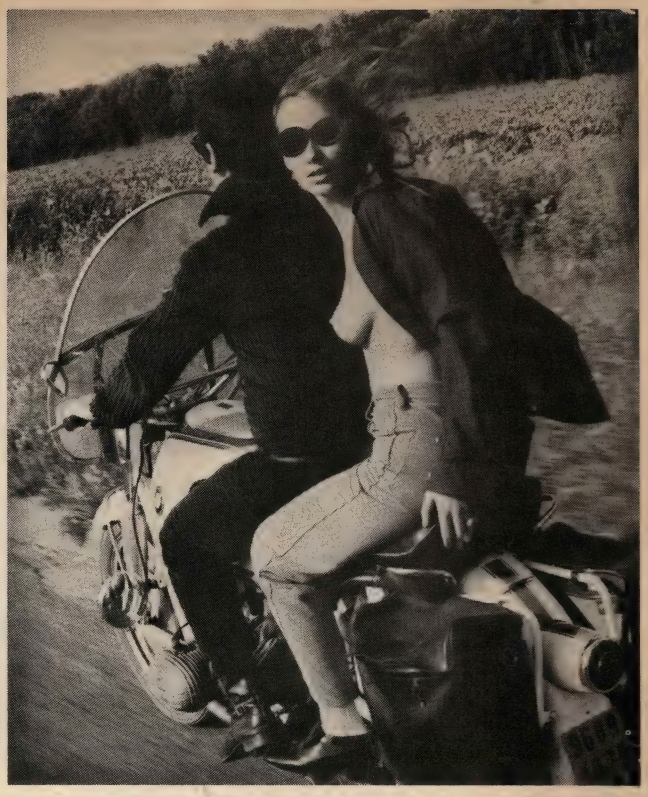
At first the sobs come slowly, forcing their way out with effort. Then they come faster and faster until her whole body is wracked with heaving. It is something she's wanted to do for a long time, and couldn't. Not even back there when she was tied to a tree trunk, with Killer Joe standing over her, a blood-stained belt in his hand. But now, with the terrible ordeal behind her and lying in the bed of thorns, everything is welling up inside her and she can't stop crying.

Finally, limp with exhaustion, she stands up, numb to the pain of the dozens of thorns imbedded in her, and walks slowly to the overturned, wrecked motorcycle. She struggles to get it upright, then heaves it forward, sending it rolling into the underbrush which forms an almost solid-wall frame for the road. She listens to the snapping of branches as the vehicle forces its own path through the dense growth. When the sounds stop she covers the point of entry with tumbleweed until she is satisfied that the cycle is well camouflaged. That part of the job finished, she heads back in the direction she came, searching for the side road. It doesn't take her long to reach it. Then, with a sigh of weariness she starts down the road.

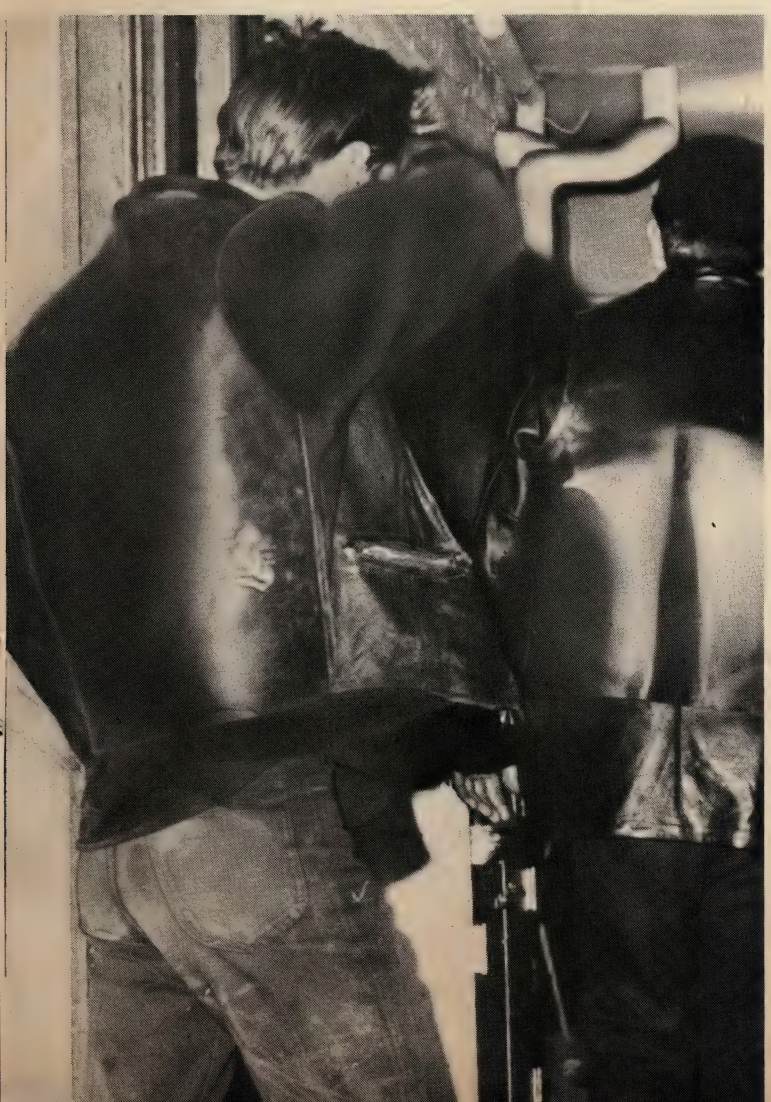
After stumbling two hundred yards she comes upon a weather-beaten, wooden-frame house, bleached almost white from the searing Arizona sun. She staggers up the porch steps and falls against the door, hammering at it with her fist, but in the silence of the night only the echo of her knocking

The surviving members of the Devil's Disciples being booked on aggravated assault and attempted murder charges in Bronson, Arizona. They were found guilty.





The above photos of the Devil's Disciples during one of their "Anything Goes!" sex sprees were taken by one of the gang and confiscated by police. A favorite stunt of theirs was to have a mama bare her breasts while riding on a cycle on the highway, just to "blow passing motorists' minds!"



booms out an answer. She now rattles the door handle frantically, and when she can't force the door she moves to the windows. But the shutters are closed tight—the ones covering the windows in the front of the house and the ones covering the windows in the rear of the house.

Suddenly, she's startled by a noise—**Bang! Bang!**

She wheels around quickly, panic in her eyes, not knowing what she'll see and expecting the worst. But all that's there is an old barn, it's doors swinging in the wind. A grateful sob escapes from her. She hustles inside, pulls the doors shut with both hands, and collapses to the floor. The last thing she remembers before sinking into oblivion is uttering a prayer to God—grateful for her escape.

She regained consciousness the next afternoon, and immediately was aware that things had been happening to her while she was out. For one, she wasn't lying in the barn, but in a bed. Secondly, she was bandaged almost from head to toe. She tried to lift herself off the bed, but fell back, too weak for the effort required.

I was in the kitchen when I heard bedsprings creaking. I opened the door to what once was my bedroom—and was now hers—and looked down at her. She didn't move, just stared at me—first with fright, then bewilderment. She tried to speak through cracked lips, but only managed a gutteral moan.

"It's all right," I said softly to reassure her. "You're going to be allright. I did what I could, but you need a doctor. Now take it easy while I go into town for Doc Wilson."

At the mention of Doc Wilson she shook her head violently and struggled once more to get out of bed. I put my hand on her naked shoulder and eased her back. Tears came to her **(Continued on page 50)**

Pilots Charge: MANY AMERICAN AIRPORTS

Potholed and gutted runways like this have been the cause for more than just a few plane disasters. Yet pilots' warnings generally have fallen on deaf ears.

AIRPORTS PILOTS FEAR THE MOST

Many of the more than 500 airports in the United States which serve commercial airlines are unsafe, according to a survey of pilots conducted by the Air Line Pilots Association.

Following is a list of ten airports considered among the most "dangerous" by the pilots.

1. The Bradford, Pa., Airport
2. Greater Cincinnati Airport
3. NYC's Kennedy International
4. Lexington, Ky., Bluegrass Airport
5. Tweed-New Haven, Conn., Airport
6. Hawaii's Kona Airport
7. Hawaii's Molokai Airport
8. Kansas City, Mo., Municipal Airport
9. Charleston, W. Va., Kanawha Airport
10. Miami, Fla., International

The pilots' association rates only one airport as adequate—that's Dulles International, which is located deep in the Virginia countryside and which primarily services airlines carrying passengers to and from Washington, D.C.

By RAY LUNT

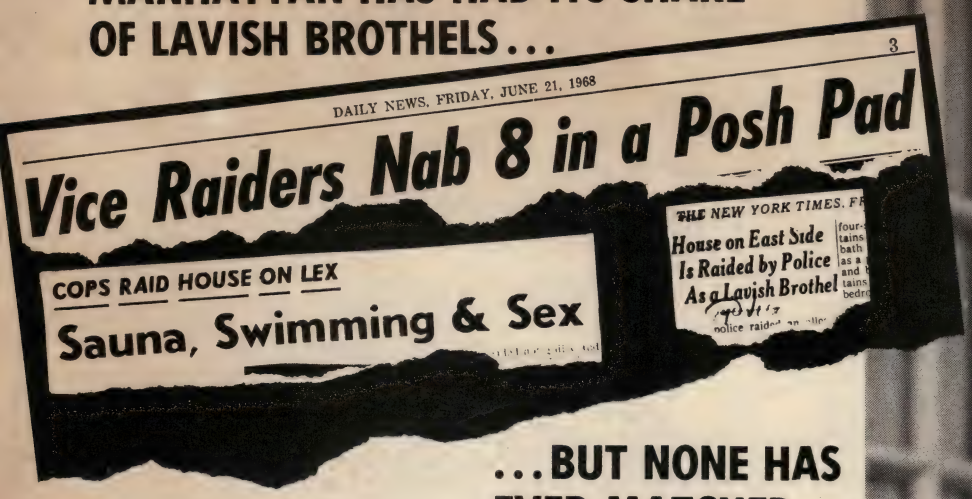
ARE STILL DEATH TRAPS

Here Are The Facts That Can't Be Suppressed

FOR 95 minutes the huge airliner circled New York's Kennedy International Airport in a holding pattern. Below, a group of angry government officials and red-faced airport administrators fretted. And in the control tower, traffic controllers kept their fingers crossed because they've learned to appreciate the danger of a mid-air collision when a plane is in a long holding pattern. Finally, one controller sent the airliner to the head of the holding line, and minutes later the plane set its wheels down on American soil for the first time.

It was highly irregular—sending a plane to the head of the holding line—but this was a highly irregular plane, a Russian Ilyushin-62. It marked the maiden flight of regular air service between Moscow and New York. The Russians, of course, were well aware of the fouled-up landing situation. During a news conference in front of TV cameras, newsmen and photographers from all over the world, a Soviet official could not resist taking a mild jab at "American know-how." He smiled as he said, "The flight across Europe and the Atlantic was pleasant and **(Continued on page 44)**

MANHATTAN HAS HAD ITS SHARE OF LAVISH BROTHELS...


DAILY NEWS, FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1968 3

Vice Raiders Nab 8 in a Posh Pad

COPS RAID HOUSE ON LEX

Sauna, Swimming & Sex

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FR

House on East Side Is Raided by Police As a Lavish Brothel

police raided an

four-
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...BUT NONE HAS EVER MATCHED...

the BEST HOUSE IN NEW YORK

By JAMES LEWIS

ON a soft, warm evening, a car drove down a quiet street lined with luxury apartments on Manhattan's posh East Side and pulled into a garage in one of the buildings. A sign in the driveway listed the parking rates, indicating space was available even to those who did not live in the building above.

The man driving, whom we'll call Chet, wheeled into an empty space, got out and walked over to the garage attendant. "How long you gonna park?" the attendant asked.

"Just a few hours," Chet said.

"You visiting someone in the building?" the man asked. "Or you goin' someplace else?"

It was a question Chet had been anticipating. For to gain entrance to the fantastic sex paradise in the building above, he had to come armed with the right answer. "I'm visiting some friends who live on the top floor," he said. "The Robinsons."

The attendant asked his name, and Chet gave it. "You're okay," he said, smiling knowingly. "Your name's on my list. Follow me." He led Chet to a door marked, "Private—Employees Only," and unlocked it.

The door led to a narrow corridor which smelled of floor wax. "Go down to the end," the attendant directed. "You'll see an elevator. It's private. Goes only to the top floor and the penthouse. That's where you want to go. Have fun."

When Chet reached the top floor, he left the elevator for a warmly lit vestibule and an even warmer

(Continued on page 20)

Customers of this sex emporium came from all walks of life. Despite royal treatment, prices were not exorbitant.

Visitors were greeted by hostesses whose only job was to welcome them. At a well-stocked bar, the girls displayed their wares. These sensational photos were snapped without the girls' permission, so their eyes are shaded to protect their identities.

BEST HOUSE

hello from the woman who was there to greet him. She had a soft face and a pretty smile and hair which fell to her shoulders in gentle waves. She walked languidly toward Chet, smiling all the while, moving her lithe young body with sensual grace. She was wearing a delicate lace see-through shirt that melted over her breasts and played peek-a-boo with their brown tips. The shirt hugged her waist and spread over her hips, growing lacier as it stretched down over her thighs, concealing yet hinting at the lushness beneath.

She said, "Hi, I'm Karen," in a voice so suggestive that a shiver ran down Chet's back. She stopped just in front of him and lightly touched his arm. A faint smell of lilacs wafted from her as she moved. "What's your name?" she asked. Chet told her.

She reached up and ran cool gentle fingers across his cheeks, her breasts gliding up under her sheer blouse as she did so, her nipples rising up towards Chet. "This must be your first time here," she said, and kissed him long and slow on the lips. "I'm glad you came."

Then she took Chet's arm, holding her body snugly against his, and led him towards a curtained doorway. "The best thing to do when you get inside," she said, "is just take it all in. Don't rush it. You'll enjoy it more." She now stopped and kissed him again, running her hands down his body and encouraging him to do the same to her. "This is just to warm you up," she said. "It gets better inside. Go on in."

Chet stopped fondling her breasts. "Aren't you coming with me?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said, and laughed playfully. "My job is just to say hello and goodby later when you come out. There's plenty of others like me inside. You'll love it. Go on in."

Reluctantly, Chet let her go and moved off through the doorway, pushing aside the curtains as he did. A long low room bathed in blue light stretched out before him. Along the entire length of the far wall—the wall in which the windows would have been set—hung a deep blue velvet curtain affixed with photographs showing couples making love in every position, performing every act. A bar was set in the middle of the room, just in front of the wall, and a barmaid in a see-through lace shirtdress identical to Karen's was mixing drinks.

All around the room were girls in those teasing shirts. They were all young and beautiful —blondes, brunettes and redheads with graceful, slim figures and firm high breasts which pressed invitingly against the sheer material. their taut nipples awaiting the touch of a man's hand. They were either dancing with the men to a slow, langorous beat, or they were cuddled with them on low love seats and contour rockers spotted around the (Continued on page 63)

BOOK BONUS

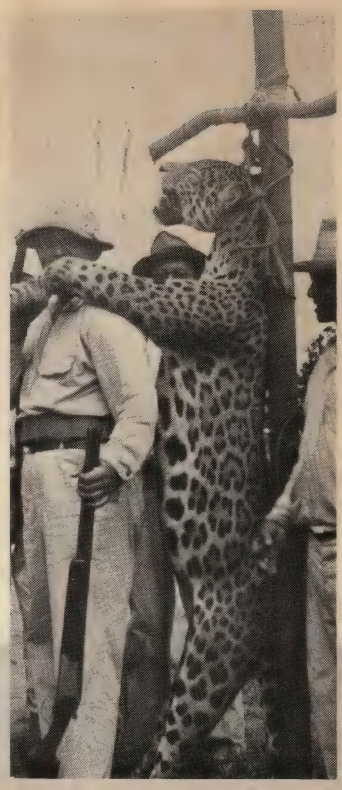
FROM JEAN PIERRE HALLET'S
Sensational Autobiographical Adventures

Jean Pierre Hallet

MY WAR WITH THE MONSTER LEOPARD OF THE CONGO

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Jean Pierre Hallet and Africa; mention one and the other immediately springs to mind. There is probably not a person alive who knows the Dark Continent as intimately as does this Belgian. He is the only white man ever to be accepted as a blood brother by Kenya's fierce Masai tribe, the Congo's Balega and Banande tribes, and the Bambuti pygmies. Coming to Africa first with the colonial office of the Belgian Congo, and later switching to animal training and taming, Jean Pierre Hallet bears the souvenirs of a lifetime of adventure on his body. An Ituri poison arrow almost cost him his leg, backwater fever practically left him for dead in Katanga

From ANIMAL KITABU by Jean-Pierre Hallet. Copyright © 1967 by Jean-Pierre Hallet and Alexandra Pelle



The spotted leopard (left), considered by author to be the real king of beasts, was free to roam at will in the old Africa. The big cat is fast disappearing with the advent of a new breed of money-hungry native poachers who set cruel traps for the price of his skin (right), or for the valued ivory tusks of the elephant (above).

Province, and only the skill of a pygmy witch doctor saved him from a native knife slashing in Kasai. There is not an animal in Africa which he has not fought and captured barehanded, for he never goes into the bush with a gun or knife. When a dynamite explosion ripped off his hand at the wrist—as well as costing him much of his hearing—doctors finally wrote off his career as a daredevil adventurer. Yet he showed the same respect for their predictions as he always did his safety, and is living today as he always has, with danger as his constant companion.

As a follow up to his best-selling book, *Congo Kitabu,* Hallet explores the kingdom he loves best—the animal kingdom. He reveals the secrets of the animal world as very few men can. He permits us to take part in his most hair-raising adventures and his love for all the living things which inhabit Africa. With the steady demise of African game—as civilization continues to displace their traditional habitats—this article assumes even greater significance. For the day is not too far off when the animals he talks of will disappear. And when that day comes, fathers will take Hallet's writings from the bookshelves and read to their sons about the glorious African wildlife that once was—and about a giant named Jean Pierre Hallet who once walked the land).

MONSTER LEOPARD

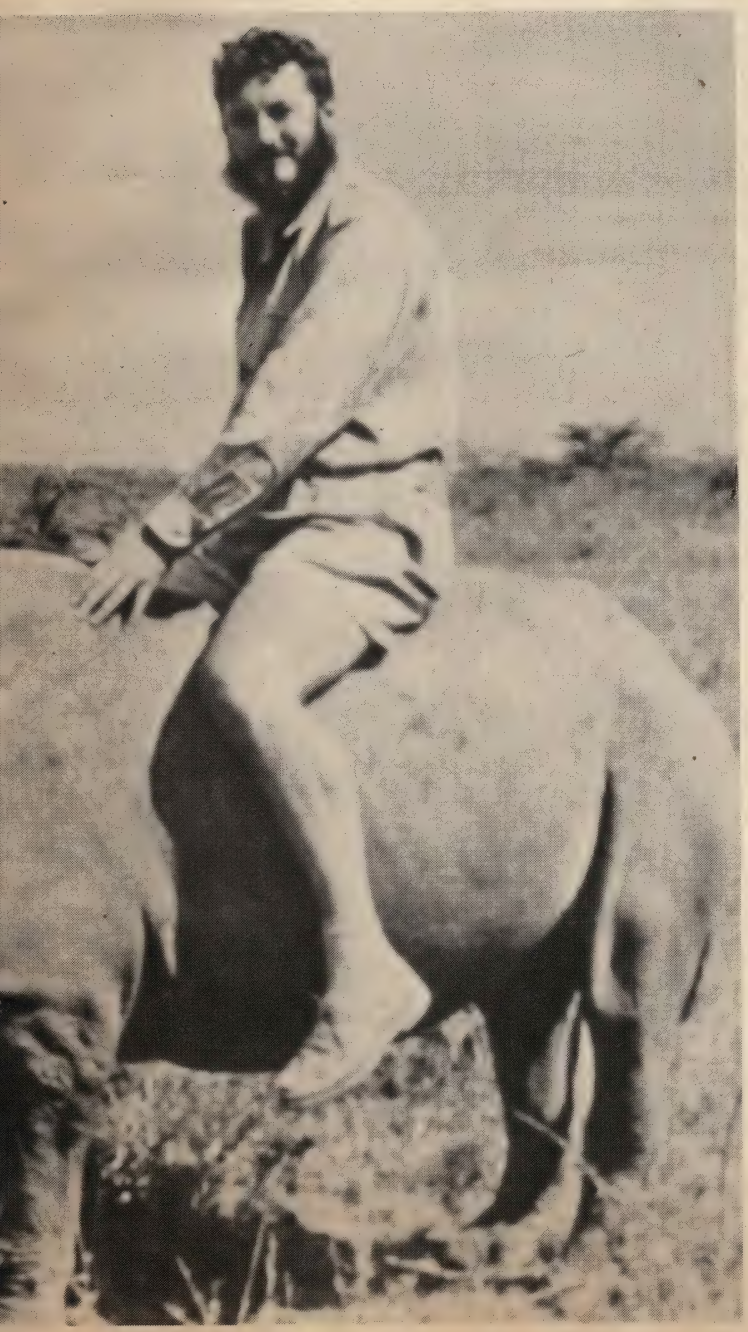
WHO is the real "King of Beasts"?

The lion is usually pictured as ruling over all other animals, "a monarch provident and wise." This misconception has persisted through the ages and still dominates popular opinion. Naturalists and nature-lovers, smitten by the elephant's size, power, and very appealing ways, have sometimes given him the crown, while hunting fans usually try to seat the Cape buffalo on Africa's animal throne, and Hollywood portrays the black rhino, or "horned fury," as he is usually billed, as the reigning or most dangerous beast.

All are judging by appearances and not by action.

A king cannot be a lazy, good-natured idler like the lion, letting his ladies kill for him and living on the profits like a pimp. He cannot, like the elephant,

Natives in photo (top left), display highly prized skin of Mamba, the crocodile who is nearly extinct in Africa along with his brother, the American alligator. Although the fastest land animal in the world, the cheetah, feeding on an antelope (top right), is no match for weapons and greed of those who want his magnificent spotted coat. Author, Jean Pierre Hallet (below), dedicated to the preservation of wildlife everywhere, poses for a typical but incredible picture—riding on the back of a rhinocerous he tamed, and obviously enjoying it to the hilt.



spend sixteen hours a day in the simple act of eating. He cannot travel with the common herd, grazing and chewing the cud like a cow—even a very shrewd and tough cow like the Cape buffalo. And least of all, he cannot be a snorting, dim-witted windbag like the rhino, who rarely knows exactly what he is charging.

The real king never travels, hunts, or feeds in a pride, pack, or herd. He stands or dies alone, as a king has to. He has no real friends, even among his own kind, and will not settle for a family life, but mates briefly, soon divorces, and never sees his offspring. He either kills his own meat—and kills it superbly! —or commandeers a lesser predator's kill. Pound for pound, he is the strongest animal on earth, seemingly assembled out of steel muscles and tendons. He is also one of the must intelligent; coolly calculating, patient, and immensely wary.

His Swahili name is Chui, and its sound somehow conjures up slinking, silken-coated, Oriental-flavored visions. They are quite appropriate, since the stealthy monarch ranges all the way from Africa, through Persia, Syria, and India, to China, Malaya, and even Java. He is, by reason of his intelligence and great adaptability, the most successful and widely distributed of all big cats, ruling regions that lions have never been able to invade and surviving where lions have long been extinct.

The real King of Beasts is the leopard.

This unsung sovereign is also, in my opinion, Africa's toughest, most elusive, and most hazardous animal to hunt, deserving top rank in the so-called Big Five, the hunters' cherished and constantly discussed listing of Africa's most dangerous game. I know that many hunters and hunting buffs will object, especially on the basis of his size; a full-grown male leopard often weighs little more than a hundred pounds and usually measures less than eight feet from tip of nose to tip of tail. How can such a little cat, they ask, be ranked above a four-hundred-pound lion, a one-ton buffalo, a ton and a half of charging rhino, or a six-ton elephant? In their opinions, his size seems to exclude him from being recognized as Number One; in fact they often rank him last.

But when one considers very briefly the problems faced by hunters in their attempts to find and kill the various members of the Big Five—often ranked in descending order as Cape **(Continued on page 84)**

The fantastic ordeal of a man and a woman trapped without food or water on a dinghy in mid-ocean

'DAMN IT, WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE!'

By TOM WATSON as told to TOD CROSS

ART BY EARL NOREM

THE first time I spotted the other boat through the binoculars, I didn't pay too much attention to it. It was well off to the southwest of us, and from a distance it looked like a stripped-down cutter sitting dead-calm, low in the water. We were then about twelve hours out of Salina Cruz, Mexico, deep-sea fishing, and the Pacific was like an unfurled bolt of emerald green silk rippling gently in the breeze from horizon to horizon. Had I known then that the ship would almost cost me my life, we'd have kept more water between her and us —an ocean, in fact.

There were twelve of us, including my wife Betty and me, aboard the fishing boat, **La Maria**, which we'd chartered in Salina Cruz. We were the only Americans among the passengers—two Frenchmen, a Mexican businessman and his wife, and two couples traveling together from Caracas. We'd never met any of the others until we were aboard the boat. **La Maria** was piloted by Captain Raoul Gomez, and a young Mexican boy called Pedro served as deck hand.

When I hooked a good-sized marlin I completely forgot about the other boat. The only two things in this world were that fish and me. This kind of challenge was one of the greatest thrills in life. He was trying to throw the hook. He broke water and arced high into the air just beyond the rail. He looked to be close to sixteen feet, and for the next hour I had my hands full trying to land the giant. Finally it snapped the line and got away.

"Tough luck, Watson," Betty said, grinning at me and shoving a cold beer into my hand.

I grinned back at her. I didn't care any more than she did that I'd lost the fish. What was important was being out here on the boat, together, on **(Continued on page 69)**

CHANGE-OF-PACE SEX

SPECIAL REPORT FROM THE EXPLOSIVE BOOK TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT YEAR

By ARCHER SCANLON

SHE was a new secretary in the plant, and every guy—married and unmarried—was trying to make her. She was loaded with sex; young, (just a couple of years out of high school), long black hair, a Marilyn Monroe wriggle and a body to match. And she was pretty. Not beautiful but pretty.

Mike had his eye on her the first couple of weeks she was there. He was going to try to make it with her, but he was sizing her up first. While he waited a few of the guys in the place dated her, but none of them ever succeeded in getting her into bed.

"What's the matter with her?" Mike asked one of the guys who tried.

"She's gotta be a frigid virgin," the guy said. "I took her to this beach party with a bunch of my friends, and she acted kind of cool and distant. I could barely get her to dance with me on the beach. And necking! That was out completely. She was almost like a snob who didn't dig beach parties.

"I struck out, and I'm willing to bet everybody else does, too. She's frigid."

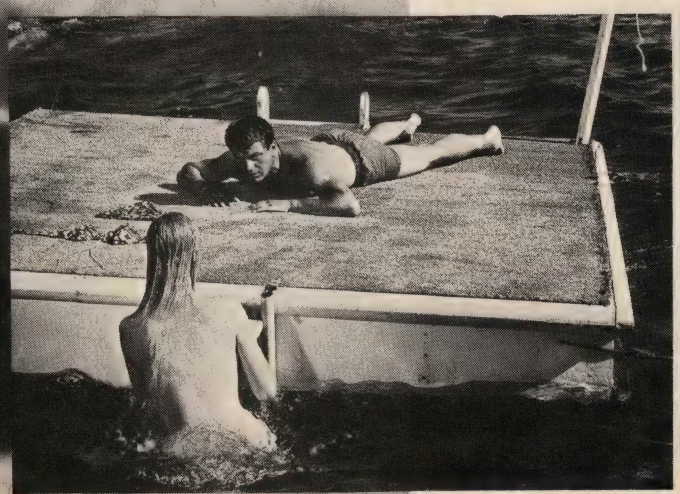
Mike asked a few others and they all told basically the same story: they took Barbara out on the kind of date they took all their women to—a drive-in movie, a favorite bar, the midget auto races—and they came on strong all night long with their pitches, trying to land Barbara in the sack.

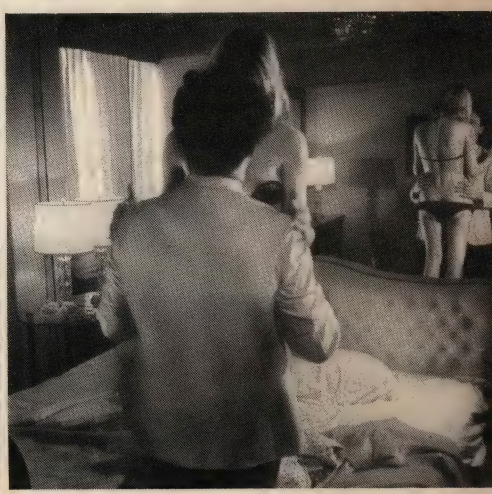
It got Mike to thinking. And when he thought it all out he went over to Barbara in the front office one Friday afternoon and asked her for a date. She agreed.

"Can you make it at 7 o'clock?" he said. "We'll go to dinner."

He took Barbara to a restaurant owned by a friend of his father, and when they walked in Mike got the royal treatment. The headwaiter called him by name, the owner came over **(Continued on page 81)**

Two experts in sexual behavior reveal five can't miss ways to turn on women—any and all women





Do the unexpected—during the approach and in bed. That's the key to sexual success. If you're single, treat the girl you want to make in a way she's not accustomed to. If you're married, vary the place, the mood and the manner you usually use. A short stay at a motel, a secluded swim work wonders. Above all, treat your wife as if the two of you have just met for the first time.

The Real Story Behind President Nixon's Special Investigation

Why Shaft-The-Consumer Businesses Are Having A Field Day AT YOUR EXPENSE

By MIKE LEVJAY

THE job of protecting the American consumer—you and me—from being swindled and deceived by American business belongs to a government agency called the Federal Trade Commission. Unfortunately, if you say this to insiders in Washington, DC, you are likely to be laughed at.

Everyone in the nation's capitol has their favorite story about the FTC, the butt of many jokes. But the one that is perhaps the most revealing—and the most galling—is the story about the FTC and the automobile odometers.

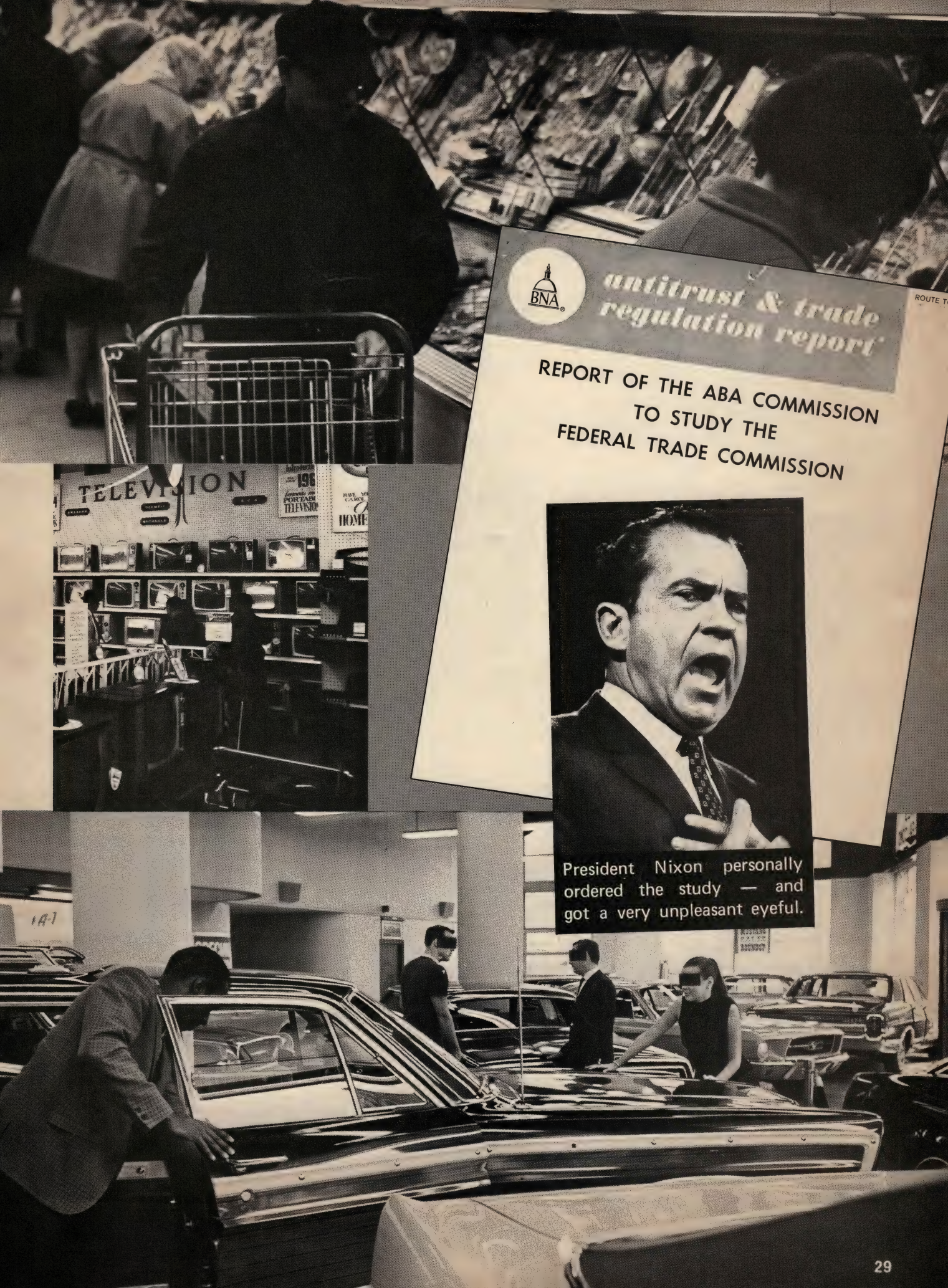
The odometer is that part of your car which counts off the mileage. As long as thirty years ago the FTC began getting complaints that Detroit's odometers were over-registering; that is, showing a mile traveled when the car had not quite gone a mile. This naturally benefited the auto-makers since their warranties were geared to mileage. The faster mileage could be made to tick off, the sooner the warranties—and the auto-maker's responsibility for repairs—would expire.

The FTC, without making any tests of its own, simply asked Detroit if the complaints were true. Not so, said the manufacturers. Okay, said the FTC, proceed as usual.

Still the complaints persisted. The FTC ignored them until it was pointed out that auto rental agencies—now Detroit's biggest customers—might be making millions in mileage charges on cars that were over-registering.

Back went the FTC to Detroit, this time armed with evidence from its own tests showing that the cars indeed were over-registering. What about this? the FTC asked. Well, the automakers admitted, we **have** made the odometers to over-register slightly but that's because state highway officials want the speedometers to over-register as a warning to drivers, and we

(Continued on page 60)


BNA
antitrust & trade regulation report
REPORT OF THE ABA COMMISSION TO STUDY THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION
President Nixon personally ordered the study — and got a very unpleasant eyeful.

John "Bust Out" Kelly's

'I ESCAPED FROM AL NAJAF PRISON IN

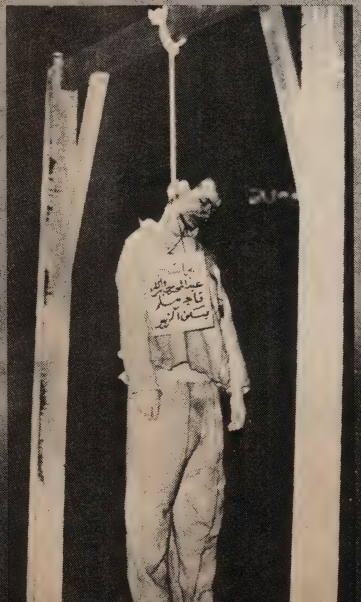
Kelly, as he looked in Turkey following his desert trek to freedom. To get past Al Najaf, he had to get past these guard huts, each manned by trigger-happy machinegunners.

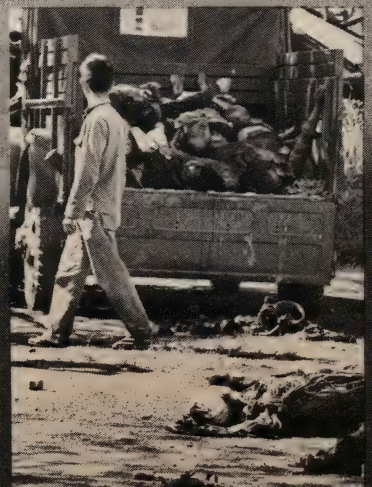
THE first day in the Can was not too bad.

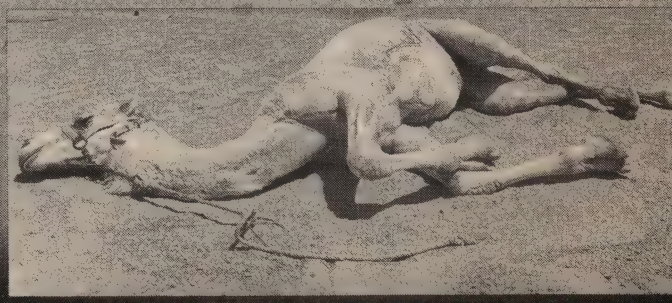
Only three scorpions walked across his chest, tails held high, ready to sting. Only one green, desert lizard bit him, and the bite did not fester. Outdoor air temperature rose to only 120°F. This meant the temperature inside the iron Can rose only to about 140 degrees, and since John Kelly was still fit, he did not lose all his body fluids and convulse as so many prisoners did.

When the container holding his half-quart daily water ration was lowered through the grille, he found the liquid tasted almost sweet. There were only three dead bugs in it that day. And, by turning his head the few inches the body brackets permitted, Kelly found he could turn away from direct sunlight and thus avoid the drilling headaches and the eventual blindness such exposure often caused.

As the sun moved low into the western horizon and gave the Iraqi sky a copper color, the temperature tumbled. Kelly shivered. Evening frost was settling in and he had heard this was the worst part of the ordeal, for the thermometer sometimes dropped to 50 degrees in only two hours. Such extremes of temperature have been known to bring on shivers so violent in *(Continued on page 66)*





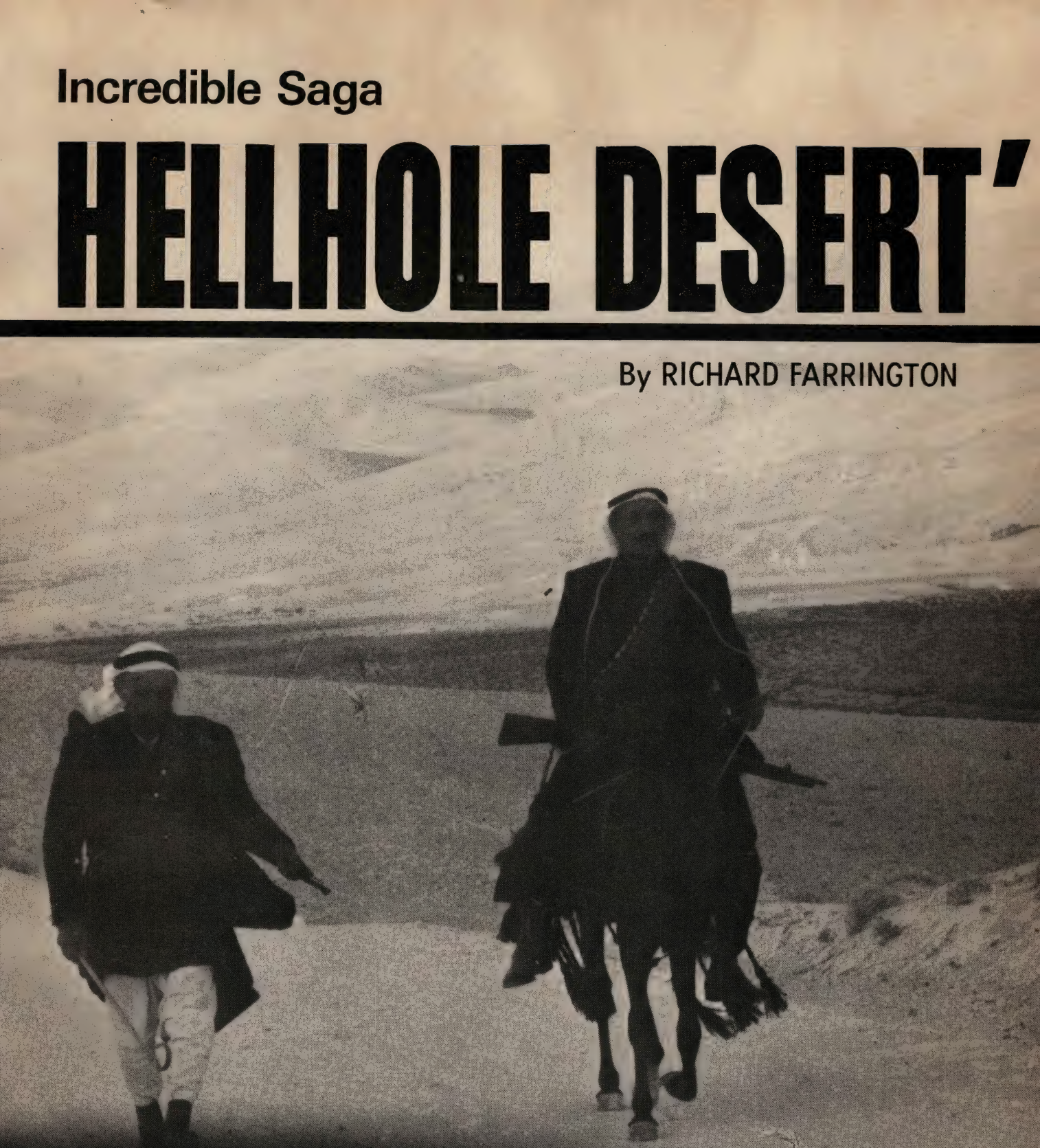


Far left: Victims of Iraq's spy hunts, like the one Kelly was caught in, were publicly hung in the main square. Though innocent, just being an American made Kelly guilty in the eyes of Iraqis. Left and above: These photos of Al Najaf were taken by one of the guards and smuggled out. No one survived Al Najaf. Either you were killed by the guards, or the inescapable rays of the desert sun, like this camel.

Incredible Saga

HELLHOLE DESERT'

By RICHARD FARRINGTON



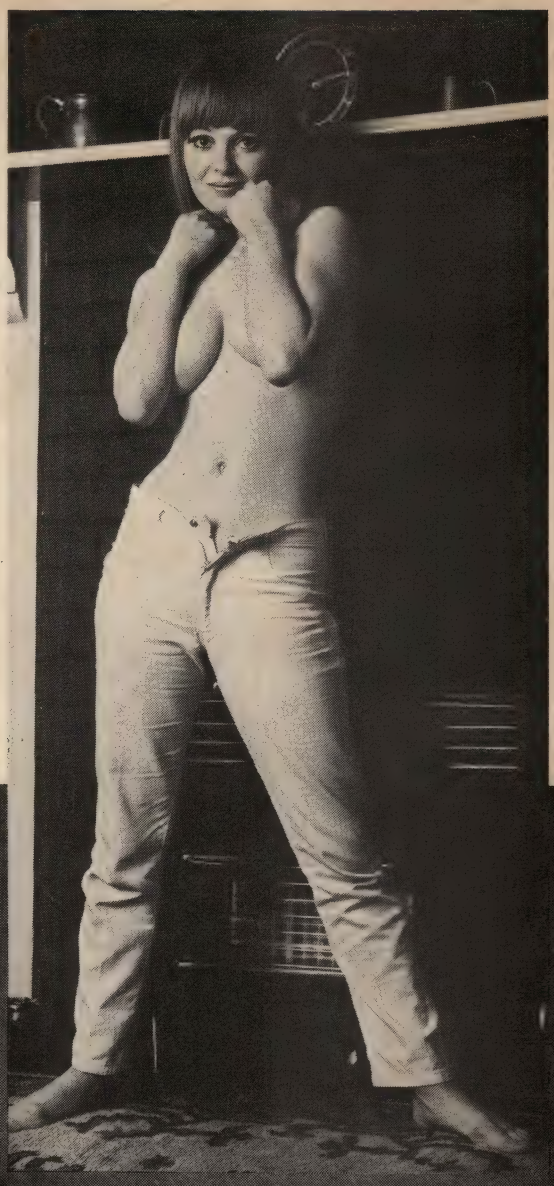
THE STRANGER-THAN-FICTION EXPLOITS OF THE ONLY MAN WHO MADE IT OUT ALIVE

NOW you see her, now you don't. That's the adventure of knowing Marta Kashfi, for she has more moods than most girls have shoes. And every mood is designed to please the man she's with. Want a Lolita-like nymphet? Meet Marta. Want a sultry seductress? Meet Marta. Want a carefree companion? Meet Marta. "I don't know what it is," says this lovely native of Miami Beach, "but I've always been able to slip into any mood I want. It depends on the man I'm dating, and what kind of girl he wants me to be."

Marta first discovered this talent of hers while trying out for a part in a high-school play. That led to a flood of offers from screen and stage producers. She tried Hollywood for a while, but found the life of a starlet boring. "They try to fit you into a mold—to be like everyone else," she complains. "The worst part of it was you had to date whoever the studio told you to date—mostly actors. Now I have nothing against actors, but I find them too wrapped up in their own careers. I like men who have to work for a living. They're so much more interesting. And they're real!"

Marta finds Miami Beach an ideal place to meet the real men she likes. During the day she either models or acts as a receptionist in the many Miami Beach hotels. Late afternoons usually find her catching the last rays of the sun on the beach.

THE MANY



FACES OF MARTA

THE MANY FACES OF MARTA

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD

A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

UNDERWATER BEAT

The days of the pavement-pounding foot cop are, as everyone knows, past history. Nowadays, police fight crime in the skies, aboard boats, just about everywhere. But a new high—or low—in cop-covered territory is in the offing. The city of Detroit may soon be the first in history to have patrolmen walk a beat *underwater.!*

Recently the city has been hit with a frogman crime wave. Bands of scuba-diving burglars have systematically looted many of the 175,000 boats in the Detroit area and on nearby Lake Erie—invading marines unseen by watchmen or patroling police. "All they have to do is put their ear to the hull and they can tell if anyone is aboard the boat," says one baffled Detroit detective. "A diver can even detect a person breathing. If the boat is empty they take their time unscrewing the propeller hub nut and then pull the propeller off. They can sell them for $25 or more."

However, the rubber-suited burglars are rarely satisfied with a stray propeller or two. They've stripped vessels of radios, fire extinguishers, compasses, life jackets, liquor—anything that's saleable. According to the Michigan Safe Boating Council, they make off with nearly half a million dollars worth of goods every year.

Angry yachtsmen have actually proposed an underwater patrol near the larger marinas, but the police are still a bit dubious. How could a flatfoot frogman shout "Stop or I'll shoot" without getting a lung full of water?

"Stop! Thief!"

JALOPY GYPS

"Bait and switch," "ballooning," "packing," "bushing," "doping." Sounds like a pointless hodge-podge of words, doesn't it? Not so. All of the phrases are part of the secret language of crooked used-car dealers. And anyone in the market for a second-hand jalopy had damned well better know what they mean.

The terms came up in a recent report by the National Automobile Dealers Association as part of their campaign to protect the public from unscrupulous gyps in the trade. Here's a quick run-down on the vital definitions, all covering shoddy "car-shark" tricks:

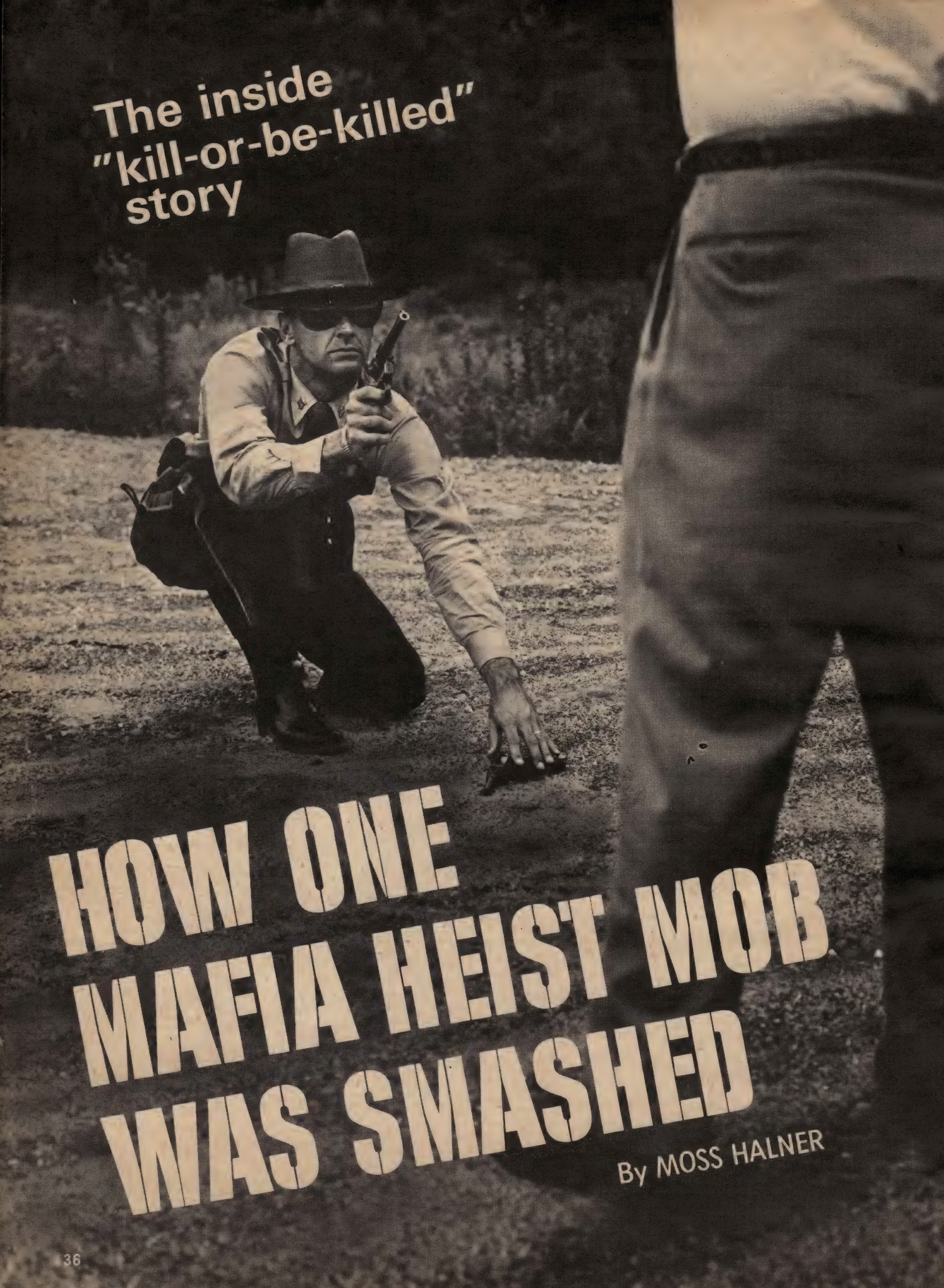
"Bait and Switch." This lovely practice involves dealers who place newspaper ads for ridiculously underpriced vehicles. The only hitch is that when the eager would-be customer arrives at the lot, the "bargain" has either "just been sold" or is in such rotten condition it couldn't even be driven off the lot. The salesman then pushes a higher-priced car on the sucker.

"Ballooning." Under this sweet system of car financing, the customer is quoted a low monthly figure on installment payments. What he doesn't realize is that the fine print in the agreement provides for a huge, lump-sum final payment. Often the buyer can't even come close to meeting the amount, so the dealer repossesses the heap and sells it all over again.

"Pacing." This refers to the crooked dealer's system of tacking on extra—and unnecessary—insurance and finance charges to a contract.

"Bushing." A dealer "bushes" by upping the sales price after the contract is signed. This can be done by having a "superior" refuse to allow the promised trade-in allowance on the sucker's old car, or by luring him into putting his signature on a blank contract.

"Doping." This is one of the all-time favorites. It simply means making a piece of four-wheeled junk look a helluva lot better than it is. The dealer might slap on a coat of cheap paint that will wear off after the first heavy rain. Even more common is turning back the odometer to indicate less mileage than the car has really racked up.



The inside "kill-or-be-killed" story

HOW ONE MAFIA HEIST MOB WAS SMASHED

By MOSS HALNER

EARLY last summer newspapers across the country reported that U.S. Customs officials broke up one of the biggest Mafia smuggling rings ever to operate in the United States. Over a period of years the ring had brought into our country contraband of every description, cheating the American tax payer of millions of dollars in the process.

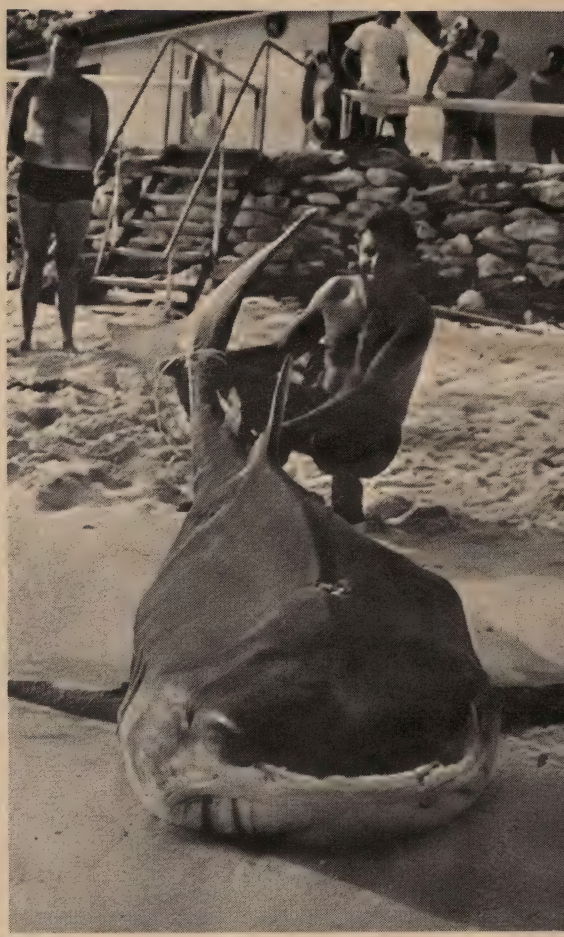
What the public was told in the newspapers represented only the barest of facts—like the tip of an iceberg showing above water. Kept from the public was the truly fantastic part of the story, which centered around one man, agent Louis Valente, who, from his office overlooking the New York skyline, directed an international team of police on the dusty backroads of Lebanon in the Middle East, on the island of Crete in the Mediterranean, along the dark alleys of Rome, and on a luxury ocean liner in the Atlantic.

It took the author two months of searching through INTERPOL files and interviewing dozens of law-enforcement officials before he got all of the facts. Like a giant jigsaw puzzle, he pieced together the bits of information until what emerged was an adventure which puts to shame the James Bond epics. It puts them to shame because it is a true story, filled with real *(Continued on page 72)*

Left: Salvatore Giraci, one of the ring's leaders, being hauled out of a Brooklyn hotel where he was caught with $5 million shipment of goods. His partner managed to get as far as Texas before he was caught. Above: This car made seven trans-Atlantic trips, each time with smuggled goods hidden in its gas tank. Bottom, left: Innocent tourists were duped into being couriers. Their "steward" would give them a basket of fruit, "compliments of the house". But fruit had diamonds in them.

"C'mon fellas. I only said a peek!" Christine Darray found out it's true what they say about Italian men, while filming in Rome.

PHOTO STOPPERS



Wally Gibbons hauls ashore his prize catch —the largest shark ever captured. It measured 11 feet, tipped scales at 800 pounds!

The football coach is a lady! For the time being, at least. This Florida team's regular coach thought ballet lessons would help their timing, so to dance class they went.

It's no easy chair, but this San Francisco fireman's not complainin'. After a five-al-armer, he'll take a breather any way he can.

After leaping through the sixth-floor window of a Philadelphia courtroom, a 19-year-old met some old friends of his—the police.

What the well-dressed riot squad will wear this spring. Protective outfit was designed by Australian police officials, who named it the "Kelly Suit". American police are interested in buying them.

SHOWDOWN with a NUDE BLONDE

By NEIL TURNBULL

ART BY GIL COHEN

She was rich, beautiful, married, and one hell of a driver. Only one guy in town could match her speed. But first he had to prove something to himself, and to her.

JAKE Fellows was lying on his back, beneath a Mercedes Benz with a busted crankshaft, when the girl entered the garage. "My car has broken down," a husky feminine voice said. He craned his head and saw a pair of slim ankles a few inches from his knee.

"Be right with you," he said, squirming out from under the Mercedes.

His first full length view of her triggered a tightening of desire in his throat. Still flat on his back, he moved his gaze up long, superbly curved legs, encased in tailored blue jeans so tight they might have been applied with a spray gun. Glimpsed from below, her breasts looked gigantic—twin, thrusting cones that almost seemed capable of bursting through the flimsy white T-shirt that covered them. He stood up, wiped his greasy hands on his coveralls. The girl's beauty didn't lessen at eye level. Her face was finely featured, set off by cool blue eyes and a slightly sullen, provocatively full-lipped mouth. Long, pale blond hair tumbled down her back. He suddenly realized that she wasn't wearing a brassiere; the outline of her pert nipples was enticingly defined beneath the T-shirt.

"Are you through looking?" she said haughtily, placing her hands on her firm-fleshed hips.

Her tone irritated Fellows. "Yeah," he said, wanting to add: **If you don't like being stared at, put on a bra.** "What can I do for you?" he muttered aloud.

"My car is about a quarter of a mile down the road," she said. "Just conked out on me. I don't know what's wrong."

"I'll take a look at it."

The girl didn't seem to hear him. Her eyes were moving all over the garage, studying the half dozen stripped down sports and stock cars he had been working on. The walls were covered with posters for auto racing meets and rallies.

(Continued on page 78)

ELLOWS
ARAGE
"Let's find my car first," she said. "Then I'll tell you what I want from you."

MEN'S NEWSLETTER MEN'S NEWSLETTER

(continued from page 11)

tenced to five years in prison for attempting to burn a 64-year-old woman at the stake because they thought she was a witch who could turn herself into a dog. . .

NATURALLY, THE RUSSIANS CLAIM THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL IN THEIR COUNTRY. SOVIET INSTITUTE FOR THESTUDYAND PREVENTION

Ivan's A Flower Child?

OF CRIME CLAIMS THERE'S LESS JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IN THE USSR THESE DAYS THAN THERE WAS 20 YEARS AGO—AND THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE "SUPERIORITY OF THE COMMUNIST SYSTEM." RUSSIANS SAY J.D.s ARE USUALLY PICKED UP FOR RELATIVELY "MINOR OFFENSES"—SUCH AS THEFT AND DISORDERLY CONDUCT. . .

Even Russians have to admit one problem that hasn't been solved is alcoholism. Red newspaper Pravda, calling for anti-booze campaign, came upwith these statistics: In Moscow alone, alcoholism was behind 40 percent of the divorces; 63 percent of all drowning victims fished out of the city's waterways and lakes were drunk when they splashed down. . .

TOP SECRET KREMLIN-WATCHING REPORT JUST REACHING WASHINGTON IS THAT DEATHS OF 12 RUSSIAN GENERALS WTHIN A RECENT 17-DAY PERIOD WAS NOT DUE TO A ROCKET ACCIDENT ALL OF THEM WERE WITNESSING. REAL REASON SAID TO BE A PURGE OF RED ARMY BRASS THAT WAS LINING UP ON CHINA'S SIDE, CLAIMING CURRENT KREMLIN LEADERS ARE TOO ANXIOUS TO GET ALONG WITH AMERICA. SOVIET ARMY NEWSPAPER DID SAY MANY OF THE BRASS HAD DIED "TRAGICALLY" WHICH COULD BE A NOT SO-SUBTLE WARNING TO OTHER OFFICERS TO WATCH THEIR STEP. . .

Biggest louse of the Cold War turning out to be dictator Franco of Spain. While blackmailing us into paying exorbitant sums to keep our bases in the country, Franco is dickering with Russia, may let Soviet fleet have special privileges in the ports of Cadiz and Barcelona. Cadiz is opposite our Polaris sub base at Rota and would give the Soviets a superb spying point. Franco's game, of course, is to make us up the ante again. . .

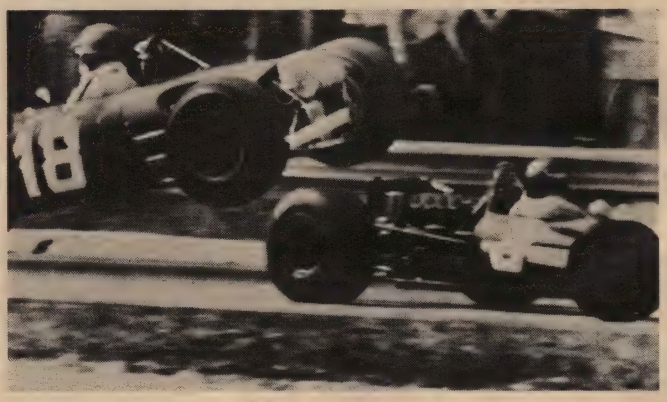
UNDER THE HOOD

Too many tourists forget that on a trip to Mexico they can be left holding the bag on insurance if they're not careful. Mexican govt. recognizes only insurance written by Mexican company. Always arrange for your own agent to take care of this in advance. . .

IF YOU ARE RIDING IN A CAR WITH A WOMAN DRIVER YOU SHOULD BE BOTH PLEASED AND RELIEVED IF SHE'S WEARING A MINI SKIRT. STUDY BY AETNA LIFE AND CASUALTY CO. SHOWS THE SHORTER THE DRESS THE LESS LIKELY SHE'LL GET INTO AN ACCIDENT. MINIS GIVE WOMEN GREATER LEG FREEDOM FOR USING BRAKE AND ACCELERATOR. . .

After all the drumbeating the gasoline companies do about their products, the average mileage for cars in the U. S. is a crummy 14.4 mph. . .

INCIDENTALLY, YOU'LL ALMOST NEVER HEAR OF A RACING CAR DRIVER BEING ARRESTED FOR TRAFFIC VIOLATION. THEY SCRUPULOUSLY OBEY ALL MOVING REGU-



Low Score On Curb Maneuvers

LATIONS—BUT THEY ARE JUST AS NOTORIOUS AS OTHERS FOR PICKING UP PARKING TICKETS. . .

First real innovation on bumpers for safety in years may be new soft cushion water bumper. It's basically a horizontal plastic tube that you fill with water. It projects about six inches farther than the original-equipment bumper it replaces. And, being cushioned, it absorbs impacts as well as meeting it. . .

IN SOME STATES, NEW JERSEY'S A GOOD

EXAMPLE, LONG-HAIRED DRIVERS ARE CONSTANTLY PULLED TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD BY COPS CHECKING THEIR PAPERS. LAWMEN DENY IT'S PERSECUTION OF LONGHAIRS, CLAIM THEY PICK UP LOADS OF ILLEGAL DRIVERS THAT WAY...

Last year there were 99.9 million vehicles on U. S. roads. And no wonder California's freeways are so clogged. State has 11.2 million of the vehicles alone...

BIG JOKE ABOUT PUSHING SEAT BELTS IS THAT BUSES DON'T HAVE THEM. THAT'S WHERE THE NEED IS REALLY CRUCIAL WTH SOME EXPERTS ESTIMATING THAT 75 PERCENT OF BUS DEATHS AND INJURIES COULD BE AVOIDED...

SHORT SHOTS

SOME MAKE-OUT ARTISTS INSISTS THE SUREST WAY TO GET SOME FREEBIES FROM CALL DOLL IS TO PRAISE HER TALENTS LAVISHLY—AND ADD THAT SHE JUST ISN'T CHARGING ENOUGH FOR HER SERVICES...

Among newer versions of the Bible they're putting out: slang versions, vegetarian ones and special "sexless" editions...

EASIEST PLACE IN WORLD FOR COUPLES WTHOUT CHILDREN TO GET A DIVORCE IS IN SOVIET UNION. THEY CAN SKIP THE COURTS AND GET ONE SIMPLY AND QUICKLY BY APPLYING AT THE LOCAL REGISTRY OFFICE. THIS PROVISION OF 1968 RUSSIAN MARRIAGE LAW IS DESIGNED TO INCREASE RUSSIA'S SLIPPING BIRTHRATE. BY MAKING IT EASY FOR CHILDLESS COUPLES TO GET A DIVORCE, GOVERNMENT IS ENCOURAGING SECOND MARRIAGES WHICH BEAR FRUIT...

It's now been officially confirmed by studies at a leading university. The more clothes a woman wears—like bra, then blouse, then vest, then jacket, etc.—the colder she is sexually and the more she is subconsciously resisting a love affair...

HIGHEST PAID PROSTIE IN COUNTRY IS A HOLLYWOOD CALL GIRL WHO CHARGES $1500 A NIGHT AND IS GENERALLY AVAILABLE ONLY TO MOVIE STARS, FILM MONEY MEN AND POLITICIANS. IT'S A FULL 12-HOUR STINT THAT LEAVES CUSTOMER IN TOTAL EXHAUSTION THOUGH HAPPY. GIRL HERSELF FINDS HER PERFORMANCE SO GRUELING THAT SHE CAN ONLY GO THE ROUTE TWO OR THREE TIMES A MONTH...

NEW FOR MEN

AN AUTOMATIC LAWNMOWER WHICH UNATTENDED CAN MOW UP TO 7500 SQ. FT. OF LAWN. MOWER IS DRIVEN BY SELF-CONTAINED, 12-VOLT, RECHARGEABLE BATTERY. AREA TO BE MOWED IS OUTLINED BY WIRE WHICH GIVES OFF AN ELECTRONIC SIGNAL. AS THE MOWER APPROACHES THE WIRE, SENSORS PICK UP SIGNAL AND SEND IT OFF ON NEW COURSE. FROM MOWBOT, INC., 9 HACKETT DR., TONAWANDA, N.Y. 14150...

A life ring that can be tossed to a person in water with ease and accuracy of throwing a softball. Ring is packed in hard plastic shell, inflates automatically as soon as it hits fresh or salt water. From Shearer's & Sons, Inc., 9205 Ventnor Ave., Margate City, N.J., for $7.95...

TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

End of the World Dept: Terrible news is the Antarctica's ice cap is growing. But relax, according to Ohio State Univ. scientists, rate is about one inch per year...

AT LEAST 1000 COLLEGE STUDENTS COMMIT SUICIDE EACH YEAR IN U. S.; 9000 MORE TRY BUT FLOP AT IT. AND THESE FIGURES, FROM THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MENTAL HEALTH, ARE FIGURED TO BE ON THE CONSERVATIVE SIDE BECAUSE OF INACCURATE REPORTING AND ATTEMPTS TO COVER UP SUICIDE AS THE CAUSE OF DEATH...

Seasoned pilots warn it's idiotic way planes are routed over sports stadiums. They say sooner or later we will get a crackup that could put the death toll in the thousands...

Safer To Watch Home TV

WORLD'S SMALLEST SHOTGUN IS A MINIATURE THAT WEIGHS JUST UNDER AN OUNCE BREAKS DOWN LIKE A FULL-SIZED GUN, AND FIRES TINY SHELLS. PURDEYS, FAMED LONDON GUNSMITHS, MADE THREE SUCH SHOTGUNS FOR KING GEORGE V ON HIS SILVER JUBILEE...

Average American, according to recent government study, between his second and 65th years will spend 3000 entire days—almost nine years of his life—watching TV...

IF YOU KEEP A FLESH-EATING PIRANHA FISH WELL-FED ON BLUE-GILLS AND GOLDFISH, YOU CAN PUT YOUR HAND IN THE BOWL AND PLAY WITH IT WITHOUT DANGER. OF COURSE, IF HE STARTS TEARING THE MEAT OUT OF YOUR HAND, YOU'LL KNOW HE WASN'T FED QUITE ENOUGH...

AIRPORT DEATHTRAPS

Continued from page 17

easy. The only strain was the time we had to spend circling overhead."

If we had wanted to publicize the sorry conditions existing at our airports to the whole world, we could not have picked a better time. But, as it happens, the Russians hardly saw a thing. Most passengers see and experience much worse at our mismanaged, misplanned, neglected and obsolete air terminals. Put bluntly, our airports represent a danger to anyone who has to use them—and to all those who live near them.

The unfortunate truth about that danger is that it need not exist at all. As our successful moon shots have proven, if America sets out to do something, she does it—and fast! We should have no problem making our airports the best in the world. But money for planning new airports, or developing and improving existing ones, is simply not coming through. Neither the government, the airlines, nor those most directly concerned—the airports themselves—are willing to shell out the dough for better, safer air terminals.

And make no mistake about it: The money is there. Take, for example, the airport where the incident involving the Russians occurred—Kennedy International. Although the figures are a well-kept secret, it is not too far-fetched to estimate that Kennedy earns a net profit of around $15 million a year for the New York Port Authority which operates it. With that kind of cabbage, we might expect Kennedy to be one of the world's finest—a fitting gateway to America. Instead it is one of the most mismanaged.

A good indication as to how badly mismanaged it is occurred during the great Northeast Power Blackout. When the blackout hit, it was suddenly discovered that Kennedy had no back-up emergency power systems. When the lights went out, the planes had to depend on guidance from the landing tower. But they couldn't get this guidance—because the instruments used to direct landings by the tower were run on electricity and there was none.

Today, instead of being famous as the gateway to America, Kennedy is, among airline people, often known as Pothole Alley. The runways are so full of potholes and so poorly patched up that a running gag among stewardesses, as their planes touch down, is, "Remind me to get another bra. This one doesn't give me the support I need."

How, you may ask yourself, could a money-making airport like Kennedy allow this to happen? And especially since it apparently has lots of money to spend on shiny new buildings, and huge, lavishly furnished waiting rooms?

The answer is simple: Kennedy, like most airports, is owned by the city or an arm of city government. And city fathers, as a veteran pilot explained, "pour what money they have into a fancy showcase terminal. But it is out on the airport approaches and the runways where planes are smashed up and people are killed."

The pilot was not talking only about Kennedy, but just about every major airport in the country, with the exception of Dulles International Airport, near Washington, D.C.

The safety conditions of our airports have, in fact, so incensed our pilots that they have compiled figures on the situation. Recently, Joseph W. Meek, an experienced pilot who heads the Airline Pilots' Association (ALPA) reported: "Approximately 14 percent of all accidents involving airline aircraft occur on or near the airport. Of a recorded 138 accidents, 28 were overruns, 46 undershoots, and 64 veers off to the sides of runways. And these figures do not include the many incidents in which, luckily, there were no fatalities, serious injuries or major aircraft damage."

Yet, ask an airport manager about those figures and he'll say, as one recently did, "They (the pilots) complain that the runways are rough, and then they complain when we patch them. Many of these airline pilots think they are tin gods. Well, let me tell you, they are little more than bus drivers; they cry about everything."

But it is the "tin-god" pilots who risk their lives whenever they land on one of these Stone Age landing strips, while the managers sit comfortably in their air-conditioned offices, far removed from the hazards caused by their antiquated terminals.

Like the shoddy condition of his airport's runways, the manager's attempted coverup of the truth is full of holes—and dangerous to you, me and everyone that flies. What makes it dangerous is that the manager, like most other managers, believes that not too much is wrong with our airports. And because he and his fellow managers so believe, they won't push too hard to help remedy the serious ills that exist.

THE basic reasons for our foul-up airport situation are three: (1) misplanning on the drawing boards, (2) mismanagement, (3) general indifference on the part of the Federal government.

Let us examine each reason one at a time.

When airports were first laid down, they were situated far from the cities they were supposed to serve—cow pastures, really. But the planners failed to take into account the fact that new cities would spring up around the airports, virtually beneath the wings of airliners taking off or landing. Now pilots report having to avoid TV antenas, apartment buildings, telephone wires—practically every obstacle imaginable—before they can touch down or become airborne. Pilots entering Kansas City Municipal Airport, for instance, have complained for years that they have to swerve to avoid hitting a 150-foot-high tower of a seed-company building that sits smack on the end of the southern landing strip. And soon, there will be loud complaints from pilots having to use the Miami, Fla., International Airport. For a hotel is springing up almost on top of runway 27L at Miami International. In a letter to the *Miami Herald*, pilots warned that "a structure of that size could interfere with radio signals of the Instrument Landing System. Also, the slightest miscalculation on the part of the pilot making an instrument approach to this runway would result in a major accident causing heavy loss of lives." But in spite of this warning, construction on the hotel continued.

In addition to worrying about crashing into houses and buildings, the pilots now have to worry about not making too much noise, too—that's right, noise. Noise, you see, greatly disturbs the people who live in and work in the houses and buildings that have mushroomed around our airports.

To correct this outgrowth of misplanning, the Federal Aviation Administration, responding to the complaints of homeowners and dwellers near the airports, ruled that pilots taking off had to throttle down on their power in order to cut down on the noise their jets made while passing over populated areas. Only when they were clear of population centers were pilots allowed to open their throttles all the way and regain their normal climb pattern.

However, throttling back to avoid making noise is precisely what airline pilots consider most hazardous because on takeoffs pilots must use every ounce of power their planes can muster. To be sure, the FAA has set the limit of useable power to insure an average takeoff. But what about the unaverage? The emergency? Supposing a pilot suddenly finds that because of unforeseen circumstances he needs to throttle all the way back—while over those houses—or crash to the ground?

In such cases, the FAA kindly allows the pilot to slap the throttles wide open—even over those homes. But before the pilot can attain full power again there is a lag of two or three seconds. And that lag has proven fatal more than once. Still, the FAA persists in its noise rule. Had the airports been planned so that a buffer zone was established between their runways and any possible houses which might spring up around them, there would be no need for an anti-noise rule, no obstacles for pilots to avoid. The ultimate fault, therefore, lies with the planning of the airports.

Perhaps the classic example of misplanning involves Los Angeles International Airport. Because of misplanning a 10-year, all-out war had to be waged against thousands of jack rabbits that inhabited the brush beside the runways. The war is referred to by pilots as "The Battle of the Bunnies."

In the beginning, engineers who were planning the airport were aware of the hordes of rabbits that lived near the field. They did nothing to get rid of them. Thus, when it was completed and became the second busiest airport in the world, (with 2,000 takeoffs and landings per day), there was a very real and not-so-funny danger of rabbits being sucked into the intake of a jet engine. At best, this could have resulted in costly repairs and a serious disruption of service. At worst, it could have caused a serious accident.

Why the rabbits were not scared off by the noise from the roaring jets was never determined. But hordes of them would cluster about the runways, waiting until the last moment to skip out from under the wheels of a jetliner, then immediately regroup and wait for the next plane to land. Incoming pilots frequently would radio the tower, "My God, from up here it looks like a solid field of ears!"

After a while, airport officials organized rabbit safaris, placing a bounty on every one killed. This was quickly abandoned when eager hunters swarming over the runways in search of rabbits became an even greater hazard than their prey. Next, airport officials attempted to end the rabbit problem by scattering poisoned oats along the runways. This solution also failed. In fact the rabbits soon were

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Jersey City: Advanced Health Foods
Moorestown: General Nutrition Ctr.
Newark: Zinn's Health Food Store
Summit: Summit Health Food Centre
Wayne: General Nutrition Centers
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Albany: Nature Food Centres
Bethpage: Long Island Health Gym
Bronx: Health Aid Center
Brooklyn: Nature Food Centres
East Syracuse: Diet & Health Shoppe
Flushing: Flushing Health Foods
Jackson Hts: Jackson Hts. Health Foods
New York: All Diet Foods
New York: Brownie's
New York: Mid-City Health Club
New York: Nature Food Centres
Rochester: Nature Food Centres
White Plains: White Plains Health Foods
NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville: General Nutrition Centers
Raleigh: Natural Health Foods
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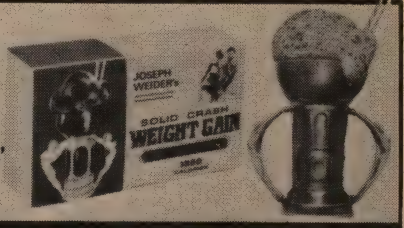

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multiplying faster than before. Officials were still searching frantically for a remedy when the problem seemed to miraculously solve itself. In mid-summer of 1969 it was discovered that the rabbit population was slowly, but unmistakably, dwindling. No one, to this day, has found out the cause for this sudden change, but one theory is that the rabbits may be falling victim to the notorious Los Angeles smog.

This is one case in which a problem caused by misplanning solved itself. But to expect the others to do the same is like whistling in the wind.

NATURALLY not all the blame for our airport mess can be put on misplanning. Shoddy management by penny-pinching airport officials has a lot to do with the frightening safety deficiencies at our airports. According to the ALPA, more than 150 airports handling propeller-driven and turboprop airliners have no fire or rescue equipment located on the airport, and about 20 airports which service twin-engine and three-engine jets, likewise lack firefighting apparatus on the premises. Moreover, in those airports which do have such equipment, the vast majority are woefully inadequate. Take Blue Grass Airport in Lexington, Kentucky, for example. In case of an emergency, Blue Grass must rely on a volunteer firemen's unit, a small supply of extinguishers on hand, and one crash-and-rescue vehicle. All this, despite the fact that Boeing 727s and DC-9s land there every day.

Even such a vital instrument as ILS (Instrument Landing System) has yet to be installed on 200 of the 500 airports currently servicing commercial airlines. ILS was developed 15 years ago as an electronic navigational aid. In case of fog, rain, or foul-up of the plane's landing system, ILS takes over and guides the plane down. It is a system which is a must on airports where giant airliners regularly make stops. *And 200 of these airports lack them!*

It's more than dangerous: It's disgraceful! Just recently, in fact, the missing ILS situation has been blamed for two crashes involving Allegheny Airlines Convair 580s at Bradford Regional Airport in Pennsylvania. What makes it even more shocking is that the crashes occurred only two weeks apart. But wait: The worst is yet to come!

The runways—where life and death hang precariously in the balance—the runways are *the most neglected* part of our airports. They are too short and poorly maintained. One pilot, speaking for most, swears: "We guys up front, we who fly into these airports every day and every night of the year, in fair weather and in foul, find that the margin of safety falls far too short nearly everywhere. Far, far too short."

Want some proof? Try this on for size: Small jets—the kind that run short hops between cities—need an effective runway length of at least 6500 feet, and an overrun and underrun length of at least 1,000 feet at both ends. Yet many airports which service small jets only have runways of about 5,000 feet, such as at Tweed Airport in New Haven, Connecticut. Twenty airports have landing strips of less than 5,500 feet, and 30 airports have runways less than 6,000 feet—all far *below* the safe minimum set by the ALPA.

What about those airport runways where the big jets stop? These runways must be 10,500 feet long, at a minimum. Yet there are only a handful of airports that meet this requirement, and those are few and far between. What would happen if a big jet, in case of an emergency, has to make a forced landing on one of the smaller strips? Airport and government officials have remained silent on that point. *Deadly silent,* for obvious reasons.

As for the condition these runways are in, ask any pilot and he'll answer you with a shudder. Too many of them (even the big ones) are constructed of smooth, blacktop asphalt. Besides being weak and lined with dangerous ditches, they can be downright slippery when wet. What these runways need are concrete top, and grooved surfaces. These two—concrete and grooves—are needed to prevent what pilots call hydroplaning, or skidding out of control on a cushion of water that builds up between the plane's wheels and the surface.

It's enough to make you sick. More than that, its enough to make you *dead!*

And it's not getting better. For when the first Boeing 747s begin to touch down on our Stone Age airports, all hell will break loose. If our airports accommodate today's giants with difficulty and minimum safety, how are they going to cope with these behemouths.

Dubbed "The Beast," the Boeing 747 is almost *twice* as large as the biggest jet now in regular service. It will weigh three-quarters of a million *tons* fully loaded (that's 775,000 pounds, buddy), and will be able to fly 6,600 miles nonstop at 625 miles an hour. It will carry 400 passengers at a clip, and with its pilot's "office" three stories off the ground, it can't even fit into existing airport hangars. Said Joseph Meek, President of ALPA about the 747. "We are leaving the crisis period and are now in a period of chaos."

Boeing has assured airport officials that the 747 can land on the same runways as a Boeing 707. But they have also said that its test field near Seattle, Washington, was not able to withstand the 747s' tremendous weight as well as they thought it would. If this can happen on a test field—which is supposed to be as near perfect as possible—it's anyone's guess how the public airports' landing fields, with their shoddy record, will stand up. Airport officials and pilots don't even want to think about it.

The full 747 story, of course, is known to only a few, but the air-traffic controller's story is known to practically every person who reads a paper, and is experienced by every person who lands at our airports.

The traffic controllers are the men who are responsible for guiding the massive plane jam-ups in and out of our airports. In the takeoff and landing stages he is as much responsible for the safety of the plane as the pilot himself. The radar board at which he works is a jumble of dots and flashes, each representing a separate plane. He must pick up one dot, one flash, and direct it through such a maze of holding patterns that it would seem nigh impossible.

The trouble is, there are only 8,500 controllers licensed across the nation—far too few for the job at hand. It is a nerve-wracking, 6-day-a-week job, where the slightest miscalculation will end in disaster. To relieve the tension, many controllers have taken to tranquilizers and amphetamines.

To publicize their plight of overwork and not enough personnel, the controllers began their well-known slowdown. The slowdown did bring to the public ear this one shortcoming of our airports—the shortage of controllers—yet the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization will be the first to admit that the conditions which brought about the slowdown in the first place still exist.

Meanwhile, planes enter and leave our airports twenty-four hours a day, facing the prospects of mid-air collisions. And will continue to do so as long as the airports do not hire more controllers.

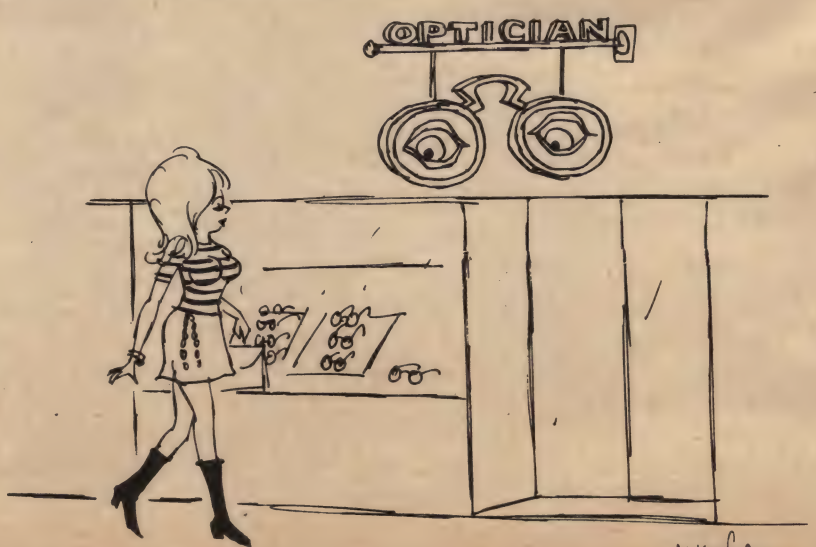
And what is the Federal Aviation Administration—that branch of government supposedly set up to police the airways—doing about the controllers' crisis and every other crisis that exist at our airports?

Nothing!

It does admit that it gave back $14 million of unspent funds to the Federal government, however. That money could easily have been spent recruiting more traffic controllers, or inspecting our airports to insure their safety and efficiency. Moreover, when the FAA presented its annual budget to Congress, it voluntarily cut its request for money by $118 million. And Congress, in a mood of cooperation, loped off another $36 million in the name of economy.

Meanwhile, the sorry condition of our airports keeps going from bad to worse, with no end in sight. When will this deterioration stop? Only when the American public—passengers and non-passengers alike—raise such a hue and cry that it will carry all the way to Washington. For it seems too much to expect that the airports will take the initiative in improving themselves.

But until those improvements are made, the only answer seems to be to hang on, keep your fingers crossed, and hope that your pilot knows how to fly, as one of them put it, "By Guess and by God." •••



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BEFORE YOU MAKE A MOVE—Look out for moving companies that give an estimate on long-distance hauls based on weight. Their cost estimates are invariably on the low side—just to clinch the order—but you find yourself anteing up a lot more before you're through. Interstate Commerce Commission boys are cracking down, trying to get more exact advance estimates and putting pressure on movers to put performance dates in their contracts.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT—A lot more consumers would lodge angry complaints if they knew how to go about it. N.Y.C. is making an effort to force merchants to post —conspicuously—the steps to take if you're unhappy with your purchase. If registering complaints is made easier, merchants would think twice before trying to pull fast ones on their confused customers.

BIG BOOM IN FRAUDS—The following is a list of areas in which fast-buck operators are working: 1. "Full sex potency" pills—don't be a sucker for this gimmick which will cost you about $5.98 a bottle; a bottle which stands the con merchant 24¢. (P.S. They're only vitamin supplements, anyway, and won't do the trick). 2. Hot rod fuel that will pep up your car. 3. Phony credit ratings to be sold to "poor credit risks." 4. The old "matrimonial flim-flam" is still working its magic. These pop up in "lonely hearts" columns, and scheming men and women have collected thousands of dollars from pen-pal correspondents who are so lonely they'll even part with their money on phony promises of marriages.

WHEN TO BUY WHAT—One way to beat inflation is to know when to shop for the big items. For instance, now is the time for bargains on 1969 cars (with the '70s crowding showrooms). Try shopping for air conditioners during the winter months. Snow tires can be bargain-hunted during the warm weather. Linens will come in much cheaper in August and January... ditto for furniture. For your best buys in storm windows, January through March will see the lowest prices. Look ahead to next winter by picking up your winter suits in January and February, and March is a great month for garden supplies. As for Christmas, try any time during the year except the Yuletide season. All in all, shopping with tips in hand should save you about 10%.

For the smart shopper

FREE BOOZE NOT KOSHER—In a lot of states you are bombarded by ads that promise "money back if you don't like the product." Most Alcoholic Beverage Control departments have ruled these ads are illegal. Give-away liquor deals are on the way out, and California seems to be taking the first step to see the rulings are enforced.

CHEESE IT, THE FDA!—A lot of foreign-import cheeses, especially from France, Rumania, Italy and Argentina have been kicked back by Food and Drug Administration inspectors because the products were loaded with pesticides. Don't worry about any Camembert, Brie Roquefort, Port-Salut, parmesan and provolone you see. Those on sale have passed rigid tests.

GOODBYE TO "GIANTS"—You won't be seeing packages in your local food stores using labels marked "Giant", "Giant-Sized", "King-Size" or "Jumbo" anymore. The Federal Trade Commission has put into effect new "Truth in Packaging" rules that force manufacturers to list the true size in ounces, pounds or quarts.

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT KILLING AMERICANS—A desperate move is being made to bring medical devices under federal regulation. Many of them—like artificial kidneys, pacemakers, anesthetic machines, etc.—have to be taken on faith, as there are no inspecting agencies responsible for their workability. One outspoken advocate of regulating medical devices points out that not only are they killing people needlessly, but they are not even inspected as well as plumbing equipment.

"BROWN LUNG" HITTING EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS—Having alerted the country to "black lung" disease among coal miners, crusader Ralph Nader now has the textile industry under the gun. According to Nader, textile workers are just as vulnerable as miners to a very similar ailment. In this case, the disease is known as "brown lung". Textile workers contract *bysinossis* because they have to inhale cotton dust in their mills. Nader is after both industry and government to do something to protect textile workers.

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CYCLE BRUTES

Continued from page 15

eyes as she again shook her head. Then, before passing out, she succeeded in croaking, "Please . . . No doctor . . . They'll kill me . . . No one must know—"

She came to again a couple of hours later, while I was rummaging through the bedroom closet for some shotgun shells. When I turned, I found her looking at me. "Did you . . ." she started to ask, faintly.

"Call Doc Wilson?" I smiled at her. "No. I should have my head examined. I'm taking a chance. Might even get arrested. But what the hell—no, I didn't call him. That satisfy you?"

She smiled and nodded yes.

"I'll be right back," I told her, and went to the kitchen. I returned with a plate of beef broth and a mixture of glucose and water.

"I didn't call the doctor because I figure there's not much difference between a sick calf and a sick girl. And I've nursed enough sick calves in my lifetime," I laughed.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and tried to spoon some of the soup between her cracked lips. She clamped them shut and moved her head to the side.

"I . . . don't . . . want—" she started to say.

"Look," I interrupted, "it's either this stuff or Doc Wilson."

She made what I thought was a grimace between the bandages on her face, then turned and slowly parted her lips. I slipped the spoon of soup between them and tilted it. She mumbled what sounded like "Ecchh" and wrinkled her nose.

"You know, I'd swear I heard one of my sick calves say the same thing once," I grinned. "Like I said before, not much difference between a sick calf and a sick girl."

For the first time, she laughed.

For the next few days she was like that, lapsing into sleep, coming out of it for a few minutes, then falling under again. Since the only times I could feed her were when she was awake, I didn't dare move too far from her side. I knew she'd probably be okay but after all, she had been unconscious a long time. Besides, every now and then one of her cuts would open up, and I had to change the dressing.

The third day she started showing signs of improvement. She stayed awake for a whole morning, and even managed to say a few words. By the fourth day she was feeding herself, though with some difficulty. The morning of the fifth day I awakened to the smell of bacon wafting through the house. From the couch, where I had made my bed since she had taken over mine, I peered through sleep-heavy eyelids toward the kitchen.

SHE was standing with her back toward me, one of my blue work shirts barely reaching down to her hips. Standing there like that, barefoot, her long, lithe legs slightly parted, supporting herself with one hand on the stove, I saw her for the first time as a woman and not a sick calf. I reached for a pack of cigarettes lying on the floor next to the couch, lit one, and humorously watched her clumsy efforts at making bacon.

In the space of ten minutes she burned almost a half pound of bacon strips before she finally cooked one strip right. She picked up her winning strip with a fork and held it to the light, her head cocked to the side, turning it as if inspecting a diamond. I watched her silently for as long as I could, but finally I couldn't help laughing. And once I started I laughed until my sides hurt. All the while she stood there, her legs spread out, arms akimbo, getting madder and madder.

I stopped laughing and started staring when she moved so the one button left on my shirt that she borrowed opened and revealed pink-tipped breasts. She followed my gaze and didn't bother trying to cover up.

"You've seen it all before," she said defiantly. "Besides, if you kept your other shirts laundered I'd have picked another one."

"Okay. Okay. So I hate doing laundry. But at least I can cook." I smiled at her. "Tell you what, you get back in bed and I'll fix you breakfast. Later on you can do the washing. Okay?"

She grinned from ear to ear, nodded meekly, and took short, hesitant steps to the bedroom.

A half hour later breakfast was ready; bacon and eggs, buttered rolls, hash-brown potatoes and coffee.

"Okay, Miss Whatever your name is," I called through the closed bedroom door, "If you're hungry, you'll have to fetch it yourself."

She was wearing the same shirt, only this time it had buttons. And she also managed to sew up the two rips in the back. She sat down at the table, took a deep breath and said, "Hey, you're not only a good nurse, but you can cook, too."

"Yeah," I mumbled. "No end to what I can do."

"How come you're not married?" she asked through a mouthful of bacon and eggs. I thought all farmers got married young, raised a brood of kids, and lived happily ever after . . ."

"I'm no farmer," I answered, taking a bite out of a roll. "I'm a rancher. At least one day I hope to be. I left this place when I was sixteen—joined the Army. My brother and parents stayed on. Then I just knocked around. My brother got killed in Vietnam, and three months ago my parents drowned in a flash flood trying to save a few scrawny cows in the south pasture. They left it all to me—all 400 lousy acres. I figured I owed it to them to try and make a go at it."

She didn't say a thing. Just wolfed down the food.

"So now it's your turn. How about you?"

"Nothing much to tell. My name's Virginia Carley. What's yours?"

"Quint. Quint Lake."

I waited for her to continue. She didn't.

"Is that all you have to say?" I asked, a little mad. "I find you in my barn, naked, more dead than alive, a million miles from nowhere. I say 'I'm going for Doc Wilson' and you say 'They'll kill me.' And now you say there's nothing much to tell?"

She didn't even lift her eyes from her plate.

"Look," I said, trying to calm myself down. "Let's start all over again. Quietly. I'm Quint Lake, remember? The guy who brought you back from the dead. I don't expect you to slobber your thanks all over me, but I do think I deserve some explanation about how you got into my barn."

Suddenly a second thought hit me. "You running from somebody?"

She nodded.

"The law?"

She shook her head vehemently, "No!" her blonde tresses falling over face. "Please," she pleaded, "Not now. I'll tell you everything when I feel a little better. Tonight, Okay?"

It made sense. After all, this was the first time in five days she'd been off her feet, and she was bound to be feeling the effects.

"Okay," I gave in. "Tonight. Now get back into bed. I've got to run into town for a few hours, to pick up some things. I'll be back before sundown. By then, you'd better have the right answers."

"Town?" she startled. *"Why? Why do you have to go into town?"* She was almost crying.

"Look," I said slowly, like explaining something to a baby. "I haven't left this house for five days because of you. And supplies don't just grow. You have to buy them. Does that answer your stupid question?"

"Promise me you won't say a thing about me to anyone," she pleaded. "Please? At least not until you've heard my story."

"Okay," I answered, feeling sore at myself for the way I was giving in to her. "But if I don't like what I hear . . ."

She reached up, grabbed my neck and pulled my face down to hers. Her mouth searched hungrily for mine. She trapped my lower lip between her teeth and bit down, not too hard, but enough to make me yelp. Then her moist tongue ran over the sore spot, teasing me. I unbuttoned the top of her shirt and slipped my hand inside, cupping a firm breast. She let me knead it for a few moments, then slipped out of her chair and hurried to the bedroom.

"Remember," she laughed as she went, "supplies don't just grow. You have to buy them."

I grumbled something under my breath and turned to the door. When I reached for the handle I heard her laugh and say, "I bet a sick calf never thanked you like that!"

I grinned to myself with anticipation as I walked out the door, licking the spot she bit. Sure, she was a mystery, but in her condition she wasn't going to run out before I got the full story. And besides, where could she run to, and with what? The only transportation on the place was the pickup. And I was taking that.

WHEN I returned later that afternoon she was sleeping, the covers pulled down to her waist, her breasts rising and falling steadily with every breath she took. I stood there, watching her like that for a few minutes. I was sort of getting used to having her around, and hoped nothing like a wanted police bulletin would spoil it.

Later, after we had eaten she did the dishes while I busied myself with my hobby—guns. It was something I picked up in the Army. I don't know, I guess there's something beautiful about a well-made gun. It has nothing to do with killing and all that. It's just that I get a thrill out of holding a good rifle in my arms, or scoring a bull's eye nine out of ten times. Out here it gets pretty lonely, with the nearest neighbor five miles down the road, and a guy has to do something to pass the time. I set up a rifle range in back—nothin' fancy, just a wooden fence and some sandbags. I figure I must put in hundreds of hours back there, and I never get tired of it.

So while she was doing the dishes I was cleaning an old .22 Remington. After she finished she sat down next to me and watched what I was doing. Neither of us spoke. Maybe we were both waiting for the other to start. Finally, I put the .22 back together again, took a deep drag

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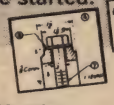

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from the cigarette, and said, "Want to tell me about it, now?"

"Okay. Okay. I guess I owe you that much," she said. "It began two months ago, in Livingston, Texas, about 100 miles from where I was born and raised. It's a small place, and there's not much to do except sit around and raise kids. Well, that kind of life wasn't for me. Oh no. Not for Virginia Carley. I was gonna' take the world by storm."

"I needed someone or something to get me out, get me started. Then one day this motorcycle bunch came roaring down the main street. There were about 15 of them, and they were strung out across the roads on both sides, like they owned it. Most of the bikes had two riders—a girl hanging on to the guy in front. They all wore black-leather jackets and helmets. You know, German World War I helmets, with a spike sticking out of the top. And they all had 'Devil's Disciples' painted in white across the back of their jackets.

"They pulled up in front of the bar where I was working as a waitress, and really took over the place; just flopped down wherever they pleased. Threatened Bob, the owner, that if he called the police they'd wreck the joint. Bob was so goddamned scared they'd ruin his precious bar he just nodded and said, 'Whatever you say, gents,' just like they were guests in his home. Then he said to me, 'Virginia, give the gentlemen whatever they want. Treat them real nice.'

" 'Yeah, baby. Give us whatever we want!' one of the guys, a big, unshaven fat slob named Willie said. 'Like yourself. We want you.'

"He reached up under my skirt and pinched—real hard. I screamed and tried to run out of the bar, but one of the girls stood in the doorway, laughing real mean-like. I tried to get around her, but she tripped me. I was sprawled out on the floor, looking up, and that fat slob Willie came over and put his foot on my stomach.

" 'Hey! The broad don't like our company!' he shouted. 'C'mon broad,' he said to me, giggling like an idiot. 'C'mon. I'll show you how nice we can be.'

"He pulled me to my feet and turned me around so I was facing the girl who tripped me. Then the other girls came over and surrounded me. There were about 10. The girl who tripped me smiled real wicked and said, 'You gotta' pass inspection first. Willie here is particular.'

"All the other girls just laughed, like they were having a private joke. I looked at the sniveling bastard Bob for help, but all he cared about was his damned bar. I'll bet he even was enjoying it in a way, because he'd made a few passes at me and I'd always let him know that I'd rather sleep with anyone else than with him. Anyway, then the girl who tripped me reached for the top of my dress and ripped it down to the hem. Next, she grabbed my bra and ripped that off, too. She pinched and squeezed every part of me, then said, 'She passes inspection, Willie. Now she's yours.' "

By this time Virginia was quivering. Her hand was shaking so badly she could hardly bring the cigarette she was smoking up to her lips.

"I think the coffee's ready," I said softly. "I'll get you a cup."

But first I went to the closet and got a bottle of bourbon. I poured a hefty shot into the black coffee and gave it to her. She saw what I did, and I could read the thanks in her eyes.

"Look," I said, "if you want to continue this some other time . . ."

She shook her head. "I went this far, no use not going on. You'll have to find out sooner or later."

SHE took a sip of the coffee, shuddered, then continued. "The circle the girls formed around me parted, and there was Fat Willie—that's what they called him, Fat Willie—coming toward me. He took off his jacket and his huge belly hung over his belt. God, he was the flabbiest thing I ever saw. And the ugliest. He had this wicked grin on his face, and I swear I saw him slobbering at the mouth.

"He grabbed me by the shoulders and tried to kiss me. I kept turning my head away, and he kept trying. Then he grabbed my head in his paws and held it tight. As he lowered his ugly face to mine I spit at him. I'll never forget the look on him; like I shot him. And the others laughed so hard I thought the roof would fall in just from the sound.

"I think that's what set him off—not the spittle creeping down his face, but the laughter. Like I made a fool out of him in front of his friends. He snarled something and took out his knife from his pant's pocket.

"One of the girls tried to grab at his knife hand, but he threw her off like she was a paper doll. He was a madman. The other girls tried to stop him, too, but they couldn't. He just roared like an animal and came slowly at me, his knife gleaming in the sunlight from the window. I backed away from him, reaching behind me for the door. But there was no door: only a corner. Fat Willie had me trapped in a damned corner."

She took another sip of the coffee, muttered, "Damn, that's hot," and went on with the story.

"So I was trapped in the corner, with Fat Willie coming at me with murder in his eyes. There was nowhere to run. God, I was frightened. I think I even prayed. Then I closed my eyes and waited. I don't know, there was so much screaming and yelling, then all of a sudden everyone shut up. I closed my eyes tighter, waiting for something to happen, waiting to feel Fat Willie's hands on me, or his knife going into me. But nothing happened.

"When I opened my eyes I saw someone holding Willie around the throat from behind with one hand. With the other, he had Fat Willie's knife arm pinned behind his back. It was the guy in front—the guy who led the pack into town.

"Later I found out his name was Killer Joe—that's all, Killer Joe. I never learned his last name, and no one ever called him anything else. Anyway, Killer Joe had Willie like that, and said to him, 'Leave her alone, you fat bastard. I'm staking the chick out for myself.'

" 'Okay. Okay,' Fat Willie whined. 'Lemme go.'

"Joe sent Willie flying to the bar, picked up my ripped dress and bra and handed it to me. He was different than the rest. Somehow not so dirty. And he didn't have a beard. If it wasn't for the motorcycle outfit he was wearing, I guess he'd look like a clean-cut, all-American type. Maybe I was just thankful for his saving me, maybe it was his looks. Whatever it was, I took a liking to him, if you know what I mean. A *real* liking."

Seeing how I reacted, she smiled coyly and said, "But not the way I like you. He was just something different—like a toy. You . . . how can I explain it? I've never met anyone like you. You're not like the rest, after only one thing. You care about me, and not what I can do for you—in bed, I mean."

"Listen, after the way I found you, I'd have to be a pretty brutal guy to go after you the way the others do. Anyway, even if we had just met in a normal way I always think it's smarter to wait till a girl is good and ready. You know, I really like you a lot," I said gently.

She came toward me. "I want to do something to make *you* happy," she said. "And to thank you—"

I couldn't wait any longer. I grabbed her and she melted into my arms and the next thing I knew we were on the couch. She grabbed my hair with both hands and pulled me to her, planting her wet lips on my own. Her tongue acted like a lever, parting my teeth, then like a probe as it darted in and out, exploring every corner and crevice inside my mouth. All the while her hands were busy unbuttoning my shirt.

How she got it off I'll never know, because I don't remember helping her. But got it off she did. She ran her hands over my hairy chest, first tickling, then with more pressure, her nails digging into my flesh and raising welts. Then she slid them around to my spine and began running up and down it, till goose pimples covered my body. Damn, but that girl was talented!

She groped for my belt buckle while she pressed her body into mine, her breasts pushed almost flat against my chest so that I could feel her heart pounding like a sledge hammer. Or maybe it was mine. I hugged her to me while she worked to undo my belt. Because we were pressed so close against one another, she had a little trouble, and she cursed under her breath. When I tried to help her she panted, "No. I want to do it."

I was in no mood to argue with her.

Finally she had my pants free. They slid down my legs and I stepped out of them. Her hands dug into the muscles of my stomach, kneading, massaging, tracing the sinews running from my rib cage to where they disappeared just above my groin.

How long we stood there like that, exploring each other's body, I don't know. It certainly seemed like a year. When I knew we couldn't take much more of it I pulled her down on the bearskin rug. She fell on top of me, sinking her teeth into my shoulder. I gave a yell and rolled her over. She had a wild look in her eyes, something I'd never seen in a woman before.

"Now! Now!" she gasped. *"Do it now!"*

Obliging Quint Lake. That's me. First I nurse them back to health, then I nurse them back to sex. There's no difference.

Like *hell* there isn't!

AFTERWARDS we lay on our backs, smoking cigarettes, watching the smoke curl lazily on to the ceiling. Neither of us spoke for a long time, then she broke the silence.

"I've got to tell you the rest."

"Not now. Later," I said and reached for her.

She was very stubborn. How do you figure it? First I had to pry the story loose from her. Now I couldn't stop her from telling it.

"It's got to be told," she said. "Before we do it again, it's got to be told. Maybe, after you hear the rest of it, you won't want me anymore."

I didn't reply so she just continued. "After Killer Joe gave me back my dress and bra," she picked up where she left off, "he took my hand and slid me into one of the booths. He didn't say much about himself—only that he was from San Francisco. He wanted to hear all about me. I told him the story of my life, especially about wanting to leave town, to go somewhere, anywhere, where there was action. He grinned and said,

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" 'What about the others?' I asked.

" 'To hell with them,' he sneered. 'They'll do what I say. No one bothers Killer Joe's old lady. No one!'

" 'What about him?' I asked, nodding my head toward Fat Willie.

" 'Least of all, him!' Joe laughed. 'Hey Willie' he called across the bar. 'Tell the broad you're sorry.'

" 'I ain't tellin' no broad I'm sorry,' Willie whined. 'Not even *your* broad!'

"Joe didn't say anything, but all of a sudden the place was absolutely quiet. Every eye was on Joe. He took off his helmet, the one with the spike on top of it, cradled it under his arm and walked over to where Fat Willie was standing. Willie had a beer in one hand and was resting the other hand on the bar. Joe still didn't say a thing. He just stood there looking at Willie. The next thing he did was so fast, all I saw was a blurr. I heard a thud and Willie's scream practically piercing my ears. Then I saw what happened. Joe's helmet was standing up on the bar, the spike imbedded in the wood. Between the spike and the bar was Fat Willie's hand. Joe had impaled Willie's hand with the helmet.

"They took Willie to the doctor, who patched up his hand. Then we rode out of town, with me clinging for dear life to Joe, my arms wrapped around his waist. I didn't even bother taking any clothes. One of the girls gave me a pair of dungarees and a jacket. The only thing I took away from Livingston was the $100 I saved. As it turned out, I didn't need it. We managed to get money along the road."

"How?" I asked just so I could say something. I was tired of keeping my mouth shut while she spoke.

"Mostly by stealing. Sometimes they'd force a car off the road and take the driver's wallet. Sometimes they'd break into a store. Gasoline stations that were open all night were especially easy. In the two months I was with them, I figure we pulled about 100 robberies."

"So why weren't you caught?" I wanted to know. "A pack of motorcycles riding down the road, each rider with 'Devil's Disciples' painted on the back of his jacket, ain't what I call trying to hide your identities. Man, that's like writing your names in big, bold letters across the sky."

"C'mon," she pleaded. "We weren't that stupid. Only one or two people would do a job. And they'd take off their jackets and change their shirts before setting out. Sometimes they'd leave their motorcycle behind so that the police couldn't have a lead. And as for being recognized by the victims later, did you ever try to pick out one or two riders from a pack, and at night? They all look so much alike—big, dirty, unshaven—it's almost impossible. Once, the Texas Rangers did pick up the whole bunch of us for questioning. But the guy couldn't single out the ones that did it. He said they were big, and mean-looking. And he said there were three guys who did it. The dope! It was one guy and two girls. He couldn't even tell a guy from a girl at night."

"Then, I'd say about a week later, Joe gets this idea. He sends some of the girls into any town where there's money action—a race track, a floating crap game, an Army camp—to look for easy marks; for guys who made a killing, and who were carrying their bankrolls. The girls would take the dupes to a motel or lonely road. Then they'd get them undressed and start with the sex. Suddenly flashbulbs would go poppin' then the gang would burst in on the scene. They'd take the dupe's money and warn him to keep quiet, or else they'd send the picture to his wife. Most of the victims were happy enough to get away in once piece, without their wives knowing what happened, so they didn't go to the law. Besides, the money wasn't worth all the trouble; only about three or four hundred at the most.

"A few guys tried puttin' up a fight. Especially the ones who weren't married. And all they'd get is a busted head, or a couple of broken ribs. At least the ones they told me about. I don't know what happened to the ones Joe took care of. He refused to let me go on the same jobs that he went on, so I can only guess what happened. But I liked the guy enough not to ask questions. Maybe I was just hopin' for the best.

"Then one day Joe comes back to our camp from a visit to this town, which is on a big highway. Something was the matter with his clutch and he went to a station to have it fixed. When he returned he had a wide grin on his face, and his eyes were lit up. I knew he had just spotted a mark—but what a mark! Twenty thousand dollars worth, I bet."

All I could do was whistle. Twenty thousand dollars; WOW!

"Yeah," Virginia nodded her head. "Twenty big ones. Only we didn't know how much he had at the time. Even Joe didn't know. All he said was, 'It's big, baby. Maybe the biggest.'

" 'How do you know?' I asked him. 'Where would a guy get so much money in a place like that?'

" 'Fixin' up hot cars, that's how,' Joe said. 'Baby, I just stumbled on the biggest hot-car operations in the state. I drove into this place to see about my clutch, and the guy says 'Sure, I can fix it. But it'll take a while.' So I go across the road to this diner for a cup of coffee. I'm sitting looking out the window noticing the stores and used car lots when three cars drive up to the station. The owner starts talking to one of the drivers, a young kid, and they are arguin'. Then they shake hands and the owner points to the back. The guys drive around, then they come back to the front, on foot. The owner peels off some bills from a wad he's carryin' and the kids walk away.

" 'I got some time before the bike's fixed so I wander around back. The sunuvabitch of an owner's got another garage back there. I look through the window and see five guys workin' on some cars.'

" 'Big deal,' I said to him. 'How do you know they're hot cars?'

" 'Because I ain't blind,' he answered. 'And even a blind jerk could see what they were doin'. They were workin' off the serial numbers of the cars with torches. And one guy was paintin' a 1969 model that didn't need paintin'. And in one corner there was a stack of license plates, from all different states. Baby that's what they call doctorin' a car.' "

"Fatso here imagines I'm always insulting her in front of strangers."

I NODDED. "That's what they call it, and it figures. A place like that, right on the main highway, surrounded by used-car lots and junk yards, they could operate practically in the open, without anybody knowing what they were doin'. And even if someone saw something, the owner could say he was buying used cars and fixing them up for resale. Who knows, maybe the local law man was also in on the deal, takin' his cut for keepin' quiet. There are plenty of places like that."

"That's what Joe said," Virginia agreed. "Exactly what he said. He told me to drive up to the station and ask the boss to look at my engine.

"It was easy. Real easy. The owner went for me like I was the only woman left on earth. When he finished the job and I asked him how much, and he said 'Nothin'. No money. Just dinner with you tonight.' I smiled at him and said, 'Okay.'

"He took me for a steak dinner and in no time asked if I wanted to go back to his place for a few drinks. I acted like I couldn't wait. His house was right next to his garage. Once we got inside he was all hands, feeling me all over. He didn't even hear Joe going through the house, looking for the money. We were in his bedroom and he had me pinned on the bed. I tried to stall him, but it was no use. He had my clothes off and was working on my panties when Joe broke down the door.

"Joe asked him where the money was, and the old guy told him in the cupboard. Joe went into the kitchen and came back holding a strongbox. The lock was already broken and there was no money in it.

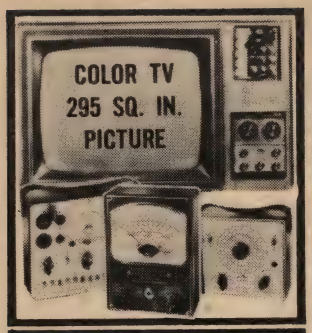
"The old man pointed at me and said, 'She did it. She must've taken it while I was in the bathroom. The money was there when I closed up today. It must've been *her!*'

"I swear to you, Quint," she said to me, "I didn't take it. I don't know what happened, but I didn't take it!"

"Yeah. Yeah. I believe you. Twenty grand and you didn't touch it. Go on. What happened next?"

"Joe started workin' on the guy. Really workin' on him. And all the while the old man insisted I must have taken it. Joe went through the house and garage with a fine-tooth comb. And no sign of the money. Maybe then he must have believed I really did take the money. He told the old man to keep quiet or else he'd tell all he knew about the hot-car set up, grabbed me by the hair and dragged me out. All the while he kept on muttering, 'Bitch. Bitch. You'll tell me where you hid it. You'll tell me if it's the last thing you ever do"

"Big Willie and a couple of the gang were waiting outside. Joe tied my hands together, slung me over the seat of his bike, and they drove off, not stopping until they hit a real lonely spot in a Cottonwood grove. Then they stripped me and started workin' me over. First Fat Willie and his knife, then the others. They



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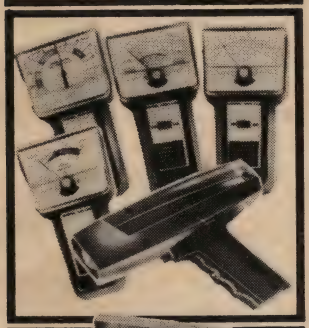

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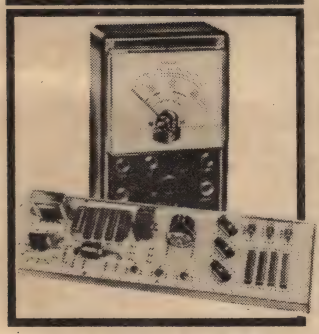

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asked the same question over and over again: 'What'd you do with the money? What'd you do with the money?'

"I told them I didn't do a thing with the money because I never saw no money. But they didn't believe me. One of the guys, Loco Louie, lit a cigarette and put it out on my body. He kept lighting it and puttin' it out. God, it hurt, but nothing compared to what my friend Killer Joe did to me. He wrapped some barbed wire around his belt and started whippin' me. He began with my legs and slowly made his way up my body. And all the while he was giggling and smiling. Boy, he really enjoyed himself. Almost as much as he would have spending the money. I kept crying out 'I didn't take any money. God, I don't know anything about the money.'

"But they kept it up. Cigarette burns and whipping. Cigarette burns and whipping. But how could I tell 'em where the money was if I didn't know where it was?

She was crying now; the first time I'd seen her cry since I found her. All this time I hadn't heard a whimper from her, and now, while telling the story, she couldn't keep the tears back. I saw her running her hands over her body, as if feeling the beating she'd taken from those bastards. I asked her to stop, but she wouldn't.

"And Joe was the worst. He kept using that belt of his, and using it, and using it. . . . And all the time that stupid giggle of his. He was really enjoying himself. When he got tired, someone else would pick up where he left off. Finally they all got tired and went off a ways to talk it over. They had a bottle of whiskey with them, and I could hear them passing it around while they planned what to do with me. But they forgot I wasn't tied up, or maybe they thought I was too weak to run.

"I sneaked up to where they parked the motorcycles and slashed the tires on all the bikes but one—the one I hopped on and gunned away from that damned place. I think it was Joe's motorcycle. I don't even know if they heard me, they were that drunk.

"I kept riding down the main road until I saw a cut-off. I decided to take that one. Then I saw the road leading to your place. The rest you know."

THAT was all; the whole story as she told it to me. She was really bawlin' by now and she was in my arms, and nothing I could do would stop her from crying. I rolled to my knees, put one arm under her legs and the other around her shoulders and lifted her. She clung to me all the time whimpering in my ear, "I didn't take the money, Quint. I didn't take the money."

I carried her to the bedroom and put her gently on the bed. She reached for my neck and pulled me on top of her, working the magic of her tongue again. The last thing she said to me before we went at it was, "I didn't take the money, Quint. You believe me? I didn't take the money!"

I nodded and shut her up the only way I could.

THE next week was our anniversary. It was one month to the day that I found her in the barn, and I wanted to give her something. Something special. But what? Then I thought of the motorcycle. It still lay in the bushes where she'd hidden it on that first night. If I could have it fixed up . . . So what if she wouldn't ride it into town? There was plenty of space and lonely roads near my place, where she could ride and not be seen. And I knew how much she loved riding. I knew because I had my guns, and I reckoned she felt the same way about motorcycles. That would be my surprise present to her. The motorcycle, all fixed up and ready to ride.

No one in Bronson could have done the job. The only thing Dave Craig, who owned the only service station, knew about, was cars and pickups. The closest place that could do the job was in Larabee, a fair-sized town about 20 miles from Bronson.

The guy in the motorcycle shop just stood looking down at the wreck in amazement, and scratched his head when I showed it to him. Then he whistled and said, "I hope you didn't damage the tank. I mean the U.S. Army tank you must've rode into."

"Look," I shot back angrily, "I didn't come to see a comedian. I came to see a mechanic. What'll it cost to patch her up?"

He gave it another inspection, kickin' it here and there, looking at the motor, then smiled. "I reckon I could put it into running condition for $125."

"I didn't come to see a crook, either. Forget it."

I knew he wouldn't. He took one more look at the heap of shiny metal and said, "All right, $85. But that's the lowest I can go."

"How soon?" I asked.

He looked at his watch, did some figurin' in his head, then answered, "Tomorrow afternoon."

SHE was already fixing supper when I arrived. She called it Irish stew. I call it something else, but I didn't tell her what. Anyway, at eleven o'clock she went to bed while I stepped out for a last cigarette.

It was a beautiful night, with hardly a breeze, and the night sky so clear and bright it almost ached just to watch it too long. I stared at the stars, wondering how long it would take me to count all of them, when I heard a scruffling coming from the back. *Probably some prairie dog or stray deer,* I said to myself. All the same, I went around to see what it was.

As I rounded the corner of the house it seemed that all the stars in the sky exploded in my brain. Then I felt it; a dull pain on the side of my head, and I remember thinking that the moon must have fallen from the sky and crashed down on me. The ground rushed up to meet me, and I tasted dirt in my mouth. Then blackness.

I came out of it slowly. The first thing I was aware of was the hangover. Only this was a hangover that was like no hangover I ever felt.

Then I heard someone yell, "Hey, man, looks like you didn't kill him after all."

I opened one eye, and the fuzzy thing in front of my face slowly came into focus. One eye became two eyes, that blob in the middle became a nose, that crack lower down became a mouth. The stink didn't become anything. It remained a stink of alcohol, axel grease, sweat and God knows what else.

And that's what I said: "Phew, you stink!"

A sledge hammer slammed me in the face and sent the back of my head crashing into something solid. The sledge hammer raised again and started another swing at me. Then it stopped in mid-air, and another fuzzy blob said, "Not now."

The blob with the sledge hammer said, "Later. Huh?"

The second blob muttered something, and both blobs moved away from me, till they disappeared.

I was alone now. I squeezed my eyes shut till they hurt, then opened them. There were no more blobs. There was just my room. Only it looked bigger than I'd ever seen it. That's because I'd never seen it while sitting on the floor. I tried to rise, but couldn't. My arms and legs wouldn't move. They couldn't move because they were tied.

I tried wiggling up the wall, using only my back as support. "Cool it, man," a voice I recognized as the second blob, came from the doorway.

There was no mistaking Killer Joe from the way Virginia described him. I'd know him anywhere from the spike on top of his helmet.

Then I saw what Virginia meant by his madman's smile and his madman's eyes. This guy loved pain. Just seeing me like that gave him pleasure. His smile told me that much. And the thought of what he'd do to me later added a glint of anticipation to his wide-open eyes. They glowed like an Army K-9 dog's eyes I'd once seen as he was about to spring for attack.

The weird part about it was his voice. It was gentle—almost kind—and when he lifted me to my feet, his hands were soft, like a woman's. When I was standing, he took a switchblade knife from his pocket and freed my legs. Then he shoved me through the doorway into the kitchen.

Virginia was tied up the same way I had been and was huddled in a corner of the kitchen. Her dress was ripped from the top all the way down, and her bra was slit through the strap connecting the two parts. Her face was unmarked, and I wish I could say the same about her torso. Loco Louie had been doing his thing with the cigarette burns, and Fat Willie's knife had also gotten into the act. I looked at Killer Joe. His studded belt was still around his waist, so I knew he hadn't practiced his specialty yet.

Another shove sent me sprawling next to Virginia, and though I tried to check my fall, I couldn't avoid hitting her with my shoulder.

I looked at her, puzzled, and she said, "They saw the motorcycle in that garage in Larabee. They found out where you lived from the owner."

"I meant it as a surprise for you," I explained. "I didn't want to tell you."

Her smile was all I needed to let me know she didn't bear any grudge for my stupidity.

Killer Joe walked over to the table where the couple was making love, grabbed it from the underside and tilted it so the couple crashed to the floor. They didn't even look up, but continued doing what they were doing. He drew a chair up to the table and stared at us, a bottle of beer in one hand.

Joe directed his attention to me: "Look, man, we know the money ain't in the house," he said. "That means it's gotta' be buried or hidden somewhere near here. She . . ." he pointed his chin in Virginia's direction, ". . . ain't got no brains. Maybe you do. Just tell us where the money's stashed and that's the last you'll see of us. We'll clear out of here, and you'll never see us again."

"Joe," I said slowly, "I don't know where the 20 grand is. And neither does she. Use your head, man. If she knew, don't you think she'd have told you? No one can take the beating you gave her before—and now—and keep their mouth shut. The old man must've been lyin'. He never had 20 grand in that strongbox, and if he did, she didn't take it."

"What strongbox you talkin' about?" he asked. "The old geezer never kept no money in a strongbox. He was carryin' the loot with him all the time! The next

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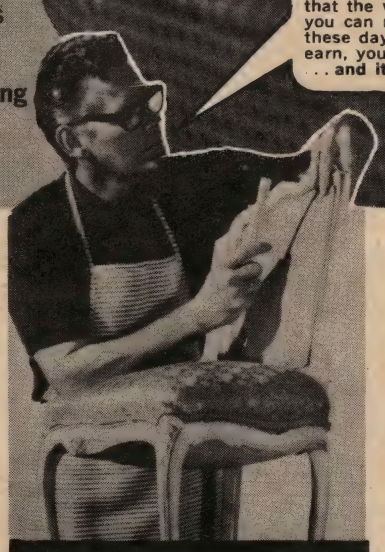

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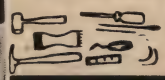

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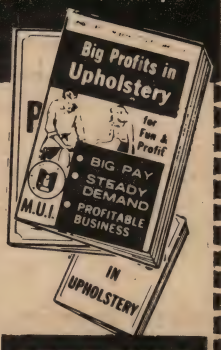

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mornin' he was supposed to put it into the bank!"

I looked at Virginia. She shook her head in denial. Then I looked back to Joe.

"It's the truth, man," he said. "I don't know what she told ya', but it's the truth. There was never no strongbox. The old slob had it in his pocket all the time. The way I figure it, she knocked him out and . . ."

"Knocked him out?" I blurted. "She told me he went to the bathroom . . ."

"Oh, sure," he said. "A guy has twenty grand layin' around the house somewhere, and he goes to the bathroom, leavin' all that money outta' his sight. You believe that?"

I didn't know what to believe.

"Okay. Enough of this game," Joe said, and shot out of his chair.

He grabbed Virginia by the shoulders, hoisted her to her feet and threw her over the table, face first. And the wicked smile and glint in his eye returned. There was no mistaking what he was going to do.

His hands reached down for his belt and he slowly took it off.

"What'd you do with it, baby?" he asked. "Tell Joe what you did with it."

Virginia didn't say a thing. She just lay there, her shoulders hunched up and tensed, anticipating the first lash of the belt. Joe raised his arm and came down hard, the black leather curling itself across her back and around her side. The others gathered around him, sweat on their foreheads, shouting encouragement to Joe. His arm raised again and again, each time ending its downward swing with a sickening *thwat!*

They didn't even pay any attention to me. All they knew was that Joe was having his fun, and they wanted to see it. And with every sickening sound of leather meeting flesh I felt something well up inside of me; something that started from deep down in my gut and spread through every fiber of my body. It was a hatred so deep, so strong, that it overwhelmed me. I only knew one thing—kill! Kill that sound! Kill! The one responsible for it.

I strained against the ropes binding my hands behind me, they didn't budge an inch. The more I struggled, the deeper they dug into my wrists. I looked for something to cut the ropes with. Nothing.

HATRED like that must be the most powerful force in the world. It must have been the same thing that made Bill Daniels charge those Vietcong machine-gun nests without thought for his own life. I managed to shimmy up the wall and tried swinging my tied hands above my head and to the front of my body to where they belonged. The sockets of my shoulder joint creaked till it felt like they were going to tear my arms from the joints, but I was able to do it.

I braced myself against the wall and pushed out, like a cannon ball shot from a cannon. I must have jumped five feet into the air, my knees bunched up to my chest. Just before impact I straightened my legs, knees pointed out, toes stiffened. I felt the toe of my right foot come in contact with a face, and felt flesh give way. The knee of my left foot banged into something hard, then caved in. It was a skull, and when I looked down, my knee was covered with blood and something gray. I found out later that the gray stuff was part of someone's brain.

I landed with my body outstretched, sprawled over a jumbled mess of bodies. The table on which Virginia was bent over collapsed in a heap. I regained my feet and ran out the door. From behind me I could hear curses and an agonizing scream. I figured it must have been one of the girls.

Crouching low I rounded the back of the house, my eyes searching for a weapon. The only thing I could see was a branch from a tree, and a lot of good that would do. Still crouching, I made my way to the shooting range in back. Something glistened in the moonlight—something metal. I reached down and came up with a bullet. There was another glint. One more bullet. I looked frantically for a gun. But I knew it was hopeless even before I started. I'd never left my guns lying around.

When I looked back, Joe and three others had just rounded the corner of the house and were advancing slowly. They knew they had me, and they knew they had all the time in the world.

I ducked behind the wooden-fence barrier of the shooting range, peering at their figures through a knothole. Sweat poured off my forehead and into my eyes. I wiped them, like trying to wipe away a bad dream. But they kept on coming. Joe had his belt in his right hand, that smile of his across his face. Fat Louie had his knife in his left hand, about belt-buckle high, throwing off the reflection of the moonlight. Two others were behind them.

They kept coming, slowly. Twenty feet, 15 feet . . .

"He ain't got nothin'," Joe shouted. "He ain't got nothin'."

And he was right. I didn't have a thing except a few bullets in my hand—three .32 calibers and one .12 gauge shotgun cartridge. And nothing to fire them with. All that stood between me and the gang was a wooden fence with knotholes in . . .

Knotholes!

I fitted the .32 bullet into one of the holes. Too large. Then the .12 gauge shotgun shell. Too small. Yet just right. With all my might I shoved and forced the cartridge into the knothole till it was wedged solid. Blindly I groped for a rock—anything—that could act as a hammer. And still they kept advancing. Twelve feet, 10 feet. My hand struck a rock. Not big, but enough to do the job.

I scruffed my feet in the dirt, purposely giving away my position. And like fools, they came straight for the sound.

I peered again at them through another knothole, one that was above the one where the cartridge was lodged. Joe was five feet from the fence. With a .12 gauger I couldn't miss. I reared back with the rock and swung with all my might against the percussion cap at the end of the cartridge.

A flash of light exploded in my face, followed by an ear-shattering explosion. When the smoke cleared I peered again through the knothole. Killer Joe was stopped in his tracks, a gaping hole where once his chest had been. He tottered and toppled face-first into the dust. The others stopped short, not knowing what to do.

My hands felt for another knothole, and found one; small enough to accommodate a .32 shell. The range and direction were off, but all that mattered was that the others would think I had a gun. I wedged a bullet into the hole and slammed it as I did the first. It thudded into the side of the house, above their heads.

Loco Louie was the first to throw himself on the ground. Then the rest followed—all except Fat Willie. He kept on coming. I jammed another bullet into the fence and waited, taunting him all the while in order to direct him in front of the hole I had waiting for him.

"Hey, Blubber Lard," I shouted, "this way. No. A little to the right. Now this way. A step more. That's it. Now hold still."

It was too easy. I was manipulating a puppet. A brainless puppet. All he knew was the knife he had in his hand and the guy he wanted to use it on—me! When he was three feet in front of me I let go with another blast from my rock. And Willie no longer had a face—just a mass of blood and ugly naked flesh.

THE others didn't even look up from the ground. They sprawled in the dust, hands outstretched. Herding them into the house didn't take much effort.

"Hey, Virginia, baby . . ." I blurted out as I guided them into the kitchen.

Virginia, Baby, wasn't there. She'd cleared out, not even waiting to see if I was alright, or dead, or whatever. Without a good-by or thank you. With or without the money, she'd just cleared out.

I was puzzled. More than puzzled, I was mad—hopping mad. Not because she left, but because she played me for a fool.

In town later that morning I told Bill Daniels the whole story—about me, Virginia, Killer Joe, Fat Willie and the rest.

"Guess you'll put out a wanted bulletin on her?" I said.

"For what?" he asked.

"Stealin' 20 grand," I shouted.

"Who's gonna' make the complaint? Was it your 20 grand she stole?"

"No, you stupid bastard. I told you, it was the guy she stole it from."

"Who's a stupid bastard?" he said, glaring at me. "No one's lodged a complaint. No one's said anything about being robbed of twenty thousand. Far as I'm concerned, no robbery's been committed."

"So you're gonna' let her get off. Just like that?"

"Nothin' else I can do. As far as the law's concerned, she's as innocent as a new-born babe. But you'll have to stand trial for killin' those two."

After answering all the questions Bill put to me—about the deaths of Killer Joe and Fat Louie—I returned to my empty house. It didn't seem the same without Virginia, and for the first time I began to miss her. Not just the sex part of it, but all of her!

ABOUT a week after the jury found me innocent, on the grounds of self-defense, I found a note pinned to my front door. It was from Virginia.

"Quint, I waited all day to see you, and didn't know when you'd be back. This is just to let you know I miss you, more than I ever thought I'd miss anybody. I'll be staying in Santa Fe the next two weeks. If you'll take me back, I'll be at the Mesa Hotel. I know I have a lot of explaining to do—about me, about the money, about everything. Just give me the chance."

I could hardly believe what my eyes read. But I wasn't sorry. No, sir. I sure as hell wanted her back, and for life. The simple truth was that I loved her. I didn't give a damn in hell if it turned out that she had stolen the dough and double-crossed that pack of bums she had ridden with. Sure it made her a thief. That was obvious. But it was also obvious that she was a changed woman now.

She was entitled to a second chance, wasn't she? I asked myself that and I answered that she was. Everybody makes mistakes—everybody's entitled to a second chance. Besides, I told myself, if she did steal that money I would make her do something worthwhile with it. I'd take her straight off to a bull auction in Larrabee and have her invest in some prize bulls for a needy rancher I know well and am kinda fond of. •••

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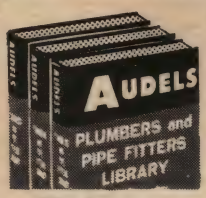

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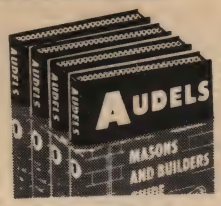

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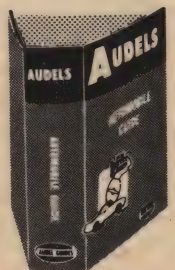

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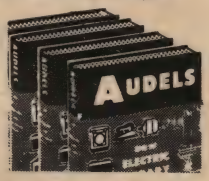

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F.T.C. FRAUD

Continued from page 29

couldn't rig one without rigging the other.

The FTC accepted this explanation without question—and without independent tests.

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Recently, the President of the United States became so alarmed at reports of the indifference and downright incompetence of the FTC that he asked the American Bar Association to find out what the agency was really up to. The resulting ABA report was an eye-opener for the American consumer.

What is the Federal Trade Commission? How does it operate?

CONGRESS made the FTC an independent agency—not part of the executive branch—when it created it back in 1914 to make sure that mergers between big corporations didn't restrict competition. The lawmakers also gave the FTC the power to police business for "unfair methods of competition"—such practices as giving special prices to big customers or under-the-table "bonuses" to those who placed big orders.

Then during the Depression years, in 1939, Congress significantly increased the responsibility of the FTC. The agency was made the watchdog for consumers—for you and me. It was told to stop companies from cheating the public with "unfair or deceptive acts or practices." These included false advertising, deceptive labeling, fraudulent sales "come-ons," phony products and failure to deliver promised merchandise or services. The FTC was given the power to investigate these abuses and to order them halted. Failure to obey an FTC order meant a fine of up to $5000 a day—and court action.

Now the important thing to remember about the FTC is that it is supposedly an *independent* agency, beholden neither to the President nor to Congress, but free to do what it considers best for the American people. Once the President appoints the four commissioners and the chairman, and they select their staff, the agency is supposed to be immune to political pressures.

A company which the FTC thinks is guilty of deceptive advertising, or of mislabeling its product, isn't supposed to be able to influence the agency by having its state senator or local congressman scream foul in the ears of the commission. Nor should reminders to the President's political party of just how much the company's executives contributed to the last election campaign ultimately influence the FTC's policies. That's what's not supposed to happen. But consider this series of events: Just before the last Presidential election, the FTC wound up an investigation of automobile warranties which was damningly critical of Detroit. The automakers allegedly were not delivering on their promised service, the FTC found. A report was written and prepared for release to the public.

Yet somehow, mysteriously, the report never got out of the commission's panelled offices all during the long months of the election campaign. Meanwhile, Americans were buying hundreds-of-thousands of cars. Where was the report? Well, according to a study made by law students brought together by consumer crusader Ralph Nader, the report was under wraps by the FTC until the end of the campaign. The FTC, Nader's investigators charged, didn't want to alienate certain auto executives who were contributing heavily to campaign funds.

It was just this kind of criticism which led the President to ask the Bar Association to investigate the FTC. The Bar selected 16 experts in the antitrust and business regulation fields to make the study. They were men ideally equipped to expose the shenanigans and inadequacies of a government bureaucracy.

The first thing the Bar investigators noticed about the FTC was that a state of rigor mortis seemed to be slowly settling over it. For example, in fiscal 1969 it opened less than one-third as many investigations as it had back in 1961. And while receiving more complaints every year, it acted on fewer of them. In 1966 it investigated one out of every five; by 1969 it was looking into one in ten. More importantly, in the area most affecting consumers—deceptive practices—the agency opened only 192 investigations in 1969, compared to 899 in 1961.

Why the slowdown? "Nader's raiders," as the law students became known, claimed that it was because the FTC staff was just downright lazy.

Because they wanted to maintain a dignified tone in what was, after all, a report to the President, the Bar team didn't say this so bluntly. They were more politic. "It's our impression," they said, "that there are too many instances of incompetence in the agency, particularly in senior staff positions."

Ironically, one of the most famous examples of FTC tardiness is the Geritol "tired blood" case. If there was ever an instance where a government agency exhibited tired blood, this was it.

Acting under its power to police false advertising, the FTC ten years ago—on April 9, 1959, to be exact—began an investigation of Geritol, a patent medicine which its manufacturer, the J.B. Williams Co., was advertising with the claim, "Geritol builds iron power." Geritol, its television commercials asserted, should end "that tired, run-down feeling."

For more than three years, the investigation wended its way through the FTC morass until, after numerous hearings and conferences, the commission issued a complaint alleging that the advertising claims were unsubstantiated. Geritol, it was suggested, should delete from its ads all references to "iron power" and any assertion that the product was effective against tiredness. The company didn't take the hint.

IT took the FTC another year-and-a-half before its examiner ruled that Geritol was violating the law. It took almost that long again—it was now 1965—before the FTC told Geritol to cease and desist. Two years were then wasted in court action. Finally, in 1967, the commission issued a final cease and desist order. When this Bar report was written the toothless FTC, unwilling to back up its orders by imposing penalties, was still haggling with Geritol over the wording of its ads. In another action, the FTC began a study of cold remedies in 1955. Nearly 15 years later it still hasn't issued its report detailing the enormously deceptive advertising engaged in by purveyors of many of these non-prescription drugs—despite a warning by the Food and Drug Administration that most of them are useless. In still another action, the FTC, in 1959, brought a restraint of trade suit against the Columbia Broadcasting System. Ten years later it was finally thrown out of court by a judge who ruled that market conditions had changed so substantially over the years that the FTC complaint had become meaningless.

We could all laugh this off as typical government inertia if these were isolated cases. Unfortunately for us, they're not. The Bar team discovered, for example, that 35 percent of the crucial deceptive practices investigations are still lying around in field offices a year after they're begun.

Aside from laziness and indifference, another reason the FTC is failing to protect the American consumer is that it hasn't yet made up its mind what we should be protected from. Oh, it knows what false advertising is and it knows that fake gimmicks aren't supposed to be fostered on the American public, but it seemingly can't distinguish the important consumer frauds—those which affect millions of people in significant ways—from the trivial.

What does this mean? It means that thousands of man hours and millions of dollars are thrown away every year on investigations so trivial and so unrelated to the job of protecting the consumer that the FTC has become a farce. The stories about its more absurd cases have become legend in Washington. Consider a few:

A few years ago, some eager staff members decided that our children were being victimized by a bubble gum company. What was the company's sin? It didn't have enough competition in a vital consumer field—supplying kids with pictures of their favorite baseball heroes in their nickel packs of gum.

The commission ordered the company, Topps Chewing Gum, to present evidence explaining why it shouldn't be stopped from allegedly trying to monopolize the bubble-gum baseball card trade. Such monopolization, it was implied, was doing grave damage to American youth.

Only the FTC knows how much time and money it spent on the case. However much, the commissioners made it all a waste anyway when they overruled their staff and decreed that the company did too have enough competition. There were football cards for the kids to buy, the commissioner said. Or cards of the Beatles. Or even cards about the "Spook Theater" television show.

Obviously, if there is one thing the FTC is imaginative about, its unearthing trivial cases and then getting in a sweat about them. The favorite area for this seems to be product mislabeling, where the opportunities for stupidity are unlimited.

Then there was the case of the red fox.

One day, a FTC staff member was out shopping in a department store when he noticed that some overalls bore the brand name, "Red Fox." Now it is safe to assume that few—except perhaps an FTC staff member—would believe the overalls were made from the coats of red foxes. Still, the staff man decided that the pub-

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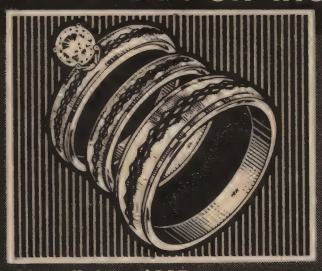
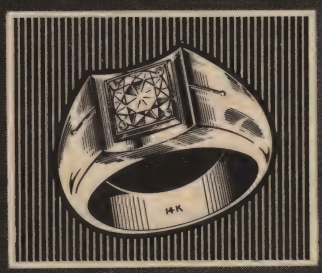
. . . on these GENUINE DIAMOND rings!

The Capri - $275


Moonlight - $325

White Lilac - $150


The Duke - $150

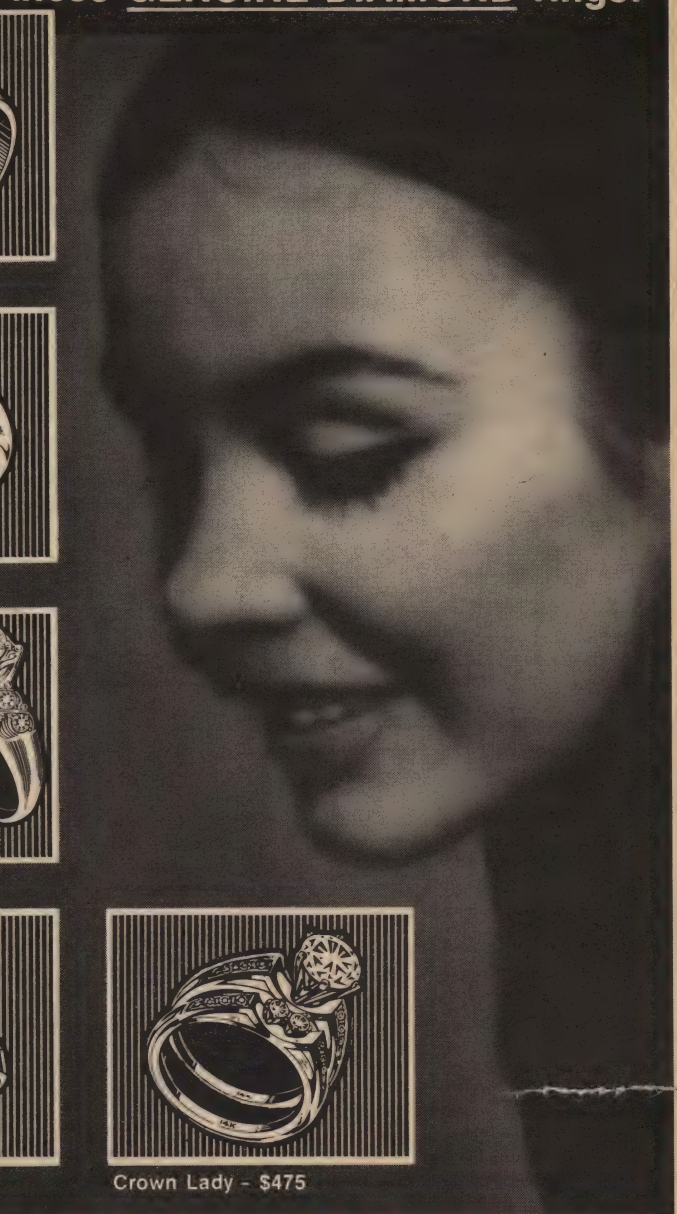
Crown Empress - $275

Cherry Blossom - $200

Princess - $180

True Mates - $180

Crown Lady - $475



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Please Rush: Name of item _____

Ring Size: Lady's _____ Man's _____
(Use ring size indicator ___ average man's size: 10 ___ average lady's size: 6½)

I will pay $ _____ ☐ Twice Monthly ☐ Monthly CM1-70

My Name _____ Rank _____

Complete Military Address _____

APO or City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

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Her Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Send Merchandise to ☐ Me ☐ Sweetheart or Wife

MY SIGNATURE _____

RING SIZE

Clip out—wrap finger—mark line at arrow point—mail with coupon.

✶ NO INTEREST OR CARRYING CHARGES

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TERMS - ANY ITEM
$10.00 Twice Monthly
or $20.00 Monthly

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Oakland, Calif. 94612

ALL RINGS IN 14K GOLD
Diamonds enlarged to show detail.

lic was being deceived—and he began to prepare a complaint against the overalls manufacturer.

The basis of the action was a law which prohibits fur garments from being associated with an animal if the garment isn't actually made from that animal's fur. This monumental case of consumer deception was actually debated within the commission. Only the outraged cries of the overalls manufacturer at the absurdity of the proceedings—and the intervention of the FTC chairman—prevented the agency from issuing a formal complaint.

All this waste of time and money on trivia might be harmless if the FTC had an inexhaustable supply of both. But it doesn't. Therefore, something has to be sacrificed. And that something, according to the FTC critics, is meaningful consumer protection. The major frauds simply escape the FTC, its critics contend, because it is too absorbed in pursuing trivia.

"There has been an almost complete failure to identify areas of high consumer concern," said the Bar report. ". . . The consequence of the committment of resources to these marginal products is that more significant projects are left undone."

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the FTC's program to police deceptive advertising. Now, admittedly, this is a massive job, given the sheer volume of TV, radio, magazine, newspaper and other forms of advertising in this country. How does the commission tackle it?

It first of all trains what guns it has on national network television. At the beginning of each month, the three major networks submit scripts of their upcoming commercials to the FTC. A panel of attorneys and scientists then reviews the scripts for veracity. If they discover anything fraudulent, they turn over their evidence to an enforcement section.

Recently, the most significant cases have been sent to the Division of Special Projects. Among its more important investigations at the time of the Bar report were those dealing with cigaret advertising and gasoline additive advertising. It was also looking into automobile warranties, misbranding of lumber, magazine subscription frauds and numerous other deceptions.

Any one of these cases affected millions of people. Yet the FTC had assigned a grand total of 12 attorneys to handle all of them. By contrast, it has 100 employees in its Bureau of Textiles and Furs, which inspects labeling of the two commodities. While the overburdened Special Projects lawyers were laboring with some of the commission's biggest investigations, the Textiles and Fur men were out there protecting you and me by bringing a complaint against a company which misspelled muskrat on its label, "musrak."

What happens to frauds detected in national TV advertising is bad, but at least once in a while they get prosecuted, even if it takes years. What happens with all other fraudulent advertising is worse.

Every day, advertising copy pours into the commission's offices. The FTC accumulates reams of magazines, including all the little local publications, and thousands of newspapers. It also gathers in scripts of commercials shown on all local, non-network television stations, and scripts heard on both national and regional radio stations.

What does it do with all this material? Very little if anything at all, according to critics. Few FTC employees have been assigned to screen the copy. Instead, the commission asks its personnel to report any questionable advertising they may run across in their personal lives.

Maybe the FTC can't spare its men from the search for misspellings of muskrat, but whatever the reasons for this glaring neglect, the effect on the consumer is monumental. Said the Bar report: "The . . . frauds which the FTC believes numerous—such as fictitious pricing, home improvement frauds, and bait-and-switch schemes—usually appear in those local media that the FTC entirely ignores. We believe the FTC cannot mount an effective campaign against false and misleading advertising unless it monitors all interstate media with adequate personnel."

Why, you may wonder, does the FTC continue to handle issues in a way that opposes, and in fact, is clearly detrimental to the vital interests of the consumer? The Bar report never did come up with an answer. But critics of the FTC for a long time have pointed out one of the reasons—the curious deference payed big business. While the FTC hustles after insignificant companies, the big boys who are really cheating us are treated as gingerly as diplomats treat foreign potentates. Don't look for trouble, seems to be the attitude; keep busy with trivia.

Generally, it takes a massive public outcry to get the FTC to look critically at the shenanigans of the big boys. Take the gas station and supermarket games as an example.

ALMOST from the time the games first appeared a few years ago, the FTC was barraged with charges against them. The chances of winning were infinitesimal, the critics said, even though the advertising falsely promised prizes for almost everyone. Worse, the gas station owners and supermarket managers were able to spot the winning tickets and were passing them along to friends or to their favorite customers. And the companies had hiked the prices on their merchandise to pay for the games.

Now these were some of the country's largest corporations being accused of fraud. No one wanted to do anything hasty, like subpena company officials to testify at an immediate hearing. No, a painstaking investigation was needed first. Go slowly, and maybe the complaints will disappear.

It took the FTC staff 2 1/2 years to prepare a report which one insider claimed could have been put together in two months. Then the commission sat on the report for a while. The complaints didn't disappear, however. Instead the screams about the games grew louder, until they could no longer be ignored. Finally, the commission set a hearing date and subpenaed the companies. Only then did it at last advise the public that the allegations against the oil companies and supermarkets were absolutely true. Still another four months elapsed while the commission decided what to do about it. In the end, the commission finally decreed that promotions for the games must specify the odds of winning and must list the number of prizes available in a given geographic area.

If it seems to you that the FTC is weak and vacillating even when confronted with massive evidence of consumer fraud, you're not alone. The Bar investigators came to the same conclusion. They even found statistical evidence to support this judgment. For example:

The biggest weapon the FTC can use against fraud is a cease and desist order, with a company liable to a penalty of $5000 a day if it fails to comply. When the agency wants to get tough, it issues such an order—and then it backs it up with court action if necessary. The trouble is, it rarely uses this recourse.

The puniest weapon in the FTC arsenal is something called an "informal corrective action" (ICA). These are merely written or verbal assurances from a company that it will correct its behavior. The trouble with these assurances, the Bar found, is that the FTC "makes no effort whatever" to find out whether the companies ever really follow through on their word.

In 1964, the FTC issued 385 cease and desist orders. By 1969, it could summon only enough determination to issue 221 orders. Instead of forthright orders, it let 7,768 companies off the hook in 1969 with ICAs. In 1964, the figure had been only 1,947.

"Many companies that voluntarily agree to change their business practices undoubtedly will do so," the Bar report said, "but others will not . . . The voluntary compliance program cannot (therefore) be regarded as effective law enforcement."

Even where a cease and desist order is issued, the FTC is no tiger in enforcing compliance with it. In the last five years, only 44 cases—an average of about nine a year—were certified for penalities. Rather than move swiftly to stop a fraud, the FTC prefers to let a company continue defrauding the public while it tries to negotiate obedience to its orders. The Geritol case is the perfect example of this type of failure

LISTEN to the Bar team's warning about how the FTC's go-easy approach to enforcement of the laws could hurt you, the consumer: "For an agency employing over 400 lawyers (and spending $17 million of our money every year by the way) to initiate a grand total of 23 contested cases in a year is disturbing. With such obvious disinclination to proceed formally, we fear that the business community may cease to take seriously the statutes the FTC is empowered to enforce." And that is what happened.

What can be done about all this? One suggestion is simply to abolish the FTC and create a new consumer protection agency. The new agency would be equipped to find the swindlers and would be required, by law, to come down hard on them.

Short of wiping out the FTC, the only other solution is to change it. Which is what the Bar recommended to the President. Give the FTC a set of priorities so that it can distinguish significant consumer abuses from the trivial, the Bar urged. Set up offices around the country to take complaints from consumers and to investigate swindles on the local level. Put some backbone in the FTC's enforcement policies. And give you and me the right to sue for damages any company which engages in deceptive practices or breaks the law.

That's what the Bar wants. Right now, though, its up to the President to decide just how drastic an overhaul of the FTC he will urge on Congress. Meanwhile, the best the rest of us can hope for is that the commission by itself shakes off its laziness and its indifference, rids itself of incompetent staff people and goes after the business swindlers as if its life depended on it. If it doesn't, the time will come when the public will clamor for the end of the hoax that has been the FTC. And not only does the FTC's life depend on its doing a good job, but the well-being of you and me—Mr. and Mrs. Consumer—for the FTC is here to protect us. ●●●

TO THE MAN WHO HATES HIS JOB

We have a happy solution for you!

If you are "bumping along the bottom," and hate what you are doing . . . If you have despaired of ever being somebody in this tough old world, and your paychecks aren't keeping up with inflation — BE OF GOOD CHEER. We can show you how to get out of your rut and enjoy life again.

A Booming, Billion-Dollar, Wide-Open Business, With NO SELLING!

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We train you quickly at home in your spare time through a recommended 15 Minutes a Day Reading Program. That this program gets results and gets results *fast*, is best evidenced by the hundreds of our graduates now in this exciting, high-pay field — and the scores of insurance and transportation companies snatching up more men as they get their diplomas.

This is not unusual, since the Liberty School is Approved by the Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction; also Approved for Veterans and Servicemen's Benefits under the G.I. Bill.

Car Furnished. Many Fringe Benefits. Some Men Earn While They Learn.

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We Help You Find the Kind of Job You Want.

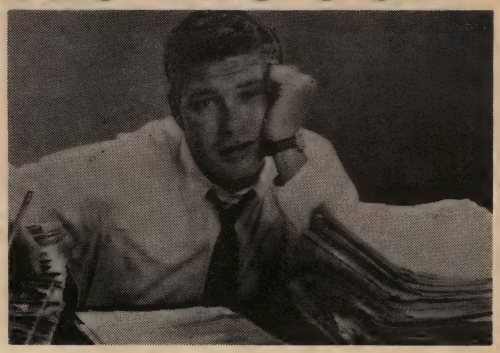
We provide FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP through our NATIONWIDE PLACEMENT SERVICE — or show you how to start an investigating business of your own at home. There is a wide choice of openings. Our Monthly Graduate List is requested by scores of big insurance companies looking for men.

Some Men Make More in a Day Than They Formerly Made in a Week!

Dave Durant increased his income 50 per cent, soon as he became an Accident Investigator. Bill Waddell's company has given him a fat raise every year. He now has a handsome five-figure income. Anthony Allen, a college graduate and registered pharmacist, switched to Accident Investigating and almost doubled his earnings. Bob Pritchard reports companies in his area are offering qualified investigators as much money as college graduates are getting.

A Bright Future — Plenty Room for Advancement.

It costs you nothing to find out how easily and quickly you can switch into this exciting new field that makes every day a new adventure. Mail the coupon for our FREE BROCHURE. It does not obligate you in any way. No salesman will call. You owe yourself the opportunity to decide whether you, too, want to be part of this challenging new world that pays such high rewards to men who are willing to spend 15 Minutes a Day to enter it. Address Jim Edwards, Dept. 71, LIBERTY SCHOOL, 162 E. Cook, Libertyville, Illinois 60048. *You'll be glad you did.*



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Name_____ Age____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip____

JOY HOUSE

Continued from page 20

room. There were more than a dozen girls and almost as many men.

On one couch, Chet noticed, a girl sat with her see-through shirt open to her waist. Her back was arched and her breasts forward and upward, as her companion ran his palms lightly across her nipples.

On the dance floor, a man had pulled a girl's shirt up above her breasts and he was dancing with his hands on her buttocks, pressing her against his body. The girl was breathing hard, squirming against the man.

Chet smiled happily to himself as he lit a cigarette. He had finally found New York's most exotic and imaginative house of pleasure, a place which had brought back to New York the delights of the plush and leisurely bordellos which graced the city at the turn of the century. Awaiting him in almost every room was a different pleasure, a series of passion dens. Women would bathe him and stroke him and excite him and make love to him in ways he had not even dreamed of. And if he had a dream, they would fulfill it.

I first heard about this fantastic pleasure house in New York one day last summer. Oddly enough, it was on the Sunday the astronauts landed on the moon. I was drinking in a saloon in Sheridan Square, which is down in Greenwich Village, and watching the moon landing on TV when a girl I know named Gloria came in. Gloria is a prostitute. She hustles for the lunch hour trade on Wall Street, taking care of the executives in their plush panelled offices, and then catching the brokers and customers men after the market closes. She does very well, but then she is good looking and expert at her work.

We had met when I first began researching a book about call girls. (Ed. Note: "The Girls from John Street," to be published this coming Spring.) A friend of mine had known her before she started hustling and suggested I interview her for the book, which I did.

This day she came into the bar and sat down on the stool next to me. "Hey Jim," she said, her eyes glued to the TV. "I've got a good one for you. There's a new house up on the East Side. You ought to try to talk to some of the girls who work there because the place is supposed to be wild. The girls'd make good subjects for your book."

I asked her what she knew about the place. "Not that much," she said. "I know they've got a big stable of girls and the house is really elegant. It's supposed to have a lot of variety; you know, a lot of different tricks to turn on the customers. A real pleasure dome. Whatever you want, they'll supply it."

"Where is it?"

"I don't have the address. But you could probably find out if you ask around."

I was busy at the time and didn't have a chance to look into it. Then in one of those unusual coincidences I ran into a longshoreman friend in Brooklyn a couple of weeks later who wanted to know if I'd heard about the big new pleasure house near the United Nations. I asked him how he'd learned of it.

"Some of the union leaders tipped me to it," he said. "It's supposed to be a great place. It's on the top floor of one of those ritzy apartment buildings. Got the whole top of the building, including a penthouse. The place is immense."

"You been there yet?"

"No, but I'm going soon with some of the other guys. Just as soon as I can get $250 bucks together. Hell, I've blown that much in a lousy poker game. This should be better."

I ASKED him how he was going to get in. "Well, you've got to know somebody who knows them. They're very careful. You've got to call and make an appointment. Tell them just when you're coming. If they don't know you, or you're not vouched for by somebody they know, you'll never get in."

"Who's going to vouch for you?"

"One of the union leaders. He's gonna clear it for a bunch of us. The place is very democratic. It's supposed to be mostly for big corporation executives, you know, and for those UN diplomats and all those $100,000 doctors and head shrinks on the East Side. But if you've got the money and somebody to vouch for you, they don't care who you are or what you do. In fact, I'll bet the girls prefer us working men. Man, we can show them a thing or two."

Thoroughly curious now, I called a friend the next day whom I was certain would know more about the house. Chet. Chet is a sales manager for a major business machines firm. He makes it his business to know where potential customers can be most beneficially entertained. And sure enough, he knew about this new pleasure place.

"It's great," he gushed. "Best damn house I've ever been to. You remember that house on 94th Street? Well that was an Army barracks compared to this!"

He was referring, I knew, to a plush, famous bordello which the cops raided after

some uptight old fogey from the midwest tipped them to it. That had been a great house, I thought. Beautiful girls, a sauna, a swimming pool for nude dips, beds in the round, even grapes for customers who wanted to relive those Roman orgies. When the cops busted that place, it made every newspaper in the country. None of the newsmen could recall when or where there had been such a luxurious pleasure palace offering such a vast sexual repast.

"The girls here are even better," Chet was saying. "Better looking. More responsive. They're totally giving. The warmest, most giving women I've met this side of Japan. I think they must be given more training in catering to the whims of their customers than the airlines give their stewardesses.

WHEN I asked Chet to describe the set-up to me, he was more than happy to oblige me. He relived the experience, obviously relishing every detail—the ride down the quiet street filled with luxurious apartment buildings; the greetings he got in the warmly lit vestibule from Karen, the lush beauty in the see-through blouse; and the scene in the living room.

"That living room," Chet said, "was enough to warm the blood of the coldest fish in the world—even the blood of my boss." For after he stepped into it and took it all in, one of the dozen or so girls in the see-through shirts sashayed over, a deliciously wicked smile playing on her full lips. "Hello," she said, "my name's Susan."

Chet smiled and told her his name. "Let's have a drink," she said, taking his arm and steering him toward the bar.

"Are you the girl I'm supposed to stay with?" Chet wondered.

"Oh, no," she said. "Don't be silly. Take whoever you want. Keep switching off if you like. Whatever you want, you can have."

"I think I'll start with you. That'll be all right."

She stopped, turned and kissed him, pushing her body tight up against him. "That'll be fine," she whispered.

They had a drink and then Susan led him over to a couch. On a nearby love seat, Chet noticed, a man had one of the girls straddling his lap, her shirt both open at the top and pushed up above her thighs. The man had both hands on her breasts, and she was grinding her hips into him. On the dance floor, meanwhile, a girl had discarded her see-through blouse and was locked in an embrace with one of the men. "Things are just getting started," Susan said. "Wait'll everybody really gets warmed up."

They sat down on the couch and Susan immediately was on him, her hands reaching under his shirt. In turn, Chet ran his hand along her thighs. She squirmed under his touch, her mouth groping for his.

Another girl, a tall Nordic-looking blonde with uptilted breasts glided over and joined them. "Can I help?" she said, and before Chet could reply she was beside him, running her tongue along the back of his neck.

"It was just overwhelming," Chet told me. "Here I had these two girls just warming me up. Not one of those slam-bang-thank-you-ma'am jobs. It was already better than anyplace I'd ever been to and we were just in the preliminaries.

"The girls were great. They were as smooth and gentle with their hands and mouths as they could be."

In the rare moments when he was aware of the people around him, Chet noticed couples detaching themselves and drifting off down a long corridor or climbing a circular staircase at the end of the room which led to the penthouse. New arrivals came in and were met by girls who seemed to materialize from the walls, there were so many.

Chet's dallying with the girls was suddenly interrupted by a pale pinkish light which snapped on in a corner of the room. "Hey, look," Susan said. "It's showtime." She sat up on the couch. She was completely naked now, and the blonde with Chet was just about undressed, her shirt hanging down from her hips, her warm breast pressed into Chet's back. She too broke contact and looked expectantly toward the pinkish light.

The light was illuminating a foot-high platform on which there was a couch. Around the room people in various stages of undress ceased what they were doing and turned toward the platform. A hush fell over the room.

A splendid blonde with one of the most perfect figures Chet had ever seen—full high breasts, lean waist, long lush legs—stepped up onto the platform. She was wearing a violent red pantsuit which seemed to have been ironed onto her body. A shirtless man followed her onto the platform.

The woman on the platform turned and held out her arms to the man. He moved slowly into them, letting his hands fall to her buttocks as he did. She pressed against him and they kissed. For long moments they just stood there, swaying gently, and then the man reached up and cupped and kneaded her breasts, making her moan softly.

THE woman abruptly pulled away, stepped back and slowly, teasingly, unzipped the pantsuit, letting it fall open to her waist. Chet gasped at the lush perfection of her body. The man moved toward her again and ran his hands down inside the pantsuit, then pulled it down over her shoulders and let it drop to the floor. The woman now stepped completely out of her costume and came forward, rubbing her breasts against him.

The couple slipped down to the couch in an embrace, the woman's hands fumbling for the man's belt. Soon he was as naked as she, and she was all over him, touching and kissing him everywhere.

"Just when I was wondering how they were going to do it," Chet said later, "the guy reaches out and presses a button on the side of the couch and the whole damn thing glides open and becomes a bed. Then they really went at it. Everybody in the place was panting. The girls I was with had their hands all over me. After a while I didn't care who was around. I just went right after Susan.

"After we made it, Susan grabbed my hand and said, 'Come on, we're just getting the show going,' and pulled me toward the corridor. We went down past a couple of bedrooms and then the hallway widened out and under this archway there was one very weird scene."

There was no furniture in the room under the archway, just bare walls and white carpeting. Flashing lights mounted in the ceilings splashed livid colors across the walls in twisting, turning patterns and washed over naked couples dancing or making love. Electric music crashed in the background, and the sweet smell of incense hung in the air.

A darkly sensuous Oriental girl danced up to Chet and pulled him away from Susan. She was slim and graceful, with surprisingly large breasts and elegant legs. Her hand was cool on Chet's arm.

They danced in the middle of the room, the girl swaying with total abandon to the raucous beat. Her breasts jumped and her hips thrashed about and her face contorted with passion. Her eyes never left Chet. They bored into him with a lustful stare that finally made him stop dancing and grab for the girl. She danced away. He reached for her again and she danced out of the lights and into an adjoining room with nothing but pastel cushions covering the floor. She danced atop the cushions until Chet caught her, and then, in a sudden frenzy, she pulled him to the floor with her. "She was unbelievable," Chet remembered. "I had just made it a short while before, but I had no trouble keeping up with her."

When they were finished, the girl kissed him gently. "You should do something soothing now," she said.

"Oh, yeah. What's that?" Chet asked. "Sleep?"

"No," she said and jumped up. "Follow me. I'll show you."

He followed her out of the room and down the corridors. Along the way they passed bedrooms being utilized by couples or by threesomes—two girls and a man. Chet glanced into each of the bedrooms but only one of them stopped him in his tracks. A long low whistle escaped him. "Unbelieveable," he said.

The room was almost totally blanketed with huge mirrors. They filled the walls and covered the ceiling. In the middle of the room was a perfectly round bed. A man was stretched across it staring with rapture at the mirror on the ceiling. Two girls were on the bed with him. The man was watching what the girls were doing to him and guiding them so they wouldn't block his view. He was totally oblivious to Chet.

"That's great," Chet whispered.

"We should do it sometime," the Oriental girl laughed. "The next time you come, I'll reserve the room for us."

She danced down the hallway again, and Chet followed. They passed another girl, a dark young girl named Carol, who looked something like Audrey Hepburn, and the Oriental recruited her. She went along happily.

"We went into a kind of Roman bath," Chet recalled. "There was a small raised pool in the middle of the room and armless couches along the walls. The girls prodded me into the pool, and I'll have to admit it was very nice—a kind of warm, fragrant water that was very relaxing.

"The girls dipped their hands in an oil and rubbed it all over me while we were in the bath. Man, were those two playful.

"When we finished in the bath they dried me off with these little handblowers while I lay on a padded table. Then they both gave me a massage from the top of my head to my toes, all the time rubbing themselves against me. Although I had just scored twice, I was becoming excited again.

"At this point, Carol said, 'I think he's ready for Sandy,' and then suggested I get up and follow her. We went into a hallway and through a door which led to a staircase to the penthouse. The penthouse, I found out, has three bedrooms and three 'specialty rooms, as they call them. One of the specialty rooms contained a raised, glass swimming pool surrounded with couches. We passed by it and there were a couple of girls and guys swimming in the nude. By this time I had almost stopped believing I was in a cat house. It seemed more like I was taking part in someone's wildest sexual fantasy. Nothing seemed real anymore. But I'll tell you, it's real. It's there. It exists. Nobody would have believed what went on in the house on 94th street either until they read it in the papers."

THE door to the second specialty room was closed. "What's in there?" Chet asked.

"If you don't know now," Carol said. "You probably wouldn't want to know."

"What's that mean?"

"Nothing, really. That's just a room for customers with special tastes, guys who like their loving a little rough, that's all. I don't think it's for you."

"Do you go in there?"

"Uh, uh. Never. Not ever. We've got a couple of girls who work only in there. I wouldn't touch it."

And then suddenly she stopped and kissed Chet fervently, guiding his hands up to her breasts and making him stroke her softly. "It's much nicer this way, isn't it?" she said.

Chet followed her into a dimly lit room. The floor was strewn with soft cushions, and animal furs were spread about —large, soft, luxurious pelts. "Make yourself comfortable on one of the furs," Carol said. "I'll get Sandy." She sailed out of the room.

Chet eased himself down onto one of the furs and felt it gently welcome him. He pulled a cushion under his head and closed his eyes, listening for the sound of feet padding toward him. When he heard them, he looked expectantly towards the door for Sandy.

She was wearing a loose white blouse and shorts. She was a buxom girl, big breasted with firm legs. Her face was round and mellow and her large soft brown eyes made her look strikingly sensual. Her hair was long and rich, floating down her back. "She looked like Earth woman incarnate," Chet said. "The ultimate woman. Like Sophia Loren."

"How's that fur feel?" she said.

"Wonderful," Chet answered. "It's very seductive."

She smiled and nodded and went over to the corner of the room, returning with what appeared to be two small pieces of fur. "Mittens!" she declared, pulling them on her hands. "You'll like them too."

She kneeled beside Chet and slowly, with a maddeningly light touch, ran her mittened hands over Chet. He moaned in delight. "That's the best yet," he said.

Her hands traced down his face and swept in slow circles along his body, touching everywhere. The effect was so profound that Chet shuddered involuntarily. He had never felt anything like it. He reached up and fumbled at the buttons on Sandy's blouse, wanting to hold her while she stroked him. "Wait," she said. "I'll do it." She slipped off a glove and deftly unbuttoned her blouse, then put the glove back on. Her breasts now floated tantalizingly above him as she leaned forward to sweep his body with the mittens. Chet reached out and caressed her.

JUST when he thought she couldn't possibly get him any more excited than he already was, Sandy stopped stroking him and quickly slipped out of her blouse and shorts. Then she kneeled beside him and tossed her head forward so that her splendid mane of hair fell over her face and hung down above his body. She brought her head down until her hair was barely touching his skin and moved her head slowly along the length of his body and back, letting her hair brush and caress him. He could stand it only for a few minutes before he reached up and grabbed her to him.

"When we were finished," Chet said. "Sandy told me that there was a screen and projector in the room and that the next time I came, if I wanted, we could just lie there and watch sex movies and play with the mittens. I told her I'd look her up the next time I came, then I went down and got my clothes.

"On the way out I paid Karen—I gave her an extra $25 because I realized I'd been there the whole night—and she gave me one of these sweet loving kisses and packed me into the elevator. Then I floated out of the building."

Lots of guys I know like to brag about their sex lives—build themselves up and girls they've made it with so they sound like the wildest chicks around who came across for the most virile guy in the neighborhood. Chet's not like that. I've known him for several years and he doesn't have that ego problem. His stories are always straight and I know Chet's one of the most experienced guys I've ever met when it comes to women. He's been to Japan and had his turn in the geisha houses, and he's savored the delights of Istanbul and Bangkok and those hot little tamales in Mexico. If anyone's an expert on bordellos, its him. And his opinion is that the house on the East Side has no match for the beauty and sensuality of its women and the variety of its sexual wares.

Apparently, he's not alone in this opinion. In the nearly a year the house has been open, I've spoken to several other men about it. They all agree—the house is a classic. It rates with the best ever and from the descriptions I've read, that includes the pleasure domes at the time of Nero, or of France's lecherous Louis XIV, or the immense bordellos Tamerlane set up in China for his soldiers.

In fact, since I've begun interviewing prostitutes for my book, I've never heard of such an elaborate and imaginative house. As long as it stands—and it's still going strong—New York's lushest bordello may just be the best in the world. ●●●

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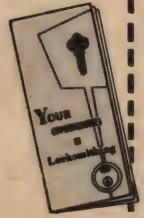

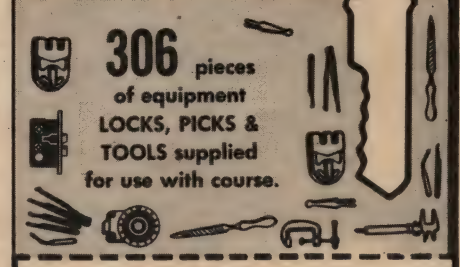

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HELLHOLE PRISON

Continued from page 31

weakened men, they break teeth and crack bones.

The man in the Can next to Kelly tried to flatten his own skull by banging it on the iron door. He raved. He was a German and was calling for the commander of his World War Two SS Panzer unit to save him.

"Horns," the Iraqi guard, told Kelly that the German had been in his Can only three days.

Only three days and already he's out of his mind, Kelly thought.

How many days can a man survive the Cans?

No man, if talk about the prison camp was true, had ever survived the Cans.

Six days earlier . . . July 11, 1969 . . .

John Kelly's trouble began with a one-eyed woman. It began six days earlier, on September 20, 1969. Her name was Fatima Husseini, age 22, a native of Baghdad (the Iraqi capital), and at that time was a student at American University in Beirut. She had a beautiful face and a long, graceful figure, with high, pointed breasts. She entered the Kuwait Airlines plane and made directly for the seat next to John's. As she sat down, her mini-skirt hiked almost to her hips. She saw John smile and stare, but didn't make a move to lower the skirt. It was then that John first became aware of the black patch over her eye.

As they sat eating the lamb curry served by the stewardess, Kelly found he was talking in top form. Wit and ideas poured from him.

She responded to him, though her English was awkward at times. They brought their faces close together as they talked. They touched each other's hands. Kelly felt she was seducing him, perhaps unconsciously. He knew he was consciously seducing her.

He told her about himself. His age: 29. His home: Kentucky. The horse ranches on which he had worked. The horses he had broken. His schooling: college of hard knocks. The things he had done to earn dollars, some all right (two years with the merchant marine), some not all right (the motorcycles bought wholesale, probably stolen, no questions asked, and resold retail). Stock-car racing in California. Flying school in Oregon. (He had flown solo and earned his license in two days, something of a West Coast record.)

Finally there was a girl who made him settle down—a girl he thought he'd marry. He took a job in a textile factory, and soon became foreman—not because he was a company man, but because he discovered a hidden talent in himself; spinning machinery. He was able to make wheels spin that even mechanical engineers had trouble making spin.

Things were going great for him: a job that paid well and a beautiful girl who'd soon be his wife. Then came the accident. They were riding down a highway on his motorcycle when an oncoming car jumped the road divider and hit the rear end of the motorcycle. His fiance was thrown from her seat and landed on her head. She died three hours later on an operating table.

John took her death hard. All his plans, all his work seemed to have been for nothing. He needed a change of scenery. And he saw his chance for that change in the want ads of an American paper. He got the job, and here he was, winging to Iraq.

He was to serve as consultant for a French contractor building a textile factory to be fitted with American spinning machinery. The plant was being built some 20 miles north of Baghdad, in an area of developing industry in the desert. It would process locally grown Iraqi wool, particularly the fine silky stuff from the sheep of the fierce Kurdish nomads.

But always, no matter what they spoke of, there was always her eyepatch demanding attention. Finally she said, "Don't feel embarrassed to look at it. It is only a piece of cloth covering a few square inches of skin, and it doesn't disturb me to wear it any more. And although there should be a tale of pirates to go along with it, there is not."

She had been in a demonstration in Beirut three years before when she was 19. It had something to do with granting Arab women more rights. Because of the rock-throwing the government called out the riot police. She was whacked in the face by the blunt edge of a bayonet. The eye could not be saved. Eyes seldom can be when they are dangling from the face by one muscle like a glass ornament on a Christmas tree.

Having explained, she switched the conversation to Baghdad. Since she'd be visiting her parents, why didn't he permit her to show him the city during the few days left to him before reporting for work in the desert. Kelly agreed.

So, when they finished a fine dinner at the Chipps Hotel that night it was only natural that he take her by the hand up the carpeted marble staircase to his room.

HE undressed her. She undressed him. She bathed them both in a black marble tub with water pouring from polished brass faucets. When they tumbled onto the velvet-covered bed, kicking the sheets and throws to shambles she was wearing only her eyepatch, and now it was white. "I carry several," she said, "and black is a dreary color for making love."

Then she put down a line of raisins and nuts along the length of his body and began nibbling them. That was how they began loving one another in the room where breezes blew from the Tigris River below, carrying the sounds of whistles and bells and oarsmen's cries unchanged for a thousand years . . .

It was three A.M. Propped beside him on her elbows and biting into an orange—skin and all—she said, "Have I given you a happy evening?"

"Yes. You still put things in a funny way sometimes, but yes . . . You don't have to go now."

"No. I do not go," she sighed, her intense mouth smiling again, but this time without laughter. "I just want to know if I've been a smash-up for you."

"Like I say. You have been."

"Swear it."

"Okay. I swear. But why all the concern?"

"Because . . . for what I am about to do to you now, you truly deserve something good first," she said.

Then, as Kelly raised himself, wondering what the hell she was talking about, he saw her swinging a decanter of raisin wine in a long slow arc. It was of thin glass. It shattered over his head. The last thing he thought of before his face hit the sheets was, *This hurts, and, nobody back home in Lexington, Ky., will ever understand how it happened.*

He awoke. Where, he did not know, except that he was indoors, in a room about 11 by 11 feet square, probably below ground level and near a sewer, judging by the stench and dampness beading the walls.

Fatima was there. She was now dressed in work pants and a man's shirt. She held a British Sten gun across her lap, the muzzle lazily pointed toward his chest. Two men her own age were with her, dressed and armed as she was.

He had been fitted into his shirt and trousers. He was tied, straddling a straight chair, its back under his chin. The two men were in favor of keeping him tied that way, feeding him little, and treating him harshly.

The girl vetoed this. "There is no sense in senseless brutality," she said in disgust. She then told Kelly he had been kidnapped. "I figured that much," he said drily, surprised he could remain so cool in this kind of situation.

She told him they belonged to an anti-government group calling itself New Iraq. And New Iraq wanted the release of 12 of its members accused of spying and subversion by the Baghdad government.

Where did Kelly fit into this picture? He was being held as hostage for the 12. If they were not freed and flown to Switzerland within five days, Kelly would be shot. In playing the hostage game, she said, it was always best to seize an American hostage. The American government was very good at pressuring foreign governments to take action to insure the lives of American citizens. She pointed to the kidnapping of the American Ambassador to Brazil as an example. She said she was sorry she had used Kelly and deceived him. Since any American would do as hostage she wished the hostage could have been some soft, unpleasant businessman. But unfortunately there were none, so Kelly would have to do.

She wore a red eyepatch. Red, she said, was the color of revolt.

NEW IRAQ, it seems, was staffed by blunderers.

Iraqi police broke into the cellar that afternoon. Unfortunately for Kelly they arrived before New Iraq delivered notice of his kidnapping. Unfortunately too, they broke in at a time when he had been untied so he could use the bucket toilet. Result: It was assumed that Kelly was somehow connected with New Iraq. Protests that he was their prisoner drew laughs. He was accused of being an American Central Intelligence Agency man operating under "engineer" cover and sent to spoil the close Iraq-USSR relationship. He was charged with participation in a conspiracy.

Worst of all, he was denied contact with the American consulate until investigation of New Iraq was complete and formal court indictments drawn. And until such time, he was to be sent to the Detention Camp for Subversives near Al Najaf in the interior southern desert.

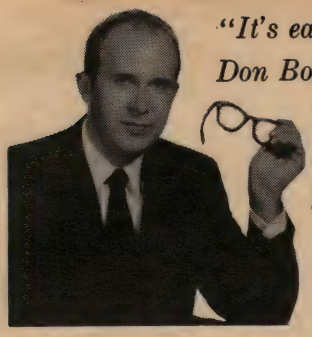
Kelly bellowed in outrage when they packed him into the prison van with a dozen other men. He had never felt so alone or frightened in his life. He choked on dust thrown up by the rear tires and wished for the company of a familiar face, any familiar face, even that of one of his New Iraq captors.

(Note: He was never to see or hear of Fatima Husseini or any of the others ever again.)

As the truck rolled a guard cried out in laughter that they were all going to a corner of hell.

The guard was right.

The Detention Camp for Subversives was literally a camp of hell and devils. The earth on which it stood was reddish in color. Gritty red dust covered the bar-



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Question: *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

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Question: *Does it really work?*

Answer: Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in business and social life.

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racks, administration buildings, troop billets, the mess building. The barbed wire posts were rigged in two rows with guards patrolling between, machine-gun towers at regular intervals. Everything smacked of German concentration camps style. Clouds of red dust rose up whenever a desert breeze stirred. Men picking at a stretch of new road were coated with red.

This red camp was really many things.

Al Najaf Prison Camp was the guards who could be counted upon for things such as ordering a man to run toward the wire or they would shoot him in the legs, then shoot him in the legs for trying to escape when he ran.

It was one guard in particular, a man known as "Horns" because two tufts of unruly hair forever stood up on his crown. "Horns" was a leg shooter and a crotch walloper. His favorite saying, repeated and repeated, was, "A little torture is necessary to preserve civilization."

It was balls of dough called "Cat's Heads" and served three times daily as meals.

It was, surprisingly, all the water a man wanted to drink. This was not a kindness. In order to keep men alive long enough to punish them in such heat, they must be given water.

But most of all, the camp was the group of shallow iron dungeons shaped like coffins and known as the Cans.

There were 12 Cans arranged in a circle as spokes are in a wheel. Each Can measured two feet wide by six feet long by one foot deep. They were made of sheet iron welded at the seams. They were buried with lids flush to the red earth. There was no way for a man to relieve himself in a Can except all over himself.

The worst thing about the Cans was the head bracket inside. The head bracket made turning one's face from the open grillework almost impossible. When the sun shone directly overhead there was nothing a man could do but close his eyes and pray the brilliant desert light would not penetrate his lids or sunburn them to nothing and ruin his eyes anyway.

The Cans were supposed to be for the most difficult and unmanageable prisoners—the Alcatraz Island equivalent of solitary confinement. Yet, sometimes men who committed no infractions went to the Cans, as John Kelly learned.

Each new man sat for an interrogation by one of the camp's officers. An hour after arrival and already dusted red, Kelly sat in the office of Captain Saladin. The conversation with this man typified the madness prevailing at the Detention Camp for Subversives.

"You're French." He said. Iraqis have disliked all Europeans, and John knew this.

"French? I'm American."

"But you have a French name."

"No, if anything, Kelly is Irish."

"French. One of the world's finest skiers is a Frenchman named Kelly. He won in the Olympics."

Kelly sighed. The man could not be serious. "He spells his with an 'i.' I spell mine with an 'e.'

" 'E' or 'i' makes no difference. Both are French."

"That's crazy," Kelly said, feeling as though his insides were slowly dropping out of his body.

Captain Saladin glowered suspiciously. "Your first name. It's almost the same as this famous French skier's."

"His name is Jean. J-E-A-N. Jean-Claude Killy."

"And your name is John. John Kelly. I see little difference between them. Jean in French means 'John.' What does Sean mean? They're pronounced the same way."

Kelly sighed weakly.

"I see you realize it's no use trying to outwit me," the man said, smiling as he classified Kelly as a "liar and maximum-security risk" and locked him in one of the Cans.

Kelly began his second day in the Can by planning his escape. He knew such a breakout would not take place without some miracle. The prisoners he saw were not fighters. Most were homesick, frightened men. Farmers. Shopkeepers. Herdsmen. Craftsmen. Tough, yes. But not fighters. But perhaps, Kelly thought, a man alone, by himself . . . once out of the Can . . .

Then he forgot his fantasy altogether as the sun climbed the sky and he concentrated only on staying alive for one more day. He became as frightened and crazed as the former German SS man had been the night before. He began to float in his own sweat, it seemed. As he sweated he grew dizzy and nauseated. His body was arguing against the abrupt temperature shifts. It did not contain the liquids it needed to pass another day of extreme heat.

Now, water *was* rationed to Can prisoners; a half-quart per man per day. The body's loss would be several times that amount at least, he guessed.

By noon the scorpions were once again crawling over his body. He began to choke in the heat. He thought only of the arrival of the half-quart of water. When the sun beat directly upon his closed eyelids, he bit his lips until he tasted salty blood. He wanted very much to cry out as the others in other Cans were doing without shame.

THAT is how it went for three more days.

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Sometime before noon on the fifth day some men stood above his door. They argued. Most of what they said was Arabic. Kelly finally came to realize they were arguing about him. Finally, someone said in broken English, "Of course he can fix it. The man is a machinery specialist." That was Saladin arguing with other officers for Kelly's release.

Kelly's lid was lifted. He squinted in the bright light, then sat up, croaking at the guard reaching to lift him, "Get your damned hands off, you bastard, before I knock you on your ass."

The guard understood the tone if not the words. He stepped back, and Kelly grinned. They needed him, and would do nothing to harm him.

This was what Saladin wanted: The halftrack vehicle belonging to the camp commandant had broken down. No one had been able to trace the failure. All anyone knew after a week was, it still didn't run.

Saladin hoped Kelly could fix it.

"What's in it for me?" Kelly asked.

"Nothing. But what is more pleasant? Fixing a car out here or lying on your back in there?"

It didn't take Kelly too long to make up his mind.

And, when he saw the halftrack, he suddenly saw a way out. It was just what he had been praying for, namely, transportation out of the detention camp.

Kelly diagnosed the halftrack's trouble in five minutes. The primary wire from the coil to the distributor was old. It had broken. A splice and some tape fixed it. Kelly said nothing and worked on the vehicle for three more days.

During this time Captain Saladin permitted Kelly to sleep in a bunk among the fleas and smells of one of the prisoner barracks. Kelly was under guard constantly. He was, after all, still a maximum-security risk. "Horns" himself stood watch during the cool of the night.

When Kelly dismantled and cleaned the carburetor Captain Saladin was so impressed he spoke of keeping Kelly outside the Cans permanently, to work on the camp's ever-failing machinery. Kelly shuddered. He realized his mechanical talent would earn him a 10-year stay in the so-called "temporary" detention camp. He decided it was time to get out.

That day Kelly worked late, faking activity. When darkness fell, he called to "Horns" and said he thought he might finally be able to start the engine. Would "Horns" be a good fellow and lean under the hood and hold his finger on the lead from the generator?

"Horns" leaned over the fender as instructed.

The gesture was useless but it put "Horns" in the position Kelly wanted him in.

Kelly pushed the starter. When the engine roared to life, "Horns" lurched backwards and fell, kicking. The cooling fan blades had all but torn his face off.

Kelly shouted to the prisoners standing outside their gritty barracks. He knew no Arabic. They knew no English. But they understood he was inviting them to escape with him. They flung themselves onto the halftrack as it moved off, their rags flapping behind them like banners.

Guards in a corner tower were alert. A bank of lights on the tower roof lit up the compound like a night baseball field. A moment later Kelly heard their machine gun. Bullets brushed off two of his passengers.

Kelly drove the halftrack into the stanchions supporting the gun tower. Then he backed off and hit it again and again. Looking up, he saw the machine-gun barrel swinging loose. The gunners were hugging the beams so they would not be thrown from the tower, which was now rocking back and forth.

He slammed the truck into the stanchions once more. The tower toppled. It took down a hundred feet of barbed wire and the power lines as it fell. Loose electric-cable ends sparked and started several small fires among the splintered tower planks. Then the camp went dark. Every light died. And when the lights died, the prisoners began moving slowly from their barracks. The tower guns were silent. The men there could not fire because they had no way of knowing where their own comrades were below.

Kelly rammed the halftrack through another section of barbed wire and steered it out across the desert. The men still aboard yelped with joy and one was so overcome with happiness he kissed Kelly full on the lips.

Kelly looked back. Small fires had grown large. Sparks floated in the night wind onto barracks roofs, igniting still other fires which in turn threw off more sparks. In the pink glow he saw the prisoners. Once moving they had kept moving and were fanning through the gap in the wire into the covering night. A machine gun went off, then quit when the fleeing men tore the tower down and stomped the guards inside to death.

Then Kelly maneuvered the halftrack down into a ravine and raced northwards toward the Euphrates River. He could no longer see the camp, only the glow of its burning in the sky, growing dimmer and dimmer.

And finally, even the glow was gone.

THREE days later he fell in with a band of Kurdish nomads migrating to Turkey with their sheep and horses. In return for metal parts from the truck they offered to dress him as one of their own, lie to any authorities about his identity if necessary, and take him across the border with them. There was only one thing he might not like, they said. It would take them another month to get there.

John Kelly laughed weakly, saying, "What can I do about it?" He really didn't care. He was alive and free and for the moment nothing else mattered. If they took a month, six months, what matter?

WHEN Kelly stumbled into the American Embassy in Istanbul, Turkey, five weeks later, he was a shadow of his former self. He'd lost nearly thirty pounds, wore Khurdish rags, and smelled of sheep dung. At first he was taken for a beggar by a member of the Embassy staff, who tried to bar his entrance. It was the last straw for Kelly. He'd been kidnapped by Iraqi rebels, tortured by Iraqi guards, burned by the Iraqi sun, treated almost like a slave by Iraqi Khurds. And now one of his countrymen was treating him like dirt.

He lifted the Embassy worker bodily and flung him halfway across the room. Then he barged into a conference room and announced who he was and what he'd been through. A shave, a shower and a change of clothing and he was almost his old self. The next few days he spent going over his story for Embassy officials who would lodge a complaint against Iraq. Not that it would do any good, for they'd deny ever knowing of a John Kelly.

And Kelly didn't give a damn. The next day he was flying to Pakistan, to another job—and, he hoped, to a better welcome than the one he got in Iraq. ●●●

SEA SURVIVAL

Continued from page 25

vacation. We'd been planning, and saving, for this trip all year. Just the day before, we'd flown down from Brownsville, Texas, where I worked as foreman in an electronic-parts factory. As far as we were concerned, the trip itself was enough. If either of us caught any trophy fish—well that would be an added bonus.

While I was drinking the beer and resting from my tussle with the marlin, I took another look at the boat with the binoculars. This time I could see we'd drifted closer, and I could make out several figures on deck. I could see with my binoculars that they were watching us. It struck me as odd that I couldn't spot a name anywhere on the bow. Also odd was that the boat wasn't flying any flag. But what bothered me most of all was the way it just wallowed in the sea, without moving. I decided to go up on the fly deck and speak to Captain Gomez.

Gomez was a thin, almost gaunt, Mexican—white-haired, and with a weather-beaten face that made it hard to guess his age. He too had been watching the other boat through his binoculars. He lowered the glasses and turned toward me when I climbed up next to him at the wheel.

"You think they're in any trouble over there?" I asked, nodding in the direction of the other boat.

"I was wondering the same thing myself, Senor Watson," Gomez said. "I've been watching for some sort of distress signal from them. I think they can clearly see me watching them, but they've made no sign."

"We can spare a few minutes off from the fish," I said. "Let's get closer and see if they need any assistance."

La Maria was a fast moving craft, diesel-driven, and as Captain Gomez swung her around and headed toward the other boat, her deep v-hull sliced cleanly through the water, leaving a flat wake which the little, trailing dinghy rode like a bobsled on hard-packed snow. When we were within a few yards, Gomez cut the engines, got on the bullhorn and began shouting, "Ahoy! Ahoy!"

I WAS at the rail, my glasses trained on the deck of the other boat and could see two of the crewmen—both swarthy Mexicans, or certainly Latins. Both of them suddenly trained guns on us. One was a submachine gun and the other was what looked like a bazooka, and both now opened fire on us.

Now I could see that the whole crew, thirty or forty of them, were racing toward the port side of their boat, the side facing us, and all of them were carrying weapons which they fired at us as they ran.

"They're firing on us!" I finally blurted. I said this to one of the Frenchmen standing next to me. But the Frenchman didn't reply. For his face had exploded into a bloody pulp where he'd caught a full burst in the head from the guns. And as I watched, he slipped slowly to the deck. I turned then and ran across the deck toward the hatch to find Betty.

By that time a blast from the bazooka had toppled *La Maria's* radio aerial and bullets were smashing into the fishing boat's bow, stern, and deckhouse. There were screams and moans from the other passengers. As I went down the hatch, yelling for Betty and taking the steps two or three at a time, I heard somebody shout, "Fire!" and I guessed some of the shots had hit the boat's engine.

"Tom! Tom!" Betty called from the foot of the hatch when she saw me coming down. "What's happening?"

"I'll explain later," I said to her, pulling her toward me and grabbing two life jackets off the wall in the passageway. "Hurry! The boat's going to go down." I slipped one of the life jackets over Betty's shoulders and wiggled into the other one. We went back up to the deck.

A blanket of black, oily smoke covered the whole topside of our boat. The other boat was still firing, but the smoke provided a covering screen, hiding us from their sights. I now remembered the dinghy and guided Betty back to the stern. We couldn't see and had to feel our way. I called out to the others on board to run for the dinghy, but no one answered. The smoke was so thick I couldn't see anyone on deck. I thought perhaps they had already abandoned *La Maria* and that Betty and I were the only ones still aboard. The deck was white-hot underfoot.

Feeling our way along the rail, we finally reached the stern. The smoke was less dense back there, and I could see the dinghy, still attached to our larger boat, dipping up and down on the gentle swells a couple of yards away. There was no one in the dinghy.

"We've got to go over the side," I yelled at Betty. I helped her over the rail and climbed beside her. Both of us clung to the rail for a moment and then I said, "Go!" Here we both let loose at the same time and plunged downward into the sea. We both hit, went under and, with the help of the life jackets, almost immediately popped up to the surface only a few feet

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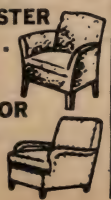

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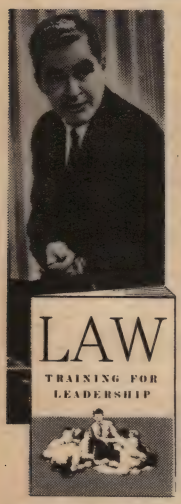

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away from each other. I grabbed one of Betty's hands and pulled her over to the dinghy.

"Careful now," I warned as I boosted Betty into the dinghy, which tilted back and forth precariously but stayed upright. I then hooked one arm over the side of the dinghy and clawed my way up and tumbled over into it.

La Maria, and everything else in front of us, was completely shrouded in black smoke. I took out my fishing knife and crawled forward in the dinghy until I reached the line that attached us to the burning boat. Before I cut the hawser, I called again to those on board. When there was no answer, I decided that if there were any survivors, they must have jumped from the bow of the fishing boat and, perhaps, had been picked up by the other boat. But just as I was about to cut the line, I saw a form emerge from the smoke at the stern of *La Maria* and leap into the water a few yards away.

When the figure surfaced, I saw it was Captain Gomez. I called to him and he swam toward us. When he was alongside the boat, Betty and I fished him out and pulled him aboard.

THERE were two oars in the dinghy and Gomez and I quickly fitted them into the locks. Then, without speaking, we began pulling in unison, moving the little boat well out from the blazing *La Maria*. The black smoke now stretched almost three-quarters of a mile across the sea, completely screening us from the boat that had opened fire, so they didn't even know we were still alive. We continued to row, putting as much distance as possible between us and the two boats. When, exhausted, we both finally slumped down in the bottom of the dinghy and just let it drift on the current, the smoke was just a tiny dot on the horizon. After a time, even that finally disappeared.

"Do you understand any of this?" I asked Gomez when we were once again rested. "Why did that boat shoot at us?"

"I think I can perhaps guess," Gomez said slowly. "There is always contraband moving back and forth in these waters. I heard rumors that there is much gun-running going on. I think, perhaps, that is the business our friends were engaged in."

"Gun-running?" I asked.

The Captain nodded his head. "There are countrymen of mine, as well as others, who are in the trade of running guns to Guatemala, San Salvador and Honduras. It is a big and profitable business because of the fighting going on between the countries and between groups in each country. I think those on the boat had come out to transfer some of their cargo to other boats they were to meet at a rendezvous point. But then they must have had engine trouble and were floundering when we spotted them."

"But why did they have to sink our boat and try to kill all of us?" I asked.

"We were witnesses. You understand?" Gomez asked.

I nodded.

"I think now we'd better start thinking of other things," Gomez said. "It may be a long time before we make land, or are found." Now, for the first time, I noticed the current sweeping us out to sea. I looked for land on the horizon, but saw none.

Up until that moment, the three of us had been so anxious to get away safely in the dinghy that we were oblivious to the current. The fact was, however, we were in a small dinghy, alone, on an empty expanse of sea. And since Captain Gomez hadn't had time to send out a distress signal, no one even knew we were in trouble.

We took stock of the supplies aboard the dinghy. There wasn't much. A hatchet. A pair of pliers. A first-aid kit. A flare rocket. Some baling wire and a section of tarpaulin. There were also two metal containers of water but Gomez cursed when he picked one up and saw a small hole in the bottom of it. All the water had leaked out. There was no food.

"We will have to hope that we are rescued soon," Gomez said. "The water will not last in this heat."

We each took a few small sips of the water from the one good container. I could see that Betty was frightened, but she managed to smile. Gomez figured we should row in a northwest direction because the closest land lay there. But I think all three of us knew perfectly well that we'd never be able to row that distance. It not only was too far but the current and breeze were against us. We were being borne away from land, out toward the vast empty expanse of the ocean. When Gomez and I started rowing again, it was more to have something to do rather than because we thought we could really save ourselves by rowing. Our only hope was that a passing ship or plane would spot us. But already the heat was agonizing.

Gomez and I rested from the rowing well before sundown and when the night finally came, it brought blessed relief from the burning sun. We drank some more of the water that night and set up a watch, with Gomez and I rotating four hours apiece and Betty two. Betty and I slept restlessly, curled up in each other's arms under the tarpaulin during the four hours Gomez stood watch.

The night passed slowly and when morning finally came, Gomez and I rigged a fishing line with the baling wire and let it trail behind the boat. We decided not to use up our strength that day trying to row, as we would still have to buck a breeze. So we let the dinghy ride the current while we watched the fish swimming close to the boat, and prayed for one of them to take our line. When none did, I tried stabbing at the darting fish with my knife but they were too quick for me.

Captain Gomez had picked up some small burns on his face and hands before he'd got off the burning fishing boat and now, although he tried to keep them covered, they began to fester in the heat. By late afternoon, Gomez was beginning to have chills. Betty fixed him up with some salve she found in the first-aid kit, but it didn't really seem to give him any relief. That night he ran a fever and was

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half-delirious. That night, too, we finished the last of the water.

We both stayed awake for the rest of the night but we heard no more planes. The next day the sun was again like a burning ball of fire in the cloudless sky. Gomez was delirious for most of the day, and it seemed as if he was literally shriveling up before our eyes. Early in the afternoon, however, he suddenly became quite lucid and he called me over to him.

"I do not feel so good, Senor," he said through his dry, cracked lips. "There may not be too much time left for me. I want to tell you something to remember. If you are still alive out here in the days to come, check the sides of the dinghy for shellfish. They are barnacles, but soon they will attach themselves to the side of the dinghy. If you find them, eat them. They will provide you with nourishment. Do not forget."

Gomez closed his eyes then, and soon after, he was dead. Betty wept at his death. I pulled the tarpauline over him and, during the night, when Betty was dozing, I lowered his body over the side, saying a small prayer for him. I wondered how long it would be before the two of us joined him.

A couple of hours later the dinghy began to rock violently and a strong wind began to blow from the west. I felt a drop of rain on my forehead and I grabbed Betty and shook her awake.

"Rain!" I shouted. "There's rain!" And then it began to pour, a blinding torrent of water. We both held our heads back and let the liquid fill our mouths until we were almost half-drowned. The rain had come but it had been too late for Captain Gomez. Both of us felt sorry about that, but we delighted for ourselves in the drenching shower. We stripped off our clothes and let the rain wash our parched skins. We also filled the water container and caught the rain in the tarpaulin and placed it carefully in the bow of the dinghy between the seats where it wouldn't leak.

Early the next morning, as if proof of the fact that our luck had finally changed, I managed to spear a small sea bass with my knife. Betty and I tore the raw fish apart with our bare hands and ate every ounce of it, even picking out whatever was edible of the fins and tail.

"It's an omen of good fortune," I told Betty jubilantly. "The rain and the fish. It's a sign we're going to live."

But for the next seven days, we caught no more fish and there was no rain. We also continued to drift away from land, drinking up all the water during that time. We were both suffering from the corrosive effects of the salt water, and sun. Our skin was burned and wrinkled. Salt crusted our hair and eyebrows and my scraggly beard. Our bodies itched horribly but even the slightest scratching would cause our skins to break into ugly sores.

Neither of us could sleep much any more and we talked a lot! Of our life in the past, of the people on the fishing boat whom we'd never gotten to know before they died—of the possibility of our own deaths.

"Sometimes, I think how simple it would be if both of us just went over the side," Betty said. "I wouldn't mind for myself," she added, "but I don't want you to die."

"We're not going to die," I told her. "Believe me. We're not going to die." I shook her gently. "Do you hear me?"

"I believe you," she said, but she was weeping softly.

The next few days I searched the sides of the dinghy for some signs of the small

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shellfish Captain Gomez had told me about, but never found them and had given up looking. On the tenth day, however, I again went over the side into the water and this time I found a small cluster of the shells on the outside of the dinghy. I scraped them off frantically, about six of them, and climbed back into the dinghy.

We cracked the shells open and inside found a tiny morsel of rubbery meat. It looked wet and tasted awful but we bit into the juicy flesh and let the moisture of it soak into our parched mouths. Scanty as it was, the meat and liquid it contained helped revive our spirits and we ate only half of the little shellfish, saving the other three.

When the last portions of the shellfish had gone, we floated listlessly across the empty waters, sometimes only semi-conscious. I now lost all awareness of which way we were moving. Some days, Betty would whisper over and over to me, "We won't die, Tom. We won't die! We won't die!" Other days, I would be the one to repeat the ritual words over and over again to her. In this way, I believe, we managed to stave off death. Alone, I really believe, each of us would have been dead by then. Somehow, when another person is struggling with you there is always hope.

By the seventeenth day, even though we knew how dangerous it was, we'd both begun to take small sips of sea water. I knew that it might hasten our deaths, but we had to chance it. To die of thirst would be worse.

Finally, 18 days after our encounter with the gunrunners, I thought I spotted a small speck on the horizon. I didn't say anything to Betty. I was even afraid to keep looking at the speck for too long, for fear it wasn't real, and I kept turning my head to find out if it wasn't a mirage. Just when I believed it was growing larger and larger—but wasn't still sure it was real—Betty said quietly, "I see it, too, Tom." She pointed in the same direction I was looking. "I know you're afraid to say anything, but it's a ship, Tom. It's a ship."

AND it was. Now I could see it clearly. It was a tanker, but still a long way off. Then, in the moment that we both finally recognized it as a ship, it began to move away from us.

We both stood up in the boat and waved our arms, and my shirt and shouted and screamed hoarsely, but it still kept moving away. I continued to yell, but now Betty was softly crying, "See us! Oh please, see us!"

I was exhausted and was about ready to sink down in the dinghy when suddenly the tanker changed direction and began steaming toward us.

Betty and I hugged each other tightly, laughing and crying at the same time. "We did it!" we repeated over and over again to each other. "We survived!"

A short while later, the tanker grew close and they lowered a small boat and rowed over to the dinghy and lifted us out and took us across to the tanker. It was a tanker from Caracas bound for Mexico, and they dropped us off in Salina Cruz, where our voyage had first begun. The huge circle of life-death-life had been completed. Betty and I were in the hospital there for a long time, recuperating from our ordeal.

Once back home in Brownsville, we began saving for our deep-sea fishing vacation for next year. After all, we didn't finish our first one. And Betty can tell you, I usually complete what I start out to do—whether it be fishing or surviving for 18 days in a drifting dinghy. •••

MAFIA SMUGGLERS

Continued from page 37

people, and real dangers.

The story which follows will be told by the men who lived it. Each will relate his own part in the operation, and then let the next person continue, and so on. Some things must be kept secret, either to protect the identity of people who would be put in danger, or to prevent the international smuggling community from obtaining information they would gladly pay millions for.

CONFIDENTIAL TELEX: ROME POLICE TO U.S. CUSTOMS BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D.C. . . . EMILIO SCALESE BOARDED N.Y.-BOUND TWA FLIGHT 534 AT ROME AIRPORT.

Louis Valente, U.S. Special Agent:

When we received word that Scalese was coming to New York, we knew something big was in the wind. Scalese was no small fry, but someone high up in the smuggling world. We also knew he wouldn't be taking anything into the country; that's for the leg men. His coming left us with only one alternative—an upper-level conference. Those things don't happen every day, so we put a tail on Scalese from the moment he set foot on American soil. Even if he didn't spot our agent, he would have known he'd been followed. But he had nothing to hide. There's no law against a man coming from Italy to visit a few friends, and then returning the same day. Without a wire tap we could discover nothing.

We followed Scalese to an Italian restaurant in Yonkers, a suburb of New York. In two hours he left the restaurant in the company of three men; Salvatore Giraci, Nicholas Girofi and Vito Vironda—all partners in the GGV Soda Vending Machine Company, a Mafia-owned business. They shook hands and went in opposite directions; Scalese to Kennedy Airport, and the other three to New York City, where Giraci entered a bank. His business took 15 minutes, and then all three returned to their offices.

When I was given the report, I immediately contacted the Treasury Department to look for any large transfer of funds by GGV to Europe. The answer came within the hour. Five million in gold, to the account of an Angelo Latori, at a Swiss bank. I called my field chiefs into my office, and we tried to figure out what it meant.

I asked no one in particular, "Have any ideas?"

Silence and baffled looks was my reply.

"Something's up, dammit," I pounded on my desk. "They just don't hand out $5 million for nothing. How about you, Joe?" I asked Joe Bascomb. "Got any wind of anything worth $5 million entering in the past week?"

Bascomb shook his head. "Nothing that comes near it. The usual small stuff. But $5 million? No!"

I turned my attention to Larry Danube. "What do your undercover guys say? Anything come in? Anything expected in a week or so?"

Danube was equally certain. "Not a thing."

The others were just as baffled.

"Okay," I sighed. "That leaves guesswork. Let's say they're paying in advance for something—way in advance, for whatever it is."

The others mumbled and shook their heads, but I cut them off. "I know it sounds crazy. They never pay in advance. Always C.O.D. But maybe this is a sure thing, something that can't miss, and something worth $5 million. And it's got to be a new route, one they can be certain we won't spot so soon."

THE others nodded in agreement. I continued. "That gives us time. If the chain was already operating, Scalese wouldn't have come here. So the $5 million in advance was to help finance the operation. Frank," I said, nodding to Frank Lewis, head of communications, "get in touch with INTERPOL. Tell them what's happened. Have them report anything . . . anything that looks like a smuggling shipment. I don't care how small it seems, I want to know about it! And I don't want it picked up. I want to follow that route, and I want everyone connected with the shipment. If we act too soon, we could miss half of the operation. They can reorganize very quickly and score with who's ever left."

TELEX FROM INTERPOL TO ALL MEMBERS: USA WANTS INFORMATION ON NEW SMUGGLING ROUTE STOP IF NONE IN YOUR AREA REPORT ANYTHING THAT MAY BE SUSPICIOUS STOP REPEAT ANYTHING STOP DO NOT SEIZE STOP DO NOT SEIZE STOP DETERMINE DESTINATION AND REPORT TO INTERPOL.

Lieutenant Daoud Haddad, Beirut (Lebanon) Metropolitan Police:

The trail really begins here, in Lebanon, but it was only by luck that we found out about it. We had put our border guards on the alert for smugglers bringing in arms from Syria to anti-Israeli guerrillas operating in our country. Some of them are a bad lot, extorting money from the villagers, and we try to capture and expel them. So as I said we were looking for gun smugglers.

Then, about a month after we received the telex from INTERPOL one of our guards on the Syrian border, Private Kassem Saleh, discovered signs of a border crossing. There were the tracks of about 20 mules, but they headed north, instead of south, where the guerrillas are based. Obeying instructions, he relayed the findings to me, and that's when I came into the picture.

At first I thought that the guerrillas were expanding their activities to the north, or maybe into Beirut itself. But two things didn't make sense. First, the Private said the mule tracks were only scuff marks in the dirt. But mules carrying arms would be heavily weighed down. Their tracks would be deep. Second, they would never use mules to carry arms. The beasts make too much noise, and the rifles would unavoidably hit against each other because of the movement of the mules and maybe damage the guns. So the shipment had to be light, and not easily damaged. That meant dope.

I remembered the INTERPOL telex to report any shipment, but it didn't seem likely that the Syrian border crossing would be to transport dope. Most of the poppy, from which heroin is made, is grown in Turkey. Almost 80 percent of the heroin that finds its way to Europe and America originates in the poppy fields in central Turkey. There was no way that Lebanon could fit into the route. But then I thought, they would try to avoid Turkey if they wanted secrecy, for the poppy traffic out of Turkey is constantly being watched by narcotics agents of all the Western countries.

That left only Syria and Iran, the next

largest poppy-producing states in the Mid-East. And to get to the Mediterranean, shipments would have to pass through Lebanon. It was a wild guess, but I decided to follow it through.

If the shipment was poppy pods, it wouldn't have been routed through Beirut. Too much risk of being spotted. I contacted the police of all seaports and fishing villages, to report any large shipment in burlap bags or sacks. And in six hours I got my answer: At the small fishing village of Zegharta, a trawler, the *Ikaria*, Greek registry, put in for repairs and provisions. Included in those "provisions" were 250 burlap bags.

TELEX FROM LEBANON METROPOLITAN POLICE TO INTERPOL . . . SUSPECTED SHIPMENT OF POPPY PODS LOADED ON TRAWLER IKARIA, GREEK REGISTRY STOP CREW MEMBER OVERHEARD TO HAVE SAID CRETE AS NEXT DESTINATION.

Police Sergeant Vasilio Papadopoulos, Pyrghos, Crete:

My part was the easiest. I was already alerted that the *Ikaria* was coming into port. But it puzzled me. Pyrghos is a small town, far from any large city or distribution center. Why pick Pyrghos? Athens sent a police captain to help me in case I needed it, and he explained it all to me.

"To get heroin from the poppy pod, you must first get opium from it," he said as we walked along the pier where the *Ikaria* was berthed. Suddenly he stopped in his tracks, bent down, and picked up a little ball of something I'd never seen before. "Here, this is what we are looking for—a poppy pod. It must have dropped from the bags as they were unloading it."

I examined it. It was no larger than a small plum, and smooth. It was hard to imagine so much hell could come from such an innocent-looking thing.

"I'll show you what I mean," he said and took the pod from me. With his thumbnail he slit the pod about an inch deep. A small trickle of ooze seeped out. "This is opium," he explained. "A drop or two is all you can get from each pod. To get a pound of opium you need about 100 pounds of pods. Then, when all the opium is extracted, it is broken down into the white powder that is heroin. That is what is happening right now in Pyrghos. The opium is being extracted from the poppy pod. From here, the opium will be shipped, probably to Rome, to be converted to heroin."

"But why bring it here?" I asked. "Why not send it straight to Rome?"

"The opium must be gotten from the pod no later than two days after it is picked. If not, the sap dries up. Getting it to Rome would take too much time. It is a simple process and can be done almost anywhere. Pyrghos seems like an ideal place; not far from Lebanon, and remote enough not to attract attention. But they wouldn't trust the job to an amateur. A small laboratory will be needed where they will process the opium as it comes out of the pod—they use chemicals to harden it into large balls. The man who does the processing has to be familiar with handling the pods. A druggist would be ideal. Or a doctor. Or even a chemistry teacher."

None of those fit. I knew the druggist, the doctor and the local highschool teacher from childhood. They wouldn't be involved in anything like that. All the same, I decided to visit them. The teacher was on an outing with some of his pupils on the opposite end of the island. The

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doctor had a roomful of patients, and wouldn't have been able to find the time to work on the poppy pods even if he wanted to. That left the druggist, and he was on the mainland. I was about to tell the captain he had reached a dead end when I remembered the druggist's assistant. He had just been hired because the druggist was getting too old to take care of the shop by himself. No one knew much about the assistant except that he came from Athens.

The druggist's wife told us the assistant had the day off, and we could probably find him in his home about a mile from town. As we approached the house, the captain stopped and sniffed the air. Then his face broke into a broad smile. I sniffed, too. It was a sweet, sickly odor, one I had never smelled before.

"Opium!" the captain explained.

WE inched our way to the hut in back of the house where the assistant lived, and peered inside through an open window. He was busy at a laboratory table filled with test tubes. Four other men were with him, busy with their knives on the mountain of poppy pods which lay at their feet. I'd never seen them before. As it turned out, they were crewmen on the *Ikaria*.

The rest was routine. We waited until nightfall, when they left the hut and headed for the *Ikaria*. Each carried a large sack—all that was left from the 250 bags of poppy pods. It was pure opium.

TELEX FROM ATHENS METROPOLITAN POLICE TO INTERPOL . . . SHIPMENT OF PURE OPIUM ON IKARIA CONFIRMED STOP IKARIA DEPARTED PYRGHOS, CRETE, THIS MIDNIGHT STOP PROBABLE DESTINATION ROME.

Captain Donmenigo Turina,
Police Department, Rome:

Rome was the next obvious link in the chain. With the opium in its pure state, the most difficult step lay ahead. To convert opium to heroin requires an expensive and well-equipped laboratory. It also requires experts with much experience. And sadly, Rome can provide all of this as it is the heroin-processing capital of the world. There is an old saying; *All roads lead to Rome.* When it comes to heroin, all roads lead *from* Rome, as well.

The *Ikaria* docked at Nettuna, a small village just south of Anzio. From there, the opium was put aboard a truck and was on its way to Rome. Following the truck was not difficult—until it reached the town of Priventha. There it was lost!

We still don't know how. Maybe it was just an accident. Maybe they took precautionary measures just in case. Anyway, one minute the truck rounded a bend in the road, the next minute it just disappeared. And all the painstaking work of so many people was about to go down the drain.

I called a conference of my subordinates the next morning to decide if we could salvage something of the operation. It would mean letting the Mafia know we were on the trail, but it was all we could do.

"What about the *Ikaria?*" Lieutenant Lorenzo suggested. "Might not the crew know where it is going? It won't hurt to question them."

I vetoed that. The *Ikaria* was nothing more than a courier. Its job was to deliver, nothing else. All that was left for us was a roundup of known dope dealers, and in the end, we'd have nothing.

"Give me one day, that's all," Lieutenant Marcello Corato pleaded.

"Go ahead, Marcello," I smiled at him. "You have your twenty-four hours. But only if I come along."

He didn't like that, but he understood. He just nodded, rose from his seat, and said, "Well, come along then, Watchdog."

That night I was treated to a behind-the-scenes demonstration of how Corato operated. First we walked the streets. He'd stop someone, ask a question, and look deeply into his eyes for a sign, a flicker which would tell him that the person was lying. By nine he hadn't gotten the response he was looking for.

"Now we go to the bars, Captain," he said. "I enter first. You follow in five minutes. Take a table and order a drink."

When I asked why I couldn't go along with him, he got angry. "No! These are *my* informants. If they knew I compromised their identity, they will have nothing more to do with me. You must do as I say!"

I usually don't take orders from my men, but as I said, this was his job. And besides, he is too good a man to lose on a matter of protocol. So I just nodded, and he entered the first bar.

I followed five minutes later and took a table. Marcello was talking to a bartender who was drying glasses. If I hadn't known he was looking for answers I'd have sworn it was a social visit. The bartender poured Marcello a drink, and waved his hand when Marcello offered to pay for it. He said something, and the bartender laughed. After ten minutes the bartender's face sobered, then he shook his head *No!* violently. Marcello had come up empty on his first try.

"It will be a long night, Captain," he said as we left the bar. "Usually Lorenzo is the first to hear of a shipment. He says he knows nothing, and I believe him."

By midnight we had visited more than twenty bars. To some of the bartenders Marcello acted like an old friend. To others he was menacing. Twice he grabbed a bartender and pulled his face down so his nose was pressing against the bar. If I'd seen any other policeman do that, he'd be off the force, and quickly. But Marcello and I had a deal. Twenty-four hours.

The later it got, the deeper we went into Rome's slums, and the sleazier the bars got. By 2:00 A.M. I thought we'd hit rock bottom. The bar was in the basement of a building that should have been condemned in the 1920s.

DARCELLO spoke to the bartender, he nodded, and the two of them went into a back room. I heard a crash and a high-pitched voice begging for mercy. The others must have heard it too, but they just stared at their drinks, as if nothing had happened. A minute later Marcello emerged, unruffled except for a bruise on his knuckle which he was nursing. He motioned to me with his head, and I followed him out.

"I know . . . I know, Captain," he said, a little annoyed. "But remember, we aren't in a courtroom, and we're not dealing with people. We're dealing with scum." He spat out the word "scum." "Benito knows only one thing—force. Anyway, I have a lead. Tony DePinto. A small-time hood. Last night his kid brother was in there, spending a few *lira*. It wasn't much, but for him it was too much. A little *vino* loosened his tongue. He stole the money from DePinto's pocket. Said something about DePinto getting paid much money for guarding a warehouse; a warehouse that holds laboratory equipment."

We returned to the office and pored over our records until dawn. Not that we expected anything. There are over 500 warehouses in Rome, and none of them are required to list their stock. There was no way to find out where the warehouse was located except through DePinto.

Tony DePinto lived in a boarding house in a run-down section of Rome; one that is waging a losing battle in its effort to fight off decay. His landlady told us he wasn't home, but gave us no trouble when we asked for a key to his room once we showed her our credentials. A search of the flat revealed nothing, so we settled down to wait for DePinto's return.

At about eight we heard footsteps on the creaking stairs. Someone put a key into the lock and turned the doorknob. I remained sitting on a chair facing the door, while Marcello stood against the wall behind the door.

Marcello must have hit him harder than we thought—it took a half hour and several dousings of water before DePinto awoke. He blinked from the sunlight streaming through a broken window. His eyes went from me to Marcello. When he saw Marcello he snarled with recognition and hatred, but his eyes betrayed fear.

Marcello walked calmly over to the bed and slapped DePinto hard. The blow snapped his head back against the headboard. "That's just to save us all a lot of time and trouble, Tony," Marcello spoke quietly. "Now we'll ask a few questions, you'll tell us a few answers, and no one will know a thing."

One hour later Marcello and I were stationed in an alleyway facing the warehouse. It was an old one, and looked like it was deserted, except for the old Ford pickup parked in front. A limousine pulled up and Angelo Latori, one of the biggest dope operators in Europe, stepped out and entered the building. Two hours later he emerged, a smug expression on his face.

Two men left the building on his heels, and entered the pickup. I told Marcello to follow them while I remained on watch. The heroin could be with them, or it could still be in the building. Five million dollars in heroin does not weigh much, about eight pounds, and there are numerous clever ways of concealing it on the body that are not easily detectable. It would be likely that two men would be carrying it. Marcello picked up the trail without a word.

By evening no one else had come out. I called my office to have someone replace me, and after being relieved, went to await word from Marcello. One hour passed . . . two hours . . . three hours without a word. Something must have happened—I was getting very edgy.

At two in the morning Marcello opened the door to my office and flopped himself into the easy chair facing my desk. "It is delivered," was all he said.

"How do you know?" I asked. "Did you see them hand it over?"

He shook his head from side to side.

"So? Why are you so sure?"

"Because I made the delivery myself!" he smiled.

For a moment I was stunned, unable to believe what I had just heard.

"I made the delivery myself," he repeated. "They must have spotted me, and led me through half the streets of Rome. Finally they went into a building on Carmella Street. I saw them go up the stairs and open a door on the first landing. An hour, and nothing happened. So I thought I'd see for myself. They were waiting. One with a gun, one with a knife. That's how I got this."

He opened his blood-stained shirt and showed me a strip of white tape running

from his collar bone diagonally to his bottom rib. "A hundred and eight stitches," he laughed. "I went to the hospital before coming here. Just a flesh wound, but they said to rest until it heals."

I just nodded, as if it's every day that one of my men gets a hundred and eight stitches sewn into him. But by that time, I'd learned that to expect anything from Marcello was the usual thing.

He continued: "The one with the knife was thrown off balance by a lunge that missed me, and passed in front of me. I grabbed him and drew my gun, using him as a shield against the other one. It didn't help. The gunman just shot at his friend, hoping he'd crumble so he could get a shot at me. By the time he got off his third shot I pulled the trigger and killed him."

"But what about the delivery?" I wanted to know.

"The one with the gun had a slip of paper in his wallet. Gate 25 at the airport. I took the packets of heroin taped to their bodies and went there."

By now I was fuming with rage. "My God, what if they were known by the pickup? You'd have blown the whole thing, or . . ."

"Or be dead," he chuckled. "In either case, it was the only thing to do. I just stood at the gate until all the passengers were aboard. I was about to leave when a pilot came up to me and said he was expecting two of us. I told him my friend had a little accident. He shrugged his shoulders and asked for the stuff. I gave it to him and he went on the plane. Oh, yes. The plane is going to Paris."

TELEX FROM ROME METROPOLITAN POLICE TO INTERPOL . . . DANIELO SCATTUCCIO, ALITALIA PILOT, IN POSSESSION OF EIGHT POUNDS OF HEROIN STOP DUE IN PARIS ELEVEN PM.

John Robbins, Federal Narcotics Bureau

FRENCH police had no trouble following the shipment from Orly Airport in Paris, to L'Havre, the French oceanliner port. The courier was a beautiful brunette named Carole Dupree, a dancer in one of the Paris nightclubs, who received the shipment from the pilot. I was called from my office in London and ordered to board the same ship she was sailing on. I had only one job: Keep an eye on Carole Dupree and not to let her out of my sight. It wasn't a hard thing to do—keep my eyes on her. But not letting her out of my sight proved to be more difficult. We didn't figure her to take the stuff in herself. It was too risky. They'd trust that part of the job to someone who could get through U.S. Customs without any trouble. And that meant one of the crew.

The first two days passed without incident. It was slow, and it was boring. It was the last part—the boredom—that finally worked in my favor. Except for the usual shipboard routine of movies and games, there was not much to do. And beautiful girls like Carole Dupree usually want something to do.

The third day out to sea I made my approach. She was sitting in a deck chair on the second deck, reading a fashion magazine. "Mind if I take this chair?" I asked, pointing to the one next to her. "All the others seem to be taken."

She glanced down the row of empty deck chairs, "Yes, they do seem to be taken." She looked up at me and smiled.

By late afternoon we were good friends. I told her I was a textile buyer returning to New York from a buying trip in Paris.

Evening was approaching before I

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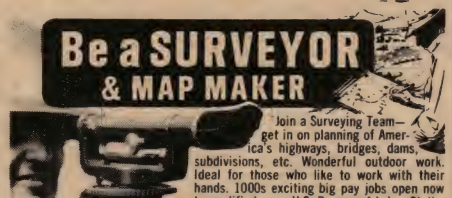

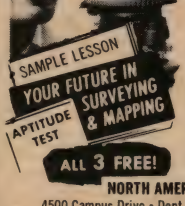

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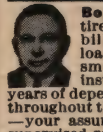

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knew it, and the wind got a good deal colder. I could see her shivering. "Maybe a drink will warm you up," I suggested. "The bar is open. Let's have one before dinner."

"No thanks," she said. "A hot bath would be better. Then a drink. Why don't you order something and have them bring it to my cabin. You can join me there in about a half hour." She stood up and reached out to shake my hand, the way Europeans do. She smiled as she left and I thought her expression was somewhat provocative. Anyway, in a half hour I would find out.

Carole answered my knock wearing a flowing nightgown which opened at the bottom every time she took a step, revealing her long, slim legs. The top two buttons were also open, laying bare her throat and the beginning of the cleft between her swelling, pointed breasts. Her hair was still wet from the shower, and hung down to her shoulders. I sat in a cabin chair and took a glass of scotch which she already had prepared for me. She stuck to brandy.

"I'm glad you happened along," she said in almost a whisper. "I was warned that boat trips are always boring. And its true."

"If you were warned, why didn't you take a plane?"

"I don't know. At the time it seemed like a good idea. Slowing down for a few days, getting away from it all. But by this morning I'd had it with rest. There are just so many magazines you can go through."

I knew she was lying about why she took the boat, but didn't want to seem overly curious. I switched the subject. "Know anybody in New York?"

"Not really. A few people I knew in Paris. Lots of phone numbers. You know, friends of friends, things like that."

"So what you really need is a good guide. And it just so happens you are looking at the best guide in New York. Very cheap."

She played along with the game. "But I have no money to pay you. Just enough to get along on."

"There are times when I accept my fee in goods," I went on with the small talk. "For example, that nightgown you're wearing. I can just see my poor old mother dressed in that."

She played with the buttons. "Well, if you're sure it's for your poor old mother . . ."

She undid the buttons and let the gown fall to the floor. She had a fantastic body, and she knew it. I gulped, put down my drink and reached for her. She slid into my lap and snuggled to my chest. I could still feel the dampness of the bath on her breasts. We kissed long and hard, her tongue probing my inner mouth, her fingers busily working at the buckle of my belt. I stood up to help her, and in no time she was gliding me across the small stateroom to the bed. She pulled me down hard on top of her, her fingernails digging into my shoulders.

We ordered dinner that night in bed.

We spent the whole next day in her stateroom, not bothering to go out, but that night she had a change of heart.

"John, let's eat in the dining room tonight," she cooed as we lay side by side. "I'm starting to get tired of being cooped up."

One thing about Carole: You don't argue with her; at least not in bed. I shrugged, and got into the suit I wore the day before, when I entered her stateroom, and hadn't worn since. She put on a low-cut dress and we made our way down to the dining room.

We were shown to a table almost in the middle of the room by the head waiter. Suddenly Carole became adamant. "No! I want to sit there," she demanded, pointing to the far left corner.

It was without a doubt the worst table in the room. It would have taken a waiter an eternity to reach it from the kitchen door, but Carole insisted. The head waiter looked at me as if to say "Crazy woman," and escorted us there. Immediately a waiter came up to us and asked for our order.

"I'm not really hungry," Carole pleaded. "I think a hamburger would be enough."

A hamburger? In the classiest restaurant afloat?

The waiter seemed to get the same impression because his eyebrows narrowed into tiny slits. "Very well," he sighed. "But the lady will have to wait a half hour."

She didn't seem to mind. I ordered a scotch and told him I'd have my dinner when her hamburger was ready. Carole and I talked of nothing in particular for 15 minutes, when suddenly she started to feel faint.

"It's nothing, sweetheart. Just seasickness," she gasped. "Why don't you have dinner and come to my stateroom afterwards? I should feel better then."

NOW I'm no seasoned sailor, but I do know that unless a sudden squall blows up, someone doesn't start to feel seasick three days out to sea. Usually they get it the first day, if they get it at all. I didn't argue the point—just told her to feel better and kept sipping my scotch.

I'll say this much for her: She was a good actress. She stumbled and reeled out of that dining room like she was dying. I gave her three minutes to get to her stateroom, then followed.

The carpeted corridor muffled the sound of my footsteps as I passed her door. I didn't have to get too close to know that someone was inside with her. Their voices were clearly audible. I rounded the corner and waited. The *click* of a latch told me someone was coming out. I peered around the corner, and saw our waiter—the one who took her hamburger order—start to leave. He turned to her, shook her hand, and left the way I came in. He could have brought her hamburger to her, but when I went into the stateroom a half hour later there was no sign of food or a tray. That was all I needed. The waiter was the contact, and she must have given the stuff to him when he was inside.

TELEX FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH, JOHN ROBBINS, TO LOUIS VALENTE, U.S. CUSTOMS BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D.C. . . . HENRY THYME, STEWARD ON QUEEN ELIZABETH BOUND FOR NEW YORK NOW IN POSSESSION OF SHIPMENT.

Louis Valente, U.S. Narcotics Bureau:

It wasn't hard to spot Henry Thyme as he left the Queen Elizabeth, carrying a battered suitcase, since we were provided with his picture from the files of the International Maritime Union. From the Hudson River pier he took a cab straight to Brooklyn, to a tiny hotel just across the bridge from Manhattan. He asked the desk clerk for the room that Raphael Corallo was staying in, got his answer, and took the rickety elevator to the third floor. The sight of our badges was enough to get the room number. Larry Bascomb remained in the lobby while I phoned for reinforcements.

At seven P.M. on June 12, 1969, armed with a search warrant, I knocked on the door of room 332.

"Who is it?" an annoyed voice asked.

"Narcotics agents!" I replied. "Open up."

"Boy!...full course meals, music motion pictures,...I wonder what these airlines will come up with next?"

OF COURSE my command was ignored. Instead there was a great deal of rushing around. So I kicked the door down. Then, followed by a couple of agents, I charged into the room, gun drawn. We found Salvatore Giraci, Nicholas Girofi and Henry Thyme crowded around an open window, with the suitcase which contained the *real* business of the GGV Soda Vending Machine Company. The three Mafia-connected "businessmen" were too late. As for Vironda, he got away, got clear away to Texas, as a matter of fact before being picked up for speeding, of all things, while heading for Mexico, where undoubtedly he figured he'd escape the long arm of Interpol.

A couple of days later, part of the story was released to the newspapers, but only the part we wanted the world to know about. It took four months to arrest all the members of the operation. The only one to completely escape the law was Angelo Latori, in Italy. Evidentally the shock of losing $5 million in goods was too much for him or the Mafia. He was found two weeks after the seizure in Brooklyn, lying in bed, apparently dead from a heart attack. But remember, I said apparently.

One other thing I'd like to emphasize: This was one case in a million; a miracle, really. So much hinged on luck, and the slightest bit of misfortune could have lost the trail for us. It was luck that enabled us to spot the shipment so soon after it crossed the Lebanese border; it was luck that enabled us to find the shipment once it was lost in Rome, and it was luck—and charm—that allowed agent John Robbins to stay so close to Carole Dupree. A mishap at any one of these crucial points would have blown the operation sky high.

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NUDE BLONDE

Continued from page 41

"You're Jake Fellows?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, puzzled by the fact that she knew his name.

"I was on my way to see you," she said. "They say you're the best racing car mechanic in the state. Is that true?"

"I won't deny it."

She turned and walked toward the open garage door, her ripe buttocks grinding rhythmically beneath the jeans. "Let's go find my car," she said without looking back. "Then I'll tell you what I want from you."

FELLOWS' garage was located on the outskirts of San Bernardino on a seldom traveled country road. He liked it that way, since inaccessibility discouraged the owners of ordinary cars from coming to him for repairs. They drove to the girl's stranded vehicle in his jeep. She sat beside him silently during the brief trip, her eyes staring at the scrub brush and hill country they were passing through.

The car, pulled to the side of the road, was a new, bright-red Ferrari racing model. It took Fellows only a few minutes to find the trouble, a broken line in the fuel injection system. He temporarily mended it with tape. "Follow me on back to the garage," he told the girl. "By the way, you seem to know my name. What's yours?"

"Laura Benning," she said. "*Mrs.* Laura Benning. From Riverside. I suppose you know the name."

He had heard of her, of course. The Bennings were one of the wealthiest families in the whole state, owners of a sprawling home appliance factory. Her husband, Calvin Benning, was a multimillionaire.

Back in the garage, the girl studied Jake while he replaced the fuel line. Her calm, quiet gaze proved vaguely annoying, although he didn't know why.

"Okay," he said when the job was done, "how come you wanted to see me? Except for the fuel line, this heap is in perfect shape."

"I'd like you to prepare it for real racing," she said. "I'm entered in the Gold Cup rally next month."

Fellows blinked in surprise, provoking another arrogant glance from Laura Benning. "*You're* going to drive it?" he said. "I never heard of a woman competing before. I even think it's against the rules of the race."

The girl strode toward him, her unfettered breasts jouncing beneath the T-shirt. "Not any more," she said. "A phone call from my husband changed the rules. And it's about time. What right has some backwoods sports car club to bar anyone from competition just because of sex?"

Fellows shook his head. "Get somebody else, Mrs. Benning. That's the roughest race around here. If you break your neck, I don't want to be partly responsible. Besides, what you're doing is phony as hell. Who ever heard of a racing car driver who doesn't know enough to spot a busted fuel line?"

Anger contorted the girl's face. "I don't need any personal comments. Just work on the car. I'll pay you a thousand dollars. In advance. That ought to be enough to muffle your misguided thoughts about masculine superiority."

"Get somebody else," he said, turning away from her. Despite himself, he had been jolted by the amount she had offered—especially with a mortgage payment on the garage falling due in a week.

"You're the best," she said. "And I'm used to the best."

"That'll be ten bucks. For fixing the line," he said, still not looking around. He heard her mutter something under her breath, then the roar of the Ferrari's engine as she drove out of the garage. When he turned, he saw a ten dollar bill lying on the gray cement floor . . .

Fellows thought it would end there. However, after closing for the day and climbing the stairs to his apartment over the garage, he found it impossible to force the girl out of his thoughts. No woman with a body like that should be so rotten mean, he thought wryly. Finally he telephoned Mel Loxey, a friend who worked on the local newspaper. "What do you know about a broad named Laura Benning?" he asked. "She was in today, wanted me to soup up her sportscar."

Loxey uttered a lewd, mocking chuckle. "Great looking, isn't she?" the reporter said. "But if you're figuring on trying to make out with her, forget it. She's one of those equal rights for women freaks. Flies all over the country picketing beauty contests and businesses that won't give females top jobs. Frigid as a head of iceberg lettuce, I'd say. Can't blame her, I guess. Benning is thirty years older than her. Wouldn't be any prize even if he wasn't. A real stiff."

A grimace of distaste appeared on Fellows' rugged, not-quite-homely face as he hung up the phone. He again tried to avoid thinking about the girl, unsuccessfully. It was past nine o'clock when he finally called her home. "This is Jake Fellows," he told her. "Bring your car in tomorrow. I'll take the job."

"I rather thought you would," she said . . .

THAT evening, Laura Benning's picture was in the sports section of the paper. She had been photographed wearing a crash helmet. Her husband—a fat, balding man with tired eyes—stood beside her. "I'm going to do more than break the Gold Cup Club's ban on women drivers," she was quoted as saying. "I'm going to win the race." Fellows winced when the story went on to announce that he had been hired as her mechanic.

"I thought you might like the publicity," Laura said when she arrived the next day.

"That kind I don't need."

"What are you? One of those people who think women should be put on a chain and led back and forth between the kitchen and the bedroom?"

"Hell no," Fellows said with a grin. "If there's any place a girl should be unleashed, it's in bed."

Fellows was amazed when a slight flush appeared on her high cheekbones. She turned away from him. It just wasn't the reaction he'd expected from a woman who seemed so self-assured. However, her old, condescending expression quickly reappeared. "Let's get to work," she said. "I'm meeting a friend for lunch."

In the days that followed, Jake Fellows finally admitted to himself that he wasn't helping Laura just for the money. Her cool, infuriating superiority had become a teasing sexual challenge, something he felt compelled to overcome. He hadn't wanted a woman this much in years—or felt so baffled about how to get her. With most girls, he made his play quickly. If they didn't respond, then to hell with it and no hard feelings. But he knew in-

stinctively that the moment he laid a hand on Laura she'd take off and never come back, race or no race. His frustration was doubled by the feeling that underneath her rigid exterior was a passionate physical need equal to his own. That faint blush had been the first clue. There were others—like the way she had started when, rounding a sharp curve, he had been accidentally thrown against her. Her reaction could have been one of distaste. Or, he thought hopefully, maybe she was so afraid of her own buried desires that she didn't trust herself to have any physical contact with a man.

As his obsession with Laura grew, he questioned friends about her. As far as anyone knew in Riverside, she had never been unfaithful to her elderly, doting husband.

But there was a fuse in Laura ready to be lit, he told himself again and again. But to get to it he'd have to crack that mask of female superiority. But, from what he'd seen, that might be like attacking a chrome steel wall with a rubber hammer.

Then, a week before the Gold Cup race, Jake Fellows realized what he had to do. He went into action when she showed up the next morning dressed exactly as he had first seen her—tight T-shirt, no bra, body-hugging blue jeans. "What's the routine today?" she asked in a bored voice.

"We're getting down to the wire," he said, trying to sound casual. "You familiar with the Gold Cup route?"

"Up County Road 216, then through the hills south of here, back to the starting point."

"But you've never travelled over the actual course?" he asked.

"No."

Fellows climbed behind the Ferrari's wheel. "It's time we started checking it out. Most of the other drivers have gone over it a dozen times. We'll skip the first 50 miles today. It's the hills that will give you trouble."

The drive into the barren, sun baked range took nearly an hour. It was Fellows' first chance to talk to her at any length. "Your husband," he said. "What does he think of this equal rights for women stuff?"

Laura glanced at him sharply. "I don't see where that's any of your business, Mr. Fellows."

"Didn't mean any offense."

She hesitated a second, then said proudly, "Cal believes in the movement as much as I do. He's contributed more than half a million dollars to my organization."

"If I were married to a woman like you, I'd want her right at home, not shooting all over the country making speeches and carrying a picket sign."

"Were you ever married?" she asked unexpectedly.

"Yeah," he said with a low laugh. "Until five years ago. I got fed up with the way she tried to boss me around."

"Perhaps she just wanted to be treated as a human being," Laura Benning said sarcastically.

"I treated her like a human being until she started trying to turn me into a robot. Couldn't stand my line of work. 'Tinkering with hot rods like a teen-ager,' she used to gripe. 'Why don't you get a grown man's job?' Instead I got me a grown man's divorce."

It was nearly noon when they reached the top of the steep hills. From the peak they could see a winding downhill road, bordered by a deep gorge. Concrete guard posts jutted up like tombstones every 10 feet. "The next 20 miles are the roughest stretch, Fellows said. "I'll drive, since it's the first time. You concentrate on memorizing the tough turns."

Laura nodded. Fellows noted with satisfaction that her blue eyes had widened with surprise when she first glimpsed the tortuous curves below. Obviously, she hadn't expected anything this perilous. However, her expression was now as calm as ever. "Let's go," she said.

Suppressing a sour grin, Jake Fellows hit the gas. Within 10 seconds he had the sports car up to 80 miles per hour, took the first curve with screeching tires, kicking up a cloud of dust that rasped their lungs like powdered asphalt. Laura gasped but didn't cry out as he gunned the engine after hitting the straightaway. The speedometer needle moved past 100, kept climbing. He glanced over, saw with satisfaction that Laura's white knuckled hand was tightly clutching the top of her door. Her features were still composed. But he knew they wouldn't be for long. They topped a brief rise, roared down a 40 degree grade like a runaway roller coaster. The speedometer edged past 120. To the left, the bottom of the chasm was little more than a gray blur, broken suddenly by the rusting, crumpled wreck of a car that had gone over years before. It looked, from this height, like a child's discarded toy. The sharp downgrade ended in an S-curve, which Fellows took without slowing. Coming out of it, Laura uttered her first real sound. It wasn't quite a scream—just the beginning of one. The road ahead had been half-blocked by a rock fall. Now Laura's scream was the real thing. Fellows couldn't hit the brakes. If he did, they'd skid off the road for sure. Or plow into the sheer rock wall on their right. Either meant certain death. With Laura's terrified shriek resounding in his ears, he swerved to the left, heading for the narrow strip of open roadway. A hairy ball of fear formed in Fellows' chest as they raced past the rockslide. The car's left wheels came within inches of the precipice, sending gravel and loose dirt rattling into the gorge. Then they were past the slide, on clear road.

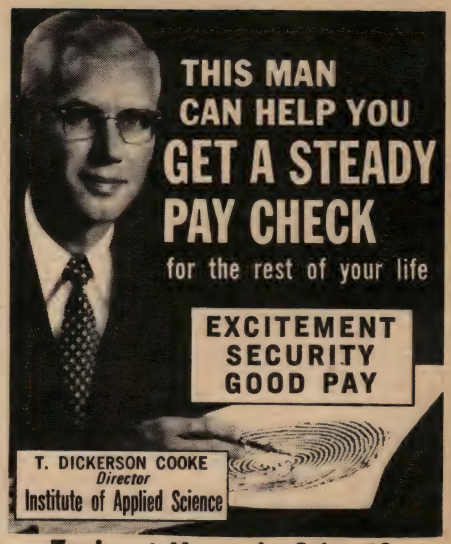
"Stop!" Laura cried. "Stop the car!"

Instead, Fellows pressed down harder on the accelerator. Laura threw her hands over her face, cowered in the bucket seat as they continued their suicidal downhill run.

Five minutes later the car whipped around the last curve on to flat ground. Fellows drove into a grove of cottonwoods with a small stream running past it. He hit the brakes, skidded to a stop far inside the grove. It took him seconds to release his grip on the wheel. Every inch of his body was bathed in sweat. He turned toward Laura Benning.

"I didn't think it would be like that," she said in a quavering voice, lowering her hands. "I didn't think anything would be like that!" Her eyes were wide and glazed, her skin, as pale and translucent as a shock victim's. Every trace of arrogance had left her delicate features. At last, Jake Fellows sensed, she was vulnerable, pretenses stripped away.

He reached out and stroked her windblown blond hair, the way he might comfort a frightened animal. She offered no resistance as he pulled her to him, brought his mouth down on her's. Her lips parted and he tasted the moist warmth of her tongue. He led her out of the car, lifted her trembling body in his arms, carried her deeper into the cottonwoods, placed her on the ground. She lay there with her eyes closed as he reclined beside her, his calloused hands rolling up her T-shirt until it had bunched beneath



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her armpits. Her large but astonishingly erect breasts were even more beautiful than he had imagined. He studied them for a moment before kissing her tiny pink nipples. As they stiffened beneath his hungry lips, he felt her hand stroke the back of his head. His questing mouth went lower, savoring the smooth, sweet flesh of her belly. She moaned in anticipation when his fingers unfastened the top clasp on her blue jeans.

At first he made love to her gently. And then he realized she didn't want it that way. "Come on, come on, come on," she pleaded, her hands desperately digging into the small of his back. Even when he was lunging into her body with brutal force, she cried over and over again, "Come on, come on." Her thrashing shoulders and hips gave him the same message, goading him to wilder efforts. At the instant of release, her legs and arms coiled around him until the full weight of his heavy, muscular body was pressing her into the dusty ground. . .

"I WON'T see you after today," she said as Fellows drove back to the garage. There was no anger in her voice.

"You liked it. Needed it. I could tell."

A trace of tears appeared in her eyes. "Yes. There hasn't been anything physical between me and my husband in years. Almost since the beginning. But he's been good to me in other ways."

"How many ways are there?"

"You know what I mean. He's backed me completely in the equal rights movement, even when he knew his friends were making fun of him behind his back. I'd never feel right betraying him."

Fellows caressed the back of her neck, felt the muscles tighten under his fingers. "The damage is done now."

"Not really. This was . . . special. I hardly knew what I was doing. I was too confused after that crazy drive."

Suddenly Fellows experienced a mild surge of guilt. Not for making love to her but for the means he had used to break down her defenses. But he couldn't bring himself to tell her the whole truth.

Luckily, no one was around when they drove into the garage. Laura giggled a little when she glanced down at her dirt-stained T-shirt. The unmistakable, greasy imprint of a large masculine hand covered her swelling right breast. "Is there any place I can wash this?" she said. "I'd feel funny walking into the house. To put it mildly."

"I have an apartment over the garage."

While Laura was upstairs, Fellows broodingly worked on the Ferrari's carburetor, making final adjustments on the air intake. He heard her footsteps on the stairs, looked up as she descended. He laughed when he saw that she was wearing nothing above her waist except a brightly colored tie, which was draped around her neck. "All I could find," she said. "My T-shirt ought to be dry soon. I put it on a window sill."

"Come back tomorrow," he said. It was close to a plea.

Before she could reply, they heard the sound of a car engine. Laura ran back up the stairs. The intruder was a regular customer, who wanted a tune-up on his Jaguar XKE. "Can't do it now," Fellows told the man.

"But I called yesterday, made an appointment!"

"Something came up," Fellows said.

After the angry customer's departure, he waited for Laura to come down again. When she didn't, he went upstairs. The first thing he saw in the living room was her bluejeans, discarded on the sofa. He stared at them, puzzled. Why would she have taken them off? They hadn't been soiled. Then, understanding, he opened the bedroom door. Laura, the tie still draped around her neck, sat on the edge of his bed. "Stand up," he ordered. She obeyed. "Take everything off, including the tie." Once again she obeyed without saying a word.

She remained silent, her face impassive, while he undressed. This time he lay down first. She knelt beside him, lowered her head to kiss the hard muscles of his chest. "I'll do it," she murmured softly. "Let me." And he felt her weight upon him. He reached up with both hands and clutched her swaying breasts. His hands opened and closed in counterpoint to the movement of her hips. Then, after a moment of slow, exquisite pleasure, he realized that it wasn't enough. "This isn't how you like it," he growled. "Not really." Without breaking the rhythm of their lovemaking, he eased her on to her back, was rewarded with a grateful cry after his first, savage thrust. It went on and on till they both lay back, exhausted but content.

"You're right," she said later. "There are a few things men do better . . ."

It was almost five when they went down to the garage. "You'll be back tomorrow?" he said as she slid behind the Ferrari's wheel.

"I'm not sure," she said. "I have to think about it."

LATER, he was certain she would have come. Not that he could ever prove it, of course. Less than an hour after her departure, the phone rang. He lifted the receiver, heard Laura's voice, shaking with anger. "You bastard," she said. "Oh, you bastard!"

"What's the matter?" He asked, puzzled by the abrupt change in her manner.

"It came in today's mail. The official pamphlet on the Gold Cup race. There was a map of the route. The whole route! And it didn't go anywhere near that insane road we drove down today. Where were we?"

"The old Kiplinger silver mind road," he admitted. "The state condemned it ten years ago. They said it was too dangerous for automobiles."

"You bastard." She said it over and over again, hissing the words out.

"How many other guys you know would risk falling into a thousand foot deep gorge just to put you in a loving mood?" he asked. He never knew whether she heard him or not. The phone on the other end was slammed down before he could finish.

Jake Fellows didn't see Laura again until the day of the Gold Cup race. He was standing next to the starter when she wheeled the Ferrari up to the white line. Their eyes met. At first her expression was glacial. Then, almost involuntarily, a slight smile broke on her lips. She waved to him tentatively, just as the starter fired his pistol. Fellows watched until the Ferrari was out of sight, then walked back to his jeep and drove home. He didn't have to wait for the results of the race.

Jake found out later that Laura Benning had lost the race. She probably would have won, he thought, if he hadn't awakened the female in her—that had cut down on her drive to be the winner over all men.

Jake grinned. He wasn't sorry that Laura had lost. He figured she would be visiting his garage again—with or without her Ferrari.

And Jake Fellows would be ready —with whatever tool was necessary for servicing. ●●●

NEW SEX

Continued from page 29

to find them the best table in the house, and sent them a couple of brandies after dinner with his compliments. It was very impressive and Barbara had no way of knowing Mike had carefully arranged it ahead of time. At no time did he come on strong with the sex pitch.

When they got to her apartment later on, Barbara said, "My roommate is away for the weekend. Come in and have a drink." Mike stepped inside, closed the door behind him and Barbara was standing there in front of him, inviting him to her. He pulled her to him, his lips hard on hers, his hands caressing her body. And then they were in Barbara's bed without even bothering with their drinks.

Mike may not have been consciously aware of it, but he was employing what has been called the "Change of Pace Principle" by two doctors who recently formulated it. This new approach to personal and sexual satisfaction is the result of many years of study by Dr. Eric H. Belldwin, an American who heads the Institute of Human Behavioral Studies, and his associate, Dr. Par Laargforst, a Swedish specialist in sexual behavior. After years of research, their studies will be published in a book, *The Change of Pace Principle and Sexual Enjoyment*, late next year in Sweden. American publication hasn't been scheduled yet.

CHANGE of pace means just that. If a woman is accustomed to being treated with so much extreme consideration and respect by men that she's become bored by it all—if she's tired of being put on a pedestal by the men in her life—then she is probably ripe for the rough, caveman approach. That doesn't mean dragging her around by her hair into your bed, but it does mean being more blunt in your pitch—more earthy, more direct and to the point. The chances are she's just about had it with the soft approach used by the other guys, and the change of pace will end her boredom and stimulate some excitement, which is presumably what you're trying to do.

Listen to the tape-recorded statement—confession, almost—of one woman the doctors interviewed during their survey, when they were still grasping for a handle to the problem of male-female relationships. The woman was 22 at the time, a very attractive blonde school teacher the doctors call Joan Greeson. Joan teaches kindergarten and, several nights a week, doubles as a cashier in a diner. She's in constant contact with male customers, and many of them ask her for dates. Says Joan: "I'll accept a date with a customer pretty often. If the guy has a smooth line, seems to be my type, isn't a motorcycle character on one hand or a sissy kind on the other, I'll go out with him.

"But I've found that most of them are pretty boring. They all have such a similar quality, almost like they've been stamped from a machine. They take you out, they treat you like a lady, they're kind and considerate and so damned dull. Then at the end of the night they take you home and practically beg you to go to bed with them.

"What these men are doing mostly is talking, and sizing me up. They try to find out what I'm like, and they try to let me know what they're like, but they hardly ever look at my breasts or my legs because they don't want to appear to be coming on too strong. They're playing it cool. They act like real gentlemen. And they're real dull.

"But every once in a while the guy I'm dating will be different. Instead of all the preliminaries he's letting me know that he considers me beautiful and desirable and that he wants to go to bed with me. It's a chemistry. He takes chances. Dancing, he'll hold me close and let me feel that I'm exciting him. I mean, feel it right through the clothes. He'll play with my hair and let me know my hair turns him on. He'll caress my neck as we sit there talking or listening to the music and he knows by my reaction that I like it. He's not a boor, not a slob, but he comes on strong and he excites me by it. He'll look at my body and my face in open admiration, not sneaky little looks and then try to hide it.

"He's saying, 'Let's go to bed, baby,' but he's saying it with his actions. And that turns me on.

"That's the kind of man I end up having sexual relations with, because that type is a *man.*"

Adds Dr. Belldwin: "The men who succeed with Joan Greeson are practicing the Change of Pace Principle. They succeed because their approach differs from that employed by most men in the early stages of a relationship—and *it is the early stages of a relationship that in most cases determines a man's success with a woman.* The important thing is that the male's approach does not fall into the expected pattern. It is a change, a refreshing change, and the women respond to it quite strongly. They don't want brutality, but neither do they want such a great amount of consideration that masculinity seems to be lost."

It's quite likely, according to the Institute's scientists, that the men who score most often are those who realize that a great many women are stimulated not by subtle approaches and smooth lines that have become almost a script, but by forceful and direct approaches. At the same time, these men are also *able to switch their approaches* when they meet girls whom they are able to recognize as just the opposite: girls who have been involved with the more direct kind of guy. With this kind of woman, it is often the very soft approach that is the most effective.

THE doctor and his colleagues at the Institute have found that the most distressing fact of life that hits a great number of married people after living together a few years is boredom. They settle down into a groove, into sex patterns that become nothing more than habit, and boredom creeps into the bedroom.

A man who uses the Change of Pace Principle can rekindle the sexual spark in his wife, even drive her to heights of sexual feeling she may never have known were in her—and at the same time get himself turned on all over again by whatever his wife had that turned him on in the first place. And anything that increase your woman's pleasure in the sexual act is going to kindle a passion in her which will heighten your own pleasure considerably. Send her temperature climbing and you'll catch the fever too—you'll be flying like you've never thought possible!

"There are many hundreds of possible ways of employing the principle to beneficial use," Dr. Belldwin explains. "But, basically in the area of sex conduct, it comes down to five general rules. These

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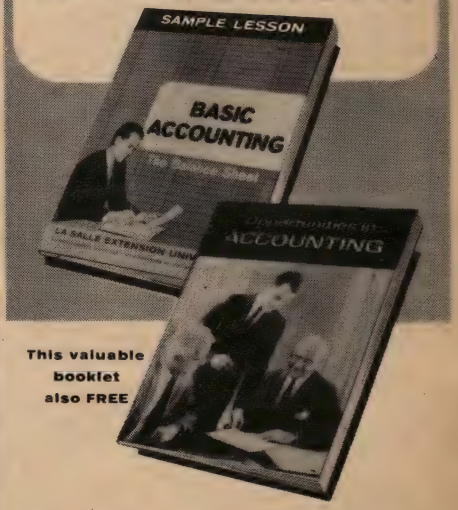

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"Five. Learning to physically stimulate your mate in a wide variety of ways before the actual sex act, and teaching your mate to stimulate you in a variety of ways instead of just going at it without preliminaries."

Dr. Belldwin tells about one man whose marriage was going stale and who came to the Institute for advice. Bob and Janet had been married only five years, were still this side of 30, but they were beginning to feel like old tired-out people.

"My wife just isn't interested in sex anymore," Bob complained to Dr. Belldwin. "She's not frigid or anything. It's just that too many times when we get into bed at night and I try to make love to her she says she's tired, or not feeling well, or something. She has some excuse not to have sex. I don't know what the hell to do about it."

Dr. Belldwin gently questioned Bob and learned that practically since they were first married his approach to his wife was to make a grab for her several times a week, when they were getting into bed at night. Always in the bedroom. Never anywhere else.

"What do you want me to do?" Bob asked. "We're married now, and we have a bed we can legally use. We don't have to neck in the car the way we used to."

"Exactly," Dr. Belldwin said. "That's exactly what you should be doing. That change of pace could start it happening all over again."

Dr. Belldwin then explained the Change of Pace Principle and told Bob how he could use it to revitalize his marriage. In an interview that was tape recorded months later, Bob described how he used only one part of the Principle—change of locale—and what it did for his life:

"We went to visit friends the next Saturday night," Bob said. "We sat around with them, drinking, a little dancing, just having some fun. Then we drove home. We have a little house out in a suburban part of town. The garage isn't attached, it's kind of at the front of the house and I knew the baby-sitter was probably in the back room either sleeping or watching TV and wouldn't know we drove up. I had deliberately left the garage door open so we could drive right in. I shut the engine, shut the lights, and then I wouldn't let Janet out of the car.

"Well, before we knew it I had her blouse and bra off and was kissing her breasts and I knew from the way her nipples got hard that she was getting excited. I persuaded her to get in the back seat. I closed the garage door and locked it from the inside, and we made love in the back of the car. It was just the greatest. We had a feeling of doing something different, and maybe even a little illegal—we could almost pretend we were in a lovers' lane making out in the back seat—and Janet responded to me almost the best since our honeymoon."

From that point on, Bob said, he always tried to vary the locale of their sexual exploits now and then. One night that they went out they had his parents come in to baby sit. The parents had a small apartment in the city and the two couples swapped homes for the night, Bob and Janet staying at his parent's place. Another time on a Friday night, Bob called Janet at home and told her he was going to work a little late. "Get a baby-sitter and come into town," he told her. "We'll have a hamburger and see a movie." And that's what they did. But when the show was over and they were driving home, Bob took a little detour. He drove into a motel. He had rented a room there earlier in the day. He had a bottle of wine chilling in a bucket, and he romanced his wife as if he was on a date making out with a new chick.

"We spent a couple of hours in there, drinking and making love. Then we drove home and after I got rid of the baby-sitter we made love again. That's the first time we made it twice in a night since our first year together.

"I can't tell you how great the change has been, doctor. It's almost like we're two new people, learning about each other all over again. Janet is as anxious for sex as I am. She keeps thinking up new ways of making it great and exciting, and she's got me all stirred up. That's what the change of pace did for us."

"Varying the locale of the sex act is one of the most important ways of keeping a sexual relationship alive and vital," Dr. Belldwin says. "But probably just as important is to bring timing under the Change of Pace Principle. Probably the most down-dragging thing that happens to a man and woman after a couple of years of marriage is the habit of having sex at the same time, like always at night, before going to sleep. Any pattern that never waries can quickly kill a marriage."

ONE man who took part in the doctor's study is an auto mechanic, working for a large service station in Cleveland. He had gone to his family doctor to complain that he wasn't happy with his sexual performance, or his wife's. After 12 years of marriage, not yet 35, he wasn't having sexual relations more than once a week. And even that was a chore. The family doctor sent him to Dr. Belldwin.

John, as we'll call him, admitted that the only time he tried to have intercourse with his wife was at night, after the kids went to bed and the house was quiet. "What can I do?" John asked. Dr. Belldwin suggested he try the Change of Pace Principle.

"The thing to do is try to make sex the exciting game it used to be. Figure out a way to get rid of the kids on Sunday afternoon, take the phone off the hook, lock the doors, and seduce your wife. Go in late once in a while and spend a couple of hours romancing her in the morning."

That's exactly what John did. The shop needed an early man to come in and open up at 7 am, which was John's job, and it needed a late man to close up around 9 pm. John simply worked out a deal with the late guy to swap shifts a couple of days a week. That way he was home for a couple of hours in the morning after the kids went off to school. He'd never tell his wife exactly when he was planning to go in to work late and the variation started to build a delicious expectation in both of them—an excitement they hadn't felt in years.

"We also worked out arrangements to get rid of the kids for a couple of hours on Sundays without letting the kids realize it," John told the doctor later. "My brother lives a couple of miles from us and has kids the same age as mine, and we take turns getting the kids together at one of our places. When it's my brother's turn to have the kids, my wife and I spend the time just playing around, getting to enjoy each other all over again. Once we de-

cided to take a bath together, like I heard they do in Japan. It was a little tight in the tub, but we both managed to fit in. First Ruth soaped my body, then I soaped hers. After that we were playing games in the tub, like little kids. You know . . . throwing suds at one another, splashing water all over the place. After that I almost had to fight her off. I didn't know she had so much desire in her. That day was the best we'd ever had. And it continues to be as good every time."

THE thing about women that a lot of men seem to forget after they marry is that women need romance as much as they need physical sex. That's one place where a man can start in his campaign to revitalize his sex life, to make sex enjoyable again.

Take Helen and George, who were in their late 20s. They had been married four years and they felt tied down by their two small children because they seldom got a chance to go out anywhere. The romance had gone out of their lives.

Dr. Belldwin explained his Change of Pace Principle and then told them, "I think what is most important for you is to reestablish a romantic mood. That means occasionally getting completely away from all the ordinary, everyday problems such as housework and the babies and your troubles with your boss."

George put the suggestions into action grew up and still live near the New Jersey shore and have always been with boats. George borrowed his brother's small cabin cruiser. He got a baby sitter. He mixed a pitcher of cocktails, brought along a portable radio, and he and Helen went out boating after dark, when there was nobody out on the bay.

There are a couple of islands in the bay and George knew just the one he wanted. It was a couple of acres square, mostly high sand dunes covered with marsh grass. He pulled the boat up on the beach and he and Helen swam a little, drank, listened to the music, and went swimming again. Nude, this time. They played in the water like a couple of kids just learning what it was all about, and then rushed back to the blanket and fell into each other's arms, their bodies pulsating with the need for each other.

"I could never describe that night in words," Helen later told Dr. Belldwin. "All I can tell you is that I had the most earth-shaking sex I've ever had in my life. George and I just made love out there practically all night long. And since that night we've been experimenting with all kinds of sexual techniques. Things I would never have done before. But it's all become so damned exciting that we get carried away and just make love to each other in every possible way there is—our mouths, our hands, all the things we'd always been up tight about because we didn't think nice people did those things. Well, you get caught up wanting a guy and you'll do anything in the world to make him happy. And he'll do the same for you. That's the way it's been with us since that first night. George has become such a great lover, and he says I have, too. I'm just busting to tell the whole world about it."

Helen's guarded references to sexual experimentation takes us into an area that Dr. Belldwin feels is of critical importance in every marriage. The fact is that many couples have sex in the one most popular position—face to face, man on top of woman—and it creates a boredom that can be just as intense as the boredom that comes from any other thing in life that is repetitive and mechanical.

YEARS ago many doctors and authorities condemned any experimentation that smacked of "perversion" because it was felt to be immoral and destructive. In recent years, however, it has been recognized that sex desires are so natural, such an important part of our lives, that the only good reason for restriction in sexual practices or if they become both physical enjoyment physically or mentally harmful. That is, anything goes as long as you both experience pleasure and not a negative feeling.

Dr. Belldwin added in an interview: "If your wife wants to experiment sexually don't make her feel guilty about it. And if you want to introduce a change, don't just suddenly try to get your wife to go along. Convince her first that anything goes in sex, that it's all good. Go slow. Make her want to experiment with you. What we do mean is that every couple should realize there is more than one way to make love—that man-above-woman isn't written into any law or bible.

"For example if you have always made love in the conventional position, try swinging over so that your wife gets on top of you sometimes. In that position a man exerts great pressure against the woman. Some couples feel there is something inherently wrong in this position, because with the woman on top it may give a feeling that she is the dominant partner and the man the passive one. Again there's nothing wrong with this or anything else you may try as long as you both enjoy it.

"Experiment with other positions. For example, you and your wife could lie sideways, face to face. If she places one of her legs over your hips that will make it easy for sex. The advantage of such a position is that it permits the man to caress the woman's breasts with greater ease.

THE thing to remember about these and many other possible positions is that each change in posture produces changes in stimulation, bringing variety. That's what the Change of Pace Principle is all about."

Dr. Belldwin also applies his change of pace principle to the sexual foreplay that should come before intercourse. A considerable amount of play is needed by most women. And that doesn't mean hopping into bed at 11 or midnight and on signal, beginning. The foreplay should start *before* you're ready for bed. And it should be varied. If you're in the habit of kissing your wife on the lips a couple of times, fondling her breasts while you do so and then quickly kissing her breasts to arouse her, and you repeat this time after time, you're getting into a sexual rut. Try kissing the back of her neck, possibly, working to the small of her back. Stroke her thighs to get her worked up. And when she has been aroused, continue to arouse her. Try to get her even more heavily stimulated with the foreplay so that by the time you are ready she's been teased to a high pitch of desire. It takes some control but it's really worth the effort.

Find out what kind of stimulation your wife wants most. Ask her, if you have to. And experiment. Make it clear that you want to give all possible enjoyment because that's going to make it all the more enjoyable for you.

"The possibilities are endless," Dr. Belldwin says, "A man who experiments with sexual variations is likely to find that his mate will respond to a great number of them. Each will be a special delight, and each can become part of a wide variety that can be used at different times to change the pace of experience." ●●●

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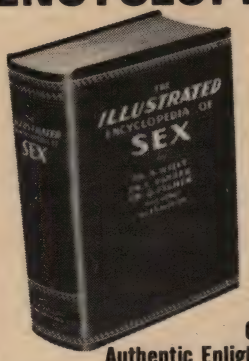

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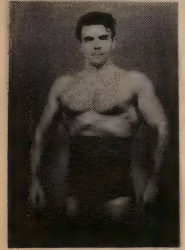

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MONSTER LEOPARD

Continued from page 23

buffalo, elephant, rhino, lion, and leopard—the picture changes.

Seeking out a black rhino, Cape buffalo, or elephant presents no major difficulties, except in regions where they have been hunted to near-extinction. These are all animals of the wooded savannah rather than equatorial forest—the only true "jungle"—and they are all large, even cumbersome creatures who cannot hide themselves except in the very thickest bush, handicapped by the very bulk which seems to be an asset. The buffalo stays closer to cover than either rhino or elephant, but the hunters often spot his presence by the circling flight of egrets, or "cattle herons," overhead.

THE hunter, or more often the hunting party, can spot any of these enormous targets from a distance and take a more or less studied shot. If the first bullet fails to hit a vital spot and the wounded quarry charges, there is nearly always time for another shot if not a whole salvo. If the wounded animal retreats, attempting to take cover, the hunter who follows him into the bush (and this rough job is usually left to professionals) again has the advantage of stalking a heavily built animal who cannot easily conceal himself and who cannot move as silently as the soft-padded lion or leopard.

Considering this shared handicap, I have to relegate the three giant herbivores to the bottom rungs of my reluctant Big Five. The black rhino, addlepated and terribly nearsighted, is a poor fifth; the Cape Buffalo, wary and equipped with superior physical senses, is a much more dangerous fourth. The elephant, despite his poor vision and the huge target he presents, displays such shrewd intelligence when hunted, combined with such a versatile array of lethal weapons—massive head, trunk, tusks, and great trampling feet—that he makes a very strong third. But any hunter so inept that he cannot stop the charge with his .450- to .600-caliber elephant gun fully deserves his fate; he might just as well have started an argument with a locomotive while standing on the railroad tracks.

The lion, also restricted to the savannahs, I rank second. Intelligent like the elephant and equipped with superior senses like the buffalo, he has the added virtue of being designed for a hunting, not a browsing or a grazing life. Speedier and far more agile, he presents a smaller target when goaded into charging, and if the first bullet doesn't stop him, the clumsy hunter often has no time to fire again; he may be knocked unconscious as the lion lands and badly mauled or killed before his hunting companions can get off another shot. But the lion has a fatal flaw: lazy and overconfident, he lolls about on the open savannah, watching distant hunters complacently and allowing them to make an easy approach. This not only keeps him from assuming top rank in the hunters' Big Five, but has led to his extermination over vast stretches of land.

The Number One animal commits no tactical errors, has no physical handicaps of any kind, and never permits a man or beast to approach him—he does the approaching himself. Ranging from tree-clad savannah to deep equatorial forest, Chui follows the same elusive pattern of life in both: prowling in his fanatically cautious way during the night, he kills his prey, dines, hangs the ravaged carcass high in a tree, and holes up for the daylight hours in heavy cover—rockpile, cave, or the most impenetrable thornbush thicket he can find. If the cover is less dense than he prefers, his lithe body with its camouflaging spotted coat can be tucked away almost invisibly in places where a housecat seemingly couldn't hide. He climbs trees with more agility than Tarzan and takes to the water readily, sometimes hiding out on wooded islands in the larger rivers or lakes.

If the hunter spots the leopard's tree-hung kill or stumbles across his freshly made spoor and tries to track it, he usually finds nothing. The hunter then departs, deciding that Chui has abandoned the neighborhood. Meanwhile, Chui himself has probably been observing the hunter with casual contempt. He rarely bothers to attack—why should he? If he has seen and heard a gun before, he knows its ominous possibilities. If not, he still distrusts the situation; rifle-bearing white men are neither his customary prey nor a part of his customary landscape. Their appearance, scent, clothing, equipment, and even the way they move are all novel, suspect, and, in the mind of this supremely clever cat, potentially dangerous. He doesn't believe in taking unnecessary chances, so he will either watch from hiding or make a quick, unobtrusive departure.

Sometimes, very rarely, he will hunt the hunter. Such a highly unusual course of action can be expected only from a leopard partially crippled by an old bullet wound or nearly senile with advancing age, and in either case unable to prey on swifter, more alert quarry.

Considering the leopard's stealthy and largely nocturnal habits, deliberate or organized leopard hunts are just about impossible, either in Africa or India. But strictly to satisfy their clients' insatiable desire to get a leopard, professional hunters often stage a sorry little farce that has neither dignity nor danger. They take an antelope or zebra quarter, hang it in a tree for bait, and build a *boma*, or hunting blind, at a safe distance. Sometimes, as a variant, they stake out a goat or dog on the ground. If the leopard rises to the bait toward sunset, as he often will, he can be picked off by the hunters' telescopic-sight rifles with no risk at all to their concealed persons. Somehow or other they manage to call it sport.

Such a baited "leopard hunt" from a concealed blind was featured on the documentary television series *American Sportsman*. Movie actor John Saxon played the role of intrepid amateur hunter, crouching in the *boma* with his guide, squinting through his scope, and getting off a killing shot; but like most novices in Africa, he let the hunting talk convince hir that the leopard hunt was for real.

Critic Cleveland Amory commented in *TV Guide* on the spectacle of what he called "white hunters in living color":

. . . one thing is easy, and that is picking the *worst* show on the air. To me, beyond question, beyond argument, beyond even the faintest shadow of a doubt, it is an appalling apparition entitled *The American Sportsman* . . . a show which every week assassinates grizzly bears, leopards, elephants, rhinos, and other animals in danger of extinction. If the men who run ABC themselves find enjoyment in such "sport," it is sad news. But it is their private business. When they inflict it on the public, however, under the guise of "sportsmanship," it is the public's business and an outrage. . . .

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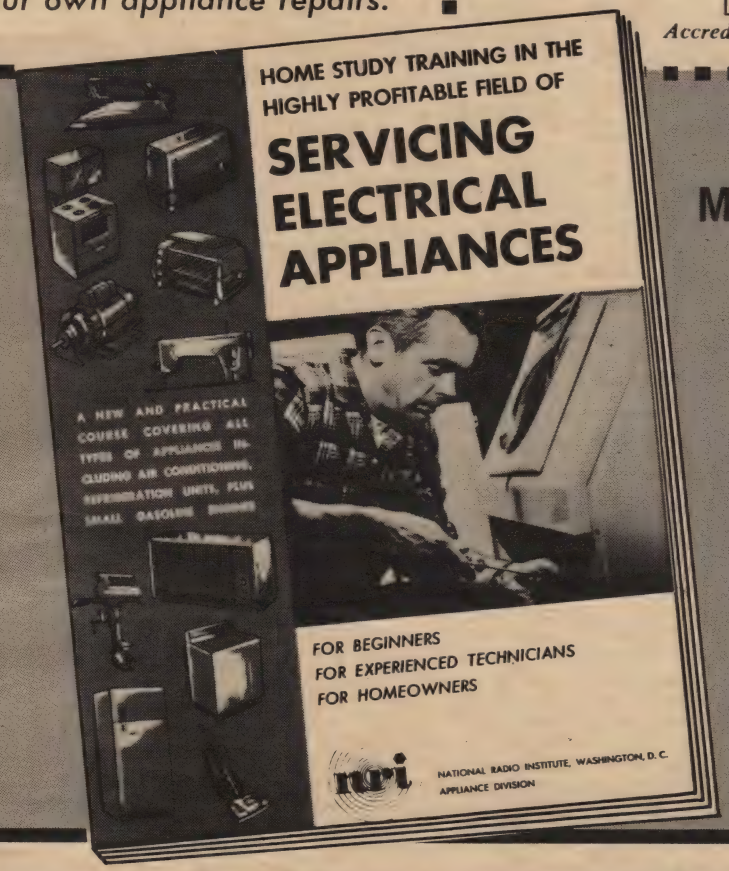
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That old saw about the thrill of the chase fell rather flat when the so-called chasers sit in hiding. But the underlying motive of these staged leopard hunts is not merely a false sense of danger or excitement; it is, as with most amateur hunting in Africa, the avid quest for trophies. The gullible tourist, bent on preserving and publicizing the memory of his African triumphs, needs tangible proof to bolster his hunting and social status. So, to immortalize his victories over the other members of the Big Five, taxidermists will transform elephant feet into trash baskets or bar stools, rhino feet into ashtrays, and Cape buffaloes or lions into mounted heads. Chui's head is also mounted, complete with glass eyes and plastic tongue, gums, and palate, but unlike the other Big Fivesters he bears as well a beautiful spotted pelt.

What happens to that pelt has been described by Vernon Bartlett in his poem "The Leopard Coats," which originally appeared in the *New Statesman:*

Once in a moment of great
generosity
God has shown to me
A leopard running free,
How, from that moment, could
he expect of me
Born without his tolerance,
calmly to see
All those women, those bloody
awful women,
Dressed up in leopard skins
and sitting down to tea?

Most of the skins that go into leopard coats, hats, and other accessories are not obtained, however, by the staged antics of White Hunters and their clients. Only a limited number of licenses to shoot leopards are issued, so the deficit must be remedied by middlemen who purchase pelts for a pittance from Africa's own native poachers. The poachers, long ago corrupted by the far-spreading influence of the safari racket, lay wire slip-noose snares that may sentence trapped leopards or other animals to days of agony before the poacher comes to finish them off. Smuggled out of Africa, often via Somalia, the pelts are sold to Western markets at an enormous markup.

Those who provide the skins, and those who hunt Chui for a nonexistent thrill, are the only animals who ever prey on full-grown leopards, although allegedly cowardly hyenas will sometimes run far more risk to snatch a straying cub. Yet compared to other animals, Chui seldom falls prey to man; he hangs on where lions and every other kind of large game have been blasted off the map. If present-day game slaughters continue, the leopard will soon give the final proof of his supremacy: he will be the last surviving member of the Big Five.

With African natives, who are more familiar and predictable from his point of view, Chui grows more daring. Prowling round the fringes of their villages, he will pick off stray goats, pigs, and dogs, snatch up a wandering baby or, much more rarely, kill and haul away a careless woman. Yet he will almost always hesitate and turn aside before attacking a full-grown man, even a poorly armed or unarmed native.

The fact that Chui takes so very few human victims is partially explained, once again, by his caution. But I have always felt that leopards and the other predatory cats actually have little liking for our human flesh and prefer almost any other kind of meat. For obvious reasons I have never been able to make actual experiments, but theoretical confirmation recently came from the very highest authority. Dr. Louis S. B. Leakey, the world-famed anthropologist who first unearthed many of our fossilized ancestors in East Africa's Olduvai Gorge, has suggested that both human body odor and taste are highly offensive to the great cats, unlike the more pleasingly scented flesh of baboons. He mentioned also that chimpanzees are preyed upon only rarely, since they are far more manlike than baboonlike in their anatomy, physiology, and aroma. Conceivably, man's evolution and survival in the prehistoric world may have depended, to some extent, on his unsavory reputation.

So far as I know, the leopard's character and style are consciously recognized and countered by only one of the varied peoples who live in the Congo's leopard-teeming Ituri Forest—the Bambuti Pygmies, who are not a Negro tribe but a separate and distinct human race. Nomadic in their ways, they have no fixed villages, but when they spot a leopard prowling near a temporary encampment, they stand fast and frighten him off, shouting and twanging their bowstrings. If a single Pygmy is moving through fairly dense brush and suddenly comes upon a leopard, he brandishes his little three-foot hunting bow, shouting loudly, *"Odu, ogu muradi!"*—"Get out of my way, Grandfather!" Startled and perturbed, the leopard flees. The cocky Pygmy goes his own way, sometimes later claiming that he made the leopard "put his tail between his legs like a dog."

While living with a Pygmy band in the Ebuya sector of the forest, I gave the old Bambuti slogan a try. I had been gathering mushrooms with the women when I strayed into a small clearing, eyes searching the ground. Suddenly sensing an alien gaze, I looked up and saw a full-grown leopard crouching on the mossy ground some twenty-five feet away, and staring at me with an expression of avid curiosity. Living in the deep forest as he did, he had probably never seen a white man; but I wasn't carrying anything that might be interpreted as a weapon, only a basket of mushrooms, and I wore familiar Pygmy garb, a beaten-bark loincloth. Perhaps the poor animal was trying to decide just what I was.

Playing my Pygmy role to the hilt, I stepped forward saying, *"Odu, ogu muradi!"* "Grandfather" coughed a harsh, grunting cough, but he didn't look very worried or bother to put his three-foot tail between his legs. He simply stared a little harder. I didn't feel like switching tactics so I switched to another language, learned during a recent year-long visit to the United States. "GRANDPA!" I thundered. "GET LOST!"

The leopard turned and vanished into the bush. They almost always do. So does every so-called dangerous predator when confronted and outfaced, but given a chance to retreat. Yet people—perhaps from watching too many televised "jungle" films on Sunday afternoon—still believe that animals leap out of the bush, one after another, to attack passing humans. They will probably continue to believe it, even though the myth had been debunked many times, and perhaps most notably by the outstanding naturalist and writer, Ivan Sanderson. As Sanderson wittily summed up in his *Book of Great Jungles:*

TO all of these creatures I simply said something like "Boo!" in a very loud and peremptory manner and they shoved off at the double. . . . As a matter of fact, after nearly forty years of meandering about jungles under the most vulnerable conditions . . . I have yet to be actually jumped by anything larger than an ant.

Chui watches for signs of weakness and although he seldom attacks, fright or panic can provoke him into more aggressive behavior.

A leopard panic, racing through an entire file of Banande porters, led to the closest call I ever had with any free-living Africa animal. It happened shortly before I went to live with the Pygmies, in the Watalinga bush country between the Semliki River and the northwestern edge of the Ruwenzori Mastiff—the famed "Mountains of the Moon." My sixteen-man caravan was winding its way along a narrow trail leading through heavy brush toward the village of Muregeta. Our *kapita,* or head man, was in the lead, chopping away with his machete at the overgrown foliage, while I brought up the rear. It was a quiet, even banal on-safari scene; then it suddenly dissolved into hysterical chaos.

The second porter, near the column's head, had spotted a large leopard crouching on a tree branch. The cat was well concealed, but as leopards sometimes do he had let his tail dangle beneath him. Predictably, the porter shrieked, dropped his load, turned and tried to run away. The other porters and the *kapita* either bolted into the bush or shinnied up into the trees. Meanwhile, the leopard had sprung on the second porter from the rear, hurling him forward onto his face and belly. By the time I raced up the trail and reached them, the great cat had torn the shrieking man's shoulders, calves, and thighs, but hadn't gone for the neck.

Weaponless and one-handed as I was, I couldn't force myself to stand by and do nothing while a man died. So foolishly or not, I did the only thing that seemed feasible: I attacked the leopard, leopard-style, from the rear. As I jumped onto his back, he tried to turn and we rolled sideways, freeing the porter who staggered bloodily into the bush.

Taking advantage of the leopard's initial surprise, I passed my arms under his forequarters from behind, partially dislocating his shoulders and forcing the upper end of each humerus into the side of his neck. The stump of my right forearm was long enough to hook around his right front leg, and I locked the hold by gripping my right elbow with my hand. Simultaneously, I scissored his hind legs with my own, forcing them stiffly and widely apart.

The leopard writhed and heaved, coughing and choking but he was now completely spread-eagled. So was I. Mounted on his back like the proverbial man who rides the tiger, all I could do was hang on as he rolled me over and over on the trail and in the brush. For although I outweighed him by a factor of two to one, he tossed my 250 pounds about as though I were a mere toy.

"Kisu! Kisu!" I shouted to my scattered porters. "A knife! A knife!"

But the leopard panic had done its work well: none of the terrified porters would leave their stations in the treetops of the bush, either to aid directly or even to throw me a knife. In fact, not one of them tried to help for twenty agonizing, nightmarish minutes while I fought what was literally a holding battle. Then, as I approached the end of my endurance, the *kapita* got up enough courage to come within a hundred feet and throw me a huge, very clumsy knife with a foot-long blade.

It landed twenty feet away.

While the pair of us kept rolling over and over, I managed to wrestle the leopard toward the knife. As we got within reach, I released his left foreleg and pin-

ned it under his body with a sudden shift of my weight. That enabled me, momentarily, to snatch at the knife with my hand while I kept his forequarters pinned with my truncated right arm. I barely caught the tip of the blade, shifted my grip to the hilt, and clutching the unwieldy knife, managed to regain my original hold. Now, still rolling with the leopard, I tried to stab him through the heart.

The knife slipped, and I nearly lost it. The great cat leaped in my arms, and it was only by a terrible effort that I prevented him from breaking loose. I tried again, but the leopard suddenly writhed to the side and I just missed stabbing myself in the chest—I could feel the cold metal of the huge blade slide across my ribs. On my next attempt, I turned sideways, forcing the knife into his chest. The one-foot blade sank almost to the hilt, but he fought for another three or four minutes before he died.

The leopard that I fought hand-to-paw, giving him a one-paw advantage, was an unwounded 120-pound male, in the prime of life and apparently healthy. I found no old scars on his body, so it must have been extreme hunger that drove him, despite all gourmet prejudice, to take advantage of the porters' panic.

Had he broken free at any time, the story might have had a more picturesque ending. He would have mauled and killed me within minutes; then he would have dragged the 250-pound cadaver into a dense thicket and torn out the entrails and buried them. Starting at the face and working his way down, he would have eaten rather daintily—unlike the lion who ploughs into the hindquarters and works his way up. Once he had polished off the nose, tongue, ears, heart, liver, and lungs, plush a quantity of skin anf flesh, he would have hauled the remainder aloft and stuffed it into a tree crotch. Considering my size it wouldn't have been an easy job, but leopards have been known to carry fully three times their own weight into the trees, even baby giraffes weighing over 300 pounds. Night after night, he would visit and revisit his aerial larder, relishing the stock of meat more keenly as it putrefied and grew tender, for leopards and lions alike adore carrion and will eat it just as readily as will any ill-reputed hyena, vulture, or crocodile. They will, in fact, take carrion away from hyenas whenever they get a chance. Of all the great African cats only the cheetah dislikes putrefying meat and seldom returns to a kill.

IN Central Africa, where accurate records are extremely difficult to keep, individual leopards have made twenty or thirty kills in one village, preying for the most part upon children. In India, where more detailed reports are available, the man-eating leopards of Bhagalpur took an estimated 350 human lives over a period of three years, from 1959 to 1962, while desperate government officials used tear-gas bombs and dynamite on any suspected lairs.

While frightful, the danger in Bhagalpur hardly compared to the reign of terror conducted by a *single* leopard, probably the most notorious and widely-feared animal in all of human history: the great man-eating leopard of Rudraprayag, shot and killed on May 2, 1926, after a ten-week stalk by the late Colonel Jim Corbett, who had pursued it off and on for two years.

Clearly identifiable by his distinctive pug marks, the Rudraprayag leopard roamed over five hundred square miles in the Kashmir region of northern India, killing at least 125 human beings and sometimes hauling their bodies distances of up to four miles. Four thousand persons in the area held officially licensed guns; three hundred more took out special licenses, hoping to collect the huge government-offered reward; soldiers of the Garhwal regiments tried to track him down; government officials poisoned his kills whenever they could find the bodies; villagers tried to capture him, erecting baited drop-door traps; and European sportsmen hunted him with skill, experience, and the finest modern weapons. But the Rudraprayag leopard defied them all, ruling for *eight* years.

When Colonel Corbett finally caught up with him, shooting him in the shoulder from a goat-baited *machan*, or hunting blind, this arch killer and tyrant-king of all past or present cats was revealed to be a large and very aged male, his teeth brown and broken, his tongue and mouth black in color—perhaps from ingested poison he had survived—and his left hindfoot mutilated by an old bullet wound.

Commented Colonel Corbett himself, writing in his classic book, *The Man-Eating Leopard of Rudraprayag:*

Here was only an old leopard, who differed from others of his kind in that his muzzle was gray and his lips lacked whiskers; the best-hated and the most-feared animal in all India, whose only crime—not against the laws of nature, but against the laws of man—was that he had shed human blood, with no object of terrorizing man, but only in order that he might live. . . .

Ironically, in light of those words, humans have themselves invoked the leopard's name and aura so that they might terrorize and take human life. I refer to Africa's notorious Leopard Man secret societies, especially the Congo's still-active *Anyoto* which was nearly extirpated by the former colonial government and then revived by Ituri Forest tribes after the Congo received its independence.

One of the worst *Anyoto* outbursts occurred in 1934, west of Lake Edward on the Ituri's eastern fringe, centering around Beni, a small town where I spent the first six years of my childhood and later worked among the Banande tribe and the Bambuti Pygmies. Here the Leopard Men murdered forty-two natives in three months, far outdoing the Rudraprayag leopard who had averaged only fifteen victims per year. Since their methods and weapons were patterned after those of their namesake, it was often difficult to determine whether deaths had actually been caused by a leopard or a man.

Describing those methods, I wrote in *Congo Kitabu:*

The *Anyoto* masqueraded grotesquely in bark-cloth tunics and hoods marked with black spots and rings to resemble a leopard's skin. The tail of a real leopard dangled from the human leopard's rear, attached to a belt which held other important accessories: a small earthenware pot, a stick carved in the shape of a leopard's paw, and a very sharp knife. He blew into the pot to mimic the leopard's muffled snarl, he pressed the stick into the soft earth surrounding his victim's body to copy the animal's spoor and he used the knife to sever his prey's carotid arteries. The final and the most characteristic tool was an iron bracelet equipped with four dangling knives: when his hand was extended, the blades were concealed under his palm, but when he made a fist they jutted out between his clenched fingers—like a leopard's claws.

The *Anyoto* hunted at dusk, prowling the forest paths or picking off victims at the edges of plantations and villages. Like their animal prototypes, they rarely attempted to kill strong young men who could fight for their lives. Instead, they hunted old men, children and especially women, and often, as an initiation requirement, they murdered their own close relatives. Like the leopard, the *Anyoto* attacked from the rear, slashing their prey with incredible fury. But then they usually gave themselves away . . . they cut off their female victim's breasts.

Sometimes the severed breasts were taken to the local *Anyoto* leader as proof of successful murder; sometimes they were eaten. As a final touch, the Leopard Men often tore the eyes out of their kill for use in making *dawa* or ritual medicine; they were simmered in a pot containing the claw-knives, and the *Anyoto* drank the resulting mess, convinced that the grisly procedure gave them the power to see in the dark. Then daylight came, and like the werewolves of European legend, the Leopard Men went calmly about—smiling, polite, even friendly.

Nearly twenty years after the mass killings at Beni, I talked with several Babali tribesmen jailed for complicity in another wave of Leopard Men murders. Aside from their pique at having been caught, none of them manifested the slightest itch of conscience. One, a man accused of killing his own sister, mutilating and partially eating her body, explained, "If everyone thinks a leopard did it, the cat is the guilty one and not the man."

As a man-eater, it seems that Chui has a lot to learn.

IN his book, *In Brightest Africa,* Carl Akeley remarked:

While the lion is usually satisfied with giving his victim a knock-out blow or bite, the buffalo, when once on the trail of man, will not only persist in his efforts to find him but, when he has once come up with him, will not leave while there is a vestige of life remaining in the victim. . . .

A hunter I met once told me of an experience he had with a buffalo which shows in rather a terrible way these characteristics of the animal. He and a companion wounded a buffalo and followed it into the long grass. It was lurking where they did not expect it and with a sudden charge it was upon them before they had a chance to shoot. The buffalo knocked down the man who told me the story and then rushed after his companion. The first victim managed to climb a tree although without his gun. By that time the other man was dead. But the buffalo was not satisfied. For two hours he stamped and tossed the remains while the wounded man in the tree sat helplessly watching. When the buffalo left, my informant told me, the only evidence of his friend was the trampled place on the ground where the tragedy had taken place. There is nothing in Africa more vindictive than this.

If Carl Akeley, a top-ranking naturalist and the conservationist largely responsible for the founding of the Congo's national parks, could condemn as vindictive any animal that had been attacked, wounded, and pursued, what can we expect from ordinary men?

Professional hunters usually agree that the Cape buffalo, called Mbogo in Swahili, is Africa's most dangerous animal, Number One killer of that infamous killer syndicate, the Big Five. As reason they usually cite the fact that he will attack unprovoked—while he is being stalked rather than shot at—and that he is vindictive—fighting on when wounded until horns and hoofs have cut, trampled, and ground his blundering opponent into

earth-colored tapioca.

Amateur hunters parrot that judgment while vying with each other to display the most impressive buffalo trophies, most of them shot by the White Hunter after his client's panic-stricken bullets wounded or even missed the huge target. Sometimes in their fevered urge to show their prowess with "Number One," they don't even bother to go through the motions. Alexander Lake reported in *Killers in Africa:*

If you want to make a nice piece of change get yourself a buffalo head with horns fifty-seven or more inches in spread. There are always a hundred or so phony sportsmen hanging around bars of Nairobi and Johannesburg who will pay you one thousand dollars for record buff horns. Last I heard, the record was fifty-six-and-one-half inches. Those wealthy bar-fly sportsmen really pay for trophies that prove them mighty hunters."

The general public, dazzled and misled by hunters' legends, puts absolute credence in Mbogo's bad reputation, but almost always calls this alleged arch killer "the water buffalo," confusing him with India's good-natured, even friendly beast of burden. The only real water buffalo in Africa are former Indian animals exported to the Nile Valley, where they pull ploughs or toil at irrigation ditches and wells. But the public can't be blamed, not with movies and television constantly spreading the error, both on the screen and by their advertising and promotion. Even some of the better films faithfully follow suit, as evidenced by a wildly distributed brochure publicizing *Hatari!* It contains a photo of a handsome Cape buffalo captioned by the painfully familiar words, "Water buffalo, one of the most dangerous animals in Africa . . ."

Surrounded as he is by hunting and Hollywood folktales, Mbogo's character and habits have been libeled to the point where his image—to borrow a public relations term—now resembles that of an animal Al Capone dedicated to a life of massacre and murder.

In game preserves and national parks throughout Central, East, and South Africa, the confident Cape buffaloes spend their daylight hours grazing on open savannah and wallowing blissfully in mudholes or swimming in rivers and lakes—as fond of water as the true water buffalo. Although their vision, hearing, and sense of smell are all extremely keen, they disregard or blandly tolerate any humans who watch them.

A week or even a few days of persecution may convert the placid buffalo of unhunted territory into the short-tempered vigilant, and even aggressive warrior. Yet most of them—like "fighting" bulls in a bull ring, goaded on by the torturing pain of *banderillas*—have to be provoked, and provoked persistently, before they will attack armed hunters.

Buffalo attacks without apparent provocation may be made by an aging so-called rogue, hunted before and justly fearing or hating all humans; by a cow cut off from her calf, who will charge through hell itself to reach the frightened baby; by a diseased animal, maddened by rinderpest but still strong enough to move; or by any buffalo suffering from old wounds, whether caused by lions' jaws, white men's bullets, native arrow-points and spear-points, or the nails, stones, and other trash that natives cram into their antique muzzle-loading guns.

The herd itself will never charge at humans, or at anything else. Their only violent group reaction, often from a trivial cause, will be a wild stampede *away* from actual or fancied danger.

Alone, on foot and quite unarmed, I have charged at herds of more than a hundred Cape buffaloes, stampeding them in the opposite direction. When I suddenly bolted forward, shouting "Boo! Get lost!" or its Swahili equivalent *"Toka!,"* a hundred tons or so of startled bovine herd prudently, or so they thought, decamped. Once, when a large herd stampeded *toward* me—probably panicked by a prowling lion—there was far more danger. Had I tried to run away across that stretch of open savannah near Rutshuru, south of the Albert National Park's Rwindi Plains, I certainly would have been overtaken, trampled, and crushed beneath four or five hundred thundering hoofs—buffaloes can travel at a speed of thirty-five miles per hour versus twenty for the fastest man alive (which I am not). So instead of taking suicidal flight, I waited quietly for the oncoming herd with arms outstretched, trying to look like a new species of baobab tree.

Fleeing as they were from some kind of danger, there was no good reason for the panic-stricken animals to waste their time investigating an immobile object that presented no real menace, even a bearded, very phony-looking tree. The buffalo stampede split into two, streaming by on either side of me. There was a great deal of noise and dust, plus a strong, sweet, bovine scent, far more powerful than that of native cattle—but that was all.

That Mbogo can be tamed, trained, and actually domesticated is beyond doubt. At the Albert National Park's Rwindi Plains and other game preserves, formerly elusive buffalo herds became fairly tolerant of men and rather placid in their ways after the first ten or twenty years of absolute protection. Individual animals, when caught young and treated with some kindliness and patience, are no more dangerous than common cattle, who must, after all, be handled with respect. When abused, either in the barnyard or the bull ring, cows and bulls have both gored and trampled men.

I had such a tame buffalo of my own, purchased at the tender age of eight or nine days from a native hunter who had shot its mother, and I kept that small Mbogo at my private game preserve near Mugwata, in the Congo's Kivu province, some twenty miles or so from the border of Rwanda. He was a little shy at first but soon became as affable as any Hereford calf, friendly with his native keepers, and forever nudging at my rear to beg for the coarse salt I kept in a back pocket. His nudges grew a little trying as he got bigger, but he never showed a trace of bad temper. Then, when he was barely half-grown, he charged playfully toward a passing Bahunde native. The man threw his spear—although my young Mbogo was confined within a kraal—ripping open the buffalo's big flaplike ear. From that time on, although he still trusted his keepers and played with me like a friendly dog, he charged furiously at any unfamiliar native who came near him.

If the Black Africans, who have never made a systematic effort to domesticate their animals, can show some patience, understanding, and good will, they can live in peaceful partnership with the Cape buffalo. He is really more cow than killer—even his Swahili name, Mbogo, sounds like a deep, plaintive moo—and his needs are very simple: good pasturage, plenty of water to splash in, and above all, decent treatment from his human neighbors. Up to now he has received the opposite from black and white alike.

THERE is an animal who laughs, weeps, gets drunk, plays practical jokes, falls in love, gets married, goes on honeymoons, doses himself with laxatives, poultices his wounds, pulls his aching teeth, and sometimes earns his living as lumberman, teamster, builder, postman, hunter, soldier, actor, acrobat, or even clever smuggler.

Although he is not a man, he is recognized and treated as another kind of human being throughout India, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, and the other countries of the Orient. India's Brahmans even believe that the *hathi,* as they call him, prays at dawn and sunset when he stands in silence watching the sky with contemplative devotion. Buddhists and other Asiatics agree that this unique animal has a primitive religion of his own and thus treat him with respect and reverence. But in Africa, where he is often called Tembo—a Swahili name that sounds like a vast, throbbing drumbeat—he is simply *nyama,* or "meat," to the hunting natives and "the big tusker" or "ivory" to the hunting whites.

To explain this discrepancy, people usually maintain that African elephants cannot be tamed. The Indian elephant is docile and intelligent, they say, but they call the African species a fierce, unapproachable, untrainable, or even murderous beast. This cherished view of our Western civilization merely holds the mirror up to man: the history of human-Tembo relations demonstrates with stark clarity how this "untrainable" animal has, for more than five thousand years, behaved *exactly as we have taught him to behave.*

Back in 3500 B.C., the highly civilized Egyptians, history's first and ablest animal-teachers, trained African elephants as riding mounts and servants. Between the second and third centuries B.C., the Carthaginians trained African elephants for war (including Hannibal's famed thirty-seven-elephant corps that marched to the distant Alps and waiting Rome), armoring them with iron plates, loading their backs with javelin-throwing soldiers, and marching them to battle. A few hundred years later, the dissolute Imperial Romans trained African elephants as gladiators, acrobats, tightrope-walkers, or even burlesque comedians who acted out suggestive charades and lumbered through obscene Pyrrhic dances. During modern times, gourmet-minded seventeenth-century Frenchmen trained their country's first African elephant, at the Versailles menagerie, to dip its bread in soup and drink twelve pints of wine per day; respectable-minded nineteenth-century Englishmen trained their own country's first African elephant, the beloved Jumbo, to eat currant buns and carry frolicking children on his back; and practical-minded twentieth-century Belgians trained the Congo's bush elephants to haul logs or pull a plow.

Beginning in 1899, as a pet project of Belgium's King Leopold II, elephant-training stations were established at Kira Vunga, Api, Gangala na Bodio, and Epulu in the northeast Congo's elephant-rich Ituri Forest. Top-notch *cornacs*—experienced Indian mahouts or trainers—were imported to educate the first animals and, hopefully, to impart the secrets of their art to crews of Congolese natives.

The art requires more patience than many African novices could muster: Indian *cornacs* used the elephant-goad *(hawkus)* to tap their charges lightly as a signal or to make gestures, but they never really struck a blow. Using force to discipline any animal, they well knew, leads

that animal sooner or later to use his own and often greater force to discipline the trainer. The graves of six native student trainers at the Api station are mute testimony to the folly of trying to beat or bully an animal who outweighs a man seventy to one. But some Congolese persisted, learning to respect their elephant partners and continuing the Indian *cornacs'* methods and traditions until the last days of the former Belgian Congo.

To capture a few promising young Tembos, herds were stampeded by firing shots into the air. Four- or five-year-old calves were then roped or netted, brought to the station, tethered to trees, and accustomed to the sight, sound, smell, and manners of men over a ten-month taming period: their *cornacs* talked to them, sang traditional Hindu songs, and plied them with sugar cane, sweet potatoes, pineapples, and bananas while bathing, brushing, or rubbing them down.

The songs were all-important. Emotional as they are, elephants show extreme sensitivity to music. Circus elephants still display the same reactions as the first elephants tested during recent ages—Hans and Parkie, a young couple brought to Paris' *Jardin des Plantes* in 1798, who swayed in time to marches, trumpeted excitedly when trumpets blew, and showed their wonderful discernment by falling asleep during symphonies (even as I do). Many elephants reach a state resembling true hypnotic trance when soothing music is played; martial airs, on the other hand, were probably of prime importance in training elephants for war.

Asiatic elephants have, of course, enjoyed a broader professional range: they work as postal messengers, carrying a human mailman and some five hundred pounds of mail; perform as hunting steeds, bearing howdahs full of sportsmen in India's famed *shikars*—elaborate staged hunts almost as phony as present East African safaris; or dabble in the ancient art of smuggling like some Siamese elephants who, laden with leather pouches full of countraband, have sneaked across the border into Cambodia, guided by whistled signals from their distant keepers. Albino Asiatics, such as the famed white elephants of Thailand, can even play the role of earthly god. In the past they were suckled by human wet-nurses, massaged with priceless oils, regaled with jessamine-flavored drinks, crowned with diadems of beaten gold, ringed with gold around the tusks, hung with golden chains around the neck, robed in purple velvet fringed with gold and scarlet, and sheltered from the sun by gold and crimson umbrellas. Recently, they have been provided with special trains, shower-baths, and electric fans—which they probably enjoyed much more.

BEFORE Arabs and Europeans arrived, the natives had little interest in the elephant's tusks. Only a few tribes, such as the eastern Congo's Balega, took the trouble to carve some of their best masks and figurines from the very tough but durable ivory; most craftsmen preferred easily whittle but quickly decaying wood. Tusks were sometimes used to prop up the sagging roof of a hut or to build ornamental stockades, and the Pygmies employed small ivory mallets to beat out tree bark for their loinclothes. But there was plenty of "dead ivory" lying around in the bush—tusks from elephants who had died naturally—so the living animals weren't hunted for such trivial purposes. Sometimes natives made an effort to trap or hunt elephants who raided their fields and banana groves but, for the most part, they looked at the elephant and saw a walking mountain of meat.

Most native trappers relied on huge pitfalls, fourteen feet deep and covered with light wood, reeds, and grass, which they dug along the paths leading to the elephants' watering places. The pits had smoothly sloping sides tapering down to a very narrow bottom so that the trapped elephant's legs were pinned together, making it very difficult for him to move. Since he was helpless when the trappers came, they butchered him with spears, hatchets, and machetes, hacking off meat without first bothering to kill him.

In East Africa the Wakamba and Wanderobo tribes set harpoon traps over the elephant paths. Iron spears were set in twelve-foot logs, weighing in all some four hundred pounds, and the whole contraption was raised to a height of twenty feet. When the elephant brushed against the triggering device—a liana or a light bar of wood—the weighted harpoon was supposed to plummet downward into his neck and sever the spinal cord. More often it struck a glancing blow, permitting him to escape and either die slowly or recover.

Hunting, if you can call it that, was usually practiced by the most barbaric method known to man—the ring of fire. Between rainy seasons, when the twelve-foot-tall *matete*, or "elephant grass," is tinder-dry, savannah-dwelling tribesmen used to set a flaming circle up to two miles in diameter around an unsuspecting elephant herd. Detecting the distant smoke with their extremely keen sense of smell, the elephants often managed to escape but were sometimes trapped within the closing ring. Many were burned to death in the roaring flames or asphyxiated by the suffocating smoke. Others, driven by desperation, charged through the fire. Half-charred and blinded, they were easy prey for waiting hordes of spearmen. Those who burst through at unguarded points along the flaming circle met a far more tragic fate: with most of the thick hide burned away from their bodies, they were sentenced to slow agony. Sometimes natives heard them in the nearby bush, groaning and sobbing day and night until they died.

TO the north, Abyssinians and half-breed Arabs of the White Nile hunted on horseback, armed with huge broadswords. Three or four mounted hunters cut an elephant out of the herd and ran him down until he stopped, ready to charge. As he tried to attack the main body of hunters at the front, a single man attacked him from the rear, leaping from his horse and trying to hamstring the animal by slashing his Achilles' tendon. When successful, this maneuver left the elephant virtually helpless. Tembo was what is literally an Achilles' heel: due to his anatomical construction and his pacing gait, an elephant with one disabled leg cannot walk at all. It was now an easy task to slash the arteries and tendons of his other leg and to stand by, watching, while he bled to death.

"I just found a strange man in my bedroom closet,... send up some ice."

To the south, in Mashonaland, hamstringing hunters went on foot, stalking sleeping elephants with broad-bladed axes. But in Equatorial Africa, where the hunter's traditional weapon is either a spear or bow, hamstringing was never practiced.

In *Congo Kitabu* I described a Pygmy elephant hunt in full detail—the only such hunt, to my knowledge, that has ever been witnessed from start to finish by a white man. Keeping up with the agile Pygmies, who can pass swiftly and silently through the most tangled bush, was the major problem during the four or five hours that they tracked the elephant down. Then, as they prepared for the final stalk, they masked their human odor by smearing themselves from head to foot with the elephant's fresh droppings; I too was given a liberal coating of the sticky dung, which wasn't particularly pleasant.

During that slow, silent stalk, the twelve Pygmy hunters moved in crescent formation through the dense bush, closing from the rear on the unsuspecting elephant—an old bull with small tusks who was browsing on an uprooted mimosa tree. The lead hunter, whom the Pygmies call the *tebe*, detached himself from the center of the crescent and covered the final fifty or sixty feet alone. At the very last, when the *tebe* crept up behind him as soundless as a Red Indian, the elephant somehow took alarm and started to turn. Simultaneously the Pygmy heaved his spear into the elephant's bladder.

Shrieking with rage and pain, the elephant whipped around, thrusting with his tusks. The *tebe* leaped to the side and four Pygmies rushed forward, sinking their own spears into the animal's belly and flanks; seconds later, the main body of hunters closed in like a swarm of angry bees. The elephant stampeded through the undergrowth, lashing from side to side with trunk and tusks. Caught up in the passion of the kill, the hunters followed, hurling spear after spear. Soon the elephant found it almost impossible to move; with every step protruding spear-shafts caught on bushes or trees, twisting the weapons in his entrails. Agonized and utterly confused, he stood for a moment, motionless. Then a Pygmy hurled his spear into the upper part of the elephant's sensitive trunk.

He tried to lunge forward but the spear-butts slowed him down, permitting the Pygmy to escape. Meanwhile the hunters, now weaponless, pulled at the loops of bowel hanging from his belly. He fell to his knees, convulsed with maniacal spasms; his legs flailed, his bowels emptied, he rolled over onto his side, and his great head rose and smashed to the ground. Then, thank God, he died.

For once, none of the hunters had been killed or seriously wounded, so all twelve of them performed the Pygmies' traditional victory dance around the mountainous corpse. They danced for over an hour, piping a shrill tuneless song on their wooden hunting whistles as they circled, stamping their feet around the dead elephant or marched in single file on

top of the carcass, leaving bloody little footprints from the croup to the head. Then the dancing stopped. The Negro masters had arrived, at least a hundred of them, bringing empty wicker baskets to carry away the meat.

The Negro chief gave a signal. The intrepid Pygmy who had acted as the lead hunter climbed to the top of the elephant's bloated belly and plunged in his spear. Stomach juices spurted out in a six-foot geyser, driven by pressure of the methane gas that had been building up in the dead elephant's intestines. Then the Pygmies gathered up the spears they had used for the hunt and returned them to the Negro masters. The Negroes doled out a dozen machetes. When the work was finished, they too would have to be returned.

The Pygmies carved a huge hole and two of them walked into the elephant's belly, hacking as they went. Others crouched on the flanks, carving off chunks of meat and heaving them toward the waiting baskets. A seemingly endless file of Negroes carried away basket after dripping basket. Chief and tribal dignitaries would share the prized trunk, heart, and liver, but all would eat ten or even twelve pounds of meat before they slept, perhaps for an entire day. The twelve hunters who had killed the elephant received a spindly stalk of bananas, a big pot of beer, and some pieces of skin which could be boiled for soup. That was the Pygmies' share.

Despite the agony they brought to individual elephants, none of the native hunters and trappers made a substantial dent in the elephant population. Their methods, from pits and snares to Pygmy spear hunts, took tremendous time and effort and yielded as their prize a single elephant. The only real exception—ringing an entire herd with fire—was a sporadically held affair which the smoke-sniffing elephants often managed to evade.

The real carnage started at the beginning of the nineteenth century when Arabs and the Arab-Negro half-breeds called "Swahilis" began moving westward from Zanzibar and other coastal strongholds. They came in search of ivory—white ivory torn from Tembo's jaws and "black ivory" (slaves) to carry the tusks back to the coast, then to be sold in the slave markets. The search for ivory continued into our current civilization as an all consuming way of life for millions of money-hungry poachers as well as the great white hunter seeking wealth and prestige.

NOTHING but an utterly deranged physiology could ever inspire an elephant to turn man-eater, but it has actually happened—not in Africa but in Zurich, Switzerland. The incident was described by W. K. Teppler of Des Moines, Iowa, in a letter published in a national magazine.

"Chang, a pampered 8-year-old bull, was punished for unruliness by being deprived of his daily walk through the zoo and confined to the elephant pit. To console her favorite zoo animal, a young office girl left her home after dinner one night with bread for Chang and did not return. In the morning, keepers found blood on the pit floor and, among the straw, a human hand and a toe. That Chang had eaten the missing girl was established by evacuation of her undigested clothes, hat, and handbag. Chang was saved from immediate execution by the pleading of his keeper and kept in chains, but three years later he seized the keeper, battered him to death against the bars, and was dispatched with four bullets in his brain—the first and only elephant ever known to have turned carnivorous."

Though none have ever paralleled the Zurich elephant's behavior, bull elephants in captivity suffer from a strange periodic derangement that is known as musth. Two small glands, located just beneath slits in the skin of the temples midway between the eye and the ear, swell and become inflamed; they ooze slowly and stain the face with a dark tarry secretion. The affected animal's behavior may be either manic or morose; he may attempt to rape a female elephant, but he may also try to gore her with his tusks, or he may run amok and trample everything in his path, even his beloved keeper, until the madness subsides. A few females have also shown the same peculiar symptoms.

No one really understands the full implications of musth, but one thing appears to be clear: free-living elephants show the same periodic tarry secretions from their temporal glands, but rarely become disturbed or mentally unbalanced. There is something in their natural environment or way of life that keeps them on an even keel.

Because of musth, bull elephants are rarely kept in zoos or circuses, and that creates a physiological problem for the cows. They rarely have a chance to mate, and when they do mate, under unnatural conditions, they almost never calve. As with childless women who are more prone to uterine cancer and other diseases, barren cow elephants may be susceptible to as yet undiagnosed physical disturbances. Psychological troubles probably follow, especially in zoos of the older type where these intelligent creatures are kept in dismal little enclosures with nothing to do and nothing to amuse them. They may even die of loneliness and frustrated boredom.

The most vital part of Tembo's anatomy is his trunk. If an elephant should lose the lower half of his trunk, as sometimes happens after wounds and infections, he can still breathe through the stump and drink by entering a river or lake and immersing himself up to the jaws. But there is no way that he can gather food and bring it to his mouth: he cannot use the mouth itself to clip foliage or grass, for it is set too far behind the tusks and the massive base of the trunk. In this predicament all he can do, theoretically, is starve to death.

I SAY "theoretically" because I once saw, at the Queen Elizabeth National Park in Uganda, a free-living, perfectly healthy, and even well-fed elephant without a trunk. I had been sitting behind the wheel of my pickup truck, watching a small herd of elephants move through heavy bush about a hundred yards away. There were seven of them, and they seemed like any other elephants until one of the bulls emerged from a thicket of false bamboo, only to vanish at once into another. I gaped in startled disbelief at the living paradox that I had seen; then I jumped out of the pickup to follow the elephants on foot.

As I sneaked from bush to bush pursuing the slowly moving herd, I managed to get a good look at my quarry. His trunk ended in a huge scar just below tusk level: he had probably been stabbed through the trunk while fighting with a rival bull and, following severe infection, the lower part had sloughed away. The scar appeared to be several years old, but the elephant was still very much around.

There was only one logical explanation I could think of, but I had to trail the herd for nearly two hours before they finally confirmed it. As they settled down to browse in a thicket of mimosa, I watched the trunkless elephant stand idly while the herd tore at the trees, gathering twigs and leaves. None of them ate so much as a single leaf but moved instead toward their handicapped companion, bearing bundles of food, as they must have done for several years. He opened his mouth expectantly. Eager to feed him first, two of the elephants jostled each other. The rest waited their turns patiently. In all, they brought their trunkless welfare case so much food that he hardly had time to chew it; he gulped furiously for a while, then closed his mouth tight and shook his head from side to side, rejecting any more leafy bundles. Only then did the other elephants move away and at last start to feed themselves.

When a young elephant gets into real trouble, the entire herd may try to rescue him. A very old Pygmy told me of such an incident which he had witnessed some twenty or thirty years before. He had been hunting near the south bank of the Ituri River when he spied and shot with bow and arrow a little potto who was walking along the high branch of a tree adjoining an elephant trail. The tiny lemur—a monkey-relative who looks like a goggle-eyed teddy-bear—didn't fall downward; it clung to the branch with all of its dying force, as pottos often do, in a grip that has to be unlocked after death. The Pygmy shinnied up the tree and was crawling cautiously along the branch toward the potto's body when he heard a distant crackling in the brush. A small herd of elephants was coming down the trail toward the river. Since the brush was rather light, they weren't traveling in single file along the trail but ambling on either side and snacking as they went.

THE Pygmy saw their broad backs through intervening foliage as they came toward his tree; then there was a sudden sharp explosion of breaking branches and shrill terrified squealing. A young elephant—probably four or five years old from the size of him—had fallen into a pit dug by Bambuba Negroes a week before. The Bambuba had attempted to drive another herd toward the pit, as the Pygmy explained, but their beaters hadn't managed to steer the elephants toward the easily broken cover of light branches and leaves sprinkled with elephant dung. Now, perhaps because the underlying smell of man had fully worn away, the pit had claimed a victim.

Hearing the young elephant's anguished cries, the entire herd rushed toward the pit. He lay at the bottom, squirming helplessly among the broken branches which had fallen with him. He kept crying piteously, and the sound of it drove the other elephants into paroxysms of emotion-charged action. Two cows and a young bull circled through the underbrush, screaming with rage as they smashed at shrubs and small trees. They were trying to frighten away any men who might be lurking in the area, and letting off a lot of steam while doing it. None of them scented the watching Pygmy; clinging to his branch, potto in hand, he was too far overhead.

Another pair of cows, supervised by an old bull who watched them as he rumbled to himself, started to work at one side of the pit, gouging the edge with their tusks and pushing loosened soil inward with their feet. As they worked, they made little throaty sounds to soothe the whimpering captive, but from time to time their indignation toward the pit and its builders burst out in trumpeting shrieks. The young elephant screamed with them, growing hysterical as dirt rained down

upon his head. Gouging and pushing repeatedly, the two cows were soon joined by the three elephants who had beaten through the bush, and all of them worked together until they had built a crude earthen ramp leading upward from the slope-walled pit. Then they pulled at the captive's trunk with their own, while the old bull prodded with his long tusks at the youngster's rear. Sobbing and shaking, the terrified youngster half-walked and was half-carried upwards. Then, according to my Pygmy informant, "all the *uku* stood around and talked about it for a long time before they left."

Such an incident might appear unbelievable, but only to those who aren't familiar with elephants in action. That same intelligence, lively emotion, and ability to cooperate, among themselves or with men, has been demonstrated time and again under widely differing circumstances. Free-living, completely untutored Tembos also build dams, displaying an engineering know-how which is paralleled by that of trained elephants who clearly understand the mechanical principle of the ramp or inclined plane: working with very little human supervision, they haul logs to a slide, carefully position each log at the top, push with their forefeet, then watch with obvious satisfaction as the logs plummet toward the water. Elephant engineers have employed another and even more remarkable approach to a mechanical problem when trapped in mud or quicksand. They have actually taken wide planks, thrown to them by watching humans, and escaped by building a catwalk, moving planks from rear to front as they progressed forward.

Beyond understanding the problem involved, which is astonishing in itself, such a feat requires presence of mind and physical coordination, both traits which indicate high-level intelligence. Circus elephants, trained to perform tricks that free-living elephants would never dream of, show even more impressive coordination for creatures of so vast a bulk: they have been taught to walk on their hind or front legs, to walk atop rows of wooden milk bottles or along heavy-duty tightropes, to stand on their heads, to balance on a single forefoot atop a revolving ball, even to play cricket and ride bicycles. Some of them learn a trick very quickly, others slowly, and others cannot master certain tricks at all—they are individuals, with differing mental, emotional, and physical capacities.

DURING the first days of the Congo's newly granted freedom more than a thousand elephants were slaughtered in the Albert National Park alone. Buffaloes, antelopes, and hippos died with them, massacred in such incredible numbers that vulture and hyena scavengers couldn't keep up with the corpses. After thirty-five years of complete protection, the animals had forgotten the very meaning of guns. They watched, trustingly, as hordes of native poachers came to shoot them for their tusks, meat, or horns. Mutinous soldiers of the Congolese army joined in the carnage Some of them, as one mutineer informed me, machine-gunned elephants or blew them up with hand grenades, "just for the fun of it."

Late in July, after three weeks of the Congo's new freedom to kill, I drove through the Albert National Park, where even rocks and plants had been protected, as in America's own national parks, along with the animals. It was a welter of decomposing corpses. At one point close to the road, in the Rwindi sector, there were six bloated elephant cadavers within two hundred yards: their tusks had been chopped off with an axe and the ivory stubs jutted bleakly out of their fly-covered jaws. Even adolescent cows, whose stubby tusks couldn't have weighed more than ten pounds apiece, had been slain and mutilated.

At Rutshuru, south of the park, a native poacher tried to "make a deal" with me for a huge quantity of ivory. Half of his roadside hut was stacked with it, all fresh tusks from the past three weeks. Trying to get official action, I went to the territorial headquarters of Rutshuru, where I talked with the new native administrator. He was well dressed and well educated, speaking fluent French, but in my opinion he was less civilized than the two unpretentious *cornacs* from the Ituri Forest.

"A new Congo is emerging," he explained, "and its people's needs are more important than the needs of wild animals. You tell me sentimental stories about murdered elephants, but I am more concerned with what their meat and tusks mean to my people. If men sell ivory, it is because they need other things more badly. And if hungry Congolese kill and eat elephants, well-fed Europeans are mere hypocrites to rebuke them for it."

"What will you people eat," I asked, "when the elephants are gone? And the buffaloes? And the antelopes?"

"That will never happen," he replied, smiling. "Who can count the elephants of the forest or the antelope of the savannah?"

Who could have counted the far more numerous bison who roamed North America's prairies, an estimated sixty million, who teetered on the edge of extinction after being slaughtered for a scant twenty-five years?

Other Congolese and East African administrators share the same naive belief that there can never be an end to nature's bounty. Looking for quick, short-term income, they have opened up one game preserve after another, luring American tourists with ads that promise "guaranteed kills." Some officials take an even more naive view. I was stunned to learn of plans to "increase production and the national income," proposed in Uganda's Legislative Council by the Uganda *Argus:* "One of his schemes for increasing production was to scrap the Game Department and shoot off all wild animals outside the National Parks. 'If you are short of money just shoot off all the elephants and sell the tusks,' he said."

The *Argus* also noted:

> Prices at yesterday's Mombasa ivory auction are believed to be the lowest for more than ten years. After the sale merchants gave two reasons—the huge amount of Congo ivory which is flooding into East Africa, and the partial closure of one of the world's biggest markets through stringent import restrictions imposed by the Indian Government. One merchant revealed that at least 200,000 pounds of Congo ivory is stored in private go-downs in Mombasa alone, compared with the 60,201 pounds at yesterdays' Government sale . . .

Two-hundred-sixty-thousand pounds of Congolese ivory, and more of it on the way. Judging from the kind of slaughter I have seen, it probably averaged no more than twenty-five pounds per tusk or fifty pounds per pair. According to those figures, the incisor teeth of more than five thousand highly intelligent beings were stacked up in the go-downs—like an African version of Dachau or Buchenwald!—to be sold at ten to twenty shillings per pound. All human or humane considerations aside, the Congo's elephants were worth at best a hundred dollars apiece, while a tamed and trained elephant can be sold to zoos and circuses for five to seven thousand dollars.

As Bokwe liked to say, "I guess that Tembos are smarter than people."

THUNDERING through a vast cloud of dust, the horned fury charges across the technicolor screen. Will the ruthless prehistoric monster gore and overturn the Land Rover? Will he trample it to scrap iron? Will he eat the White Hunter or the spark plugs?

Open-mouthed, the movie-going public watches the sensational "rhino charge." If the so-called African film is a real stinker, they have already seen savannah-dwelling lions leap out of the steaming, teeming jungle, maddened by the tempting flesh of the White Hunter hero and the heaving-bosomed heroine. Locked in each other's arms, hero and heroine have crouched behind a low rock barrier while unhappy mules, artfully painted with zebra stripes, have been stampeded past them. Inflated rubber hippos, moved by unseen wires, have attacked the couple's boat and dumped them in the water. They have managed to escape from broad-snouted Yankee alligators who have tried to pose as narrow-snouted Nile crocodiles. While struggling onto shore, they have been charged by a troop of well-trained Asiatic elephants wearing fan-shaped plastic ears behind their bulging foreheads. In all, they have been attacked on their brief safari by more animals than any bush native glimpses during his entire lifetime.

These technicolor terrors of the "Dark Continent," from op-art mules to elephants in falsies, have thrilled and chilled the duped audience. Now, as an epic climax, the arch villain of them all thunders toward his classic duel with the Land Rover. How can the watching public doubt what ads, posters, billboards, and brochures all repeat in pictures or in prose—that the black rhino, alias the "horned fury," is Africa's most dangerous and diabolic beast?

No one can deny that black rhinos have attacked Land Rovers, jeeps, trucks, or any other vehicle that has been employed to chase or catch them. Cape buffaloes have done the same. So have zebras, gnus, or even gentle-looking oryx and gazelles. Any animal who normally ignores a car will fight with it, charging pathetically and often suicidally, after being driven to a state of unreasoning hysteria. But the movie-makers can't raise a storm of publicity over a maimed or dead gazelle. It isn't sensational enough, and the public might consider it sadistic. Rhinos, on the other hand, are "ugly monsters" and they have it coming to them: according to their press releases, they will rush to attack any and all passing automobiles.

Africa's black rhino will, on occasion, "charge" a car without apparent provocation. He will also charge at tents, trees, bushes, rats, frogs, men, butterflies, or grasshoppers. Sometimes he will even charge at the sound of his own dung dropping on a leafy shrub behind him. Much more often and for no good reason, he will flee from frogs, butterflies, and all the rest. There is no predictable pattern to his flights or aggressions; the same rhino who retreats in terror from a harmless native woman may gallop moments later to-

ward a group of rifle-bearing white men. If the tourists hold their fire he will, almost invariably, come to a halt some twenty feet away, stare at them briefly, then go trotting off to browse on a thorn bush. But they shoot, and most of them believe sincerely that they shoot and kill in self-defense.

Loud-snorting bluffer and titanic blunderer, more easily stalked and killed than any member of the hunters' Big Five, the black rhino is a rebel without a cause, a chronic but incompetent delinquent. He is, even from the animals' point of view, the bull in Africa's china shop, rushing from one messy disaster to the next.

Attempting to explain his seemingly demented ways, native storytellers of the northeast Congo tell an oddly touching little tale. Long ago, it seems, the first animals were absolutely naked, having neither skin nor fur to cover their tender meat. Seeing their plight, God gave each of them a needle and suggested that they make some clothes. The ancestral leopard, cleverest of beasts, sewed the most beautiful coat. The others did their best, making fine or mediocre coats according to their talent. But Kifaru—the first black rhino and the dumbest animal in all creation—dropped his needle, couldn't see where it was lying, and kicked it into a thicket.

Tortured by ticks and flies, the naked rhino charged back and forth looking for his needle. It was nowhere. Snatching at a thorn, he stitched away with it frantically, then donned his hastily made coat. It hung in deep folds and wrinkles where he hadn't sewed it straight. Seeing it, the other animals began to laugh and taunt him. Snorting with rage, the rhino galloped from thicket to thicket as he searched for his needle. If he could only find it, he would sew himself a rich and glossy coat like the leopard's. Then the other animals would stop laughing. But he couldn't see the needle, even when he galloped over it. Perhaps, he thought, one of those laughing beasts has picked it up and hidden it. So he started charging every living thing he met, as his whole tribe does today, hoping to find the guilty party and retrieve the long-lost rhino needle.

Wild as it sounds, the native legend makes more sense than all of Hollywood's automotive-rhino epics put together. What could be more frantic, more maddened by frustration, more suspicious and aggressive, than a three-thousand-pound animal, nearsighted to the point of blindness, who searches constantly for something he can't see?

Insatiably curious, the black rhino is at the same time extremely timid and equipped with only limited mentality. His hearing and his sense of smell are superb, but his vision is abysmally defective. Each of his tiny eyes, set on opposite sides of his bulky, elongated head, gives him a different picture to look at; each picture is tantalizing in its wide-angle perspective but horribly frustrating in its perpetual fuzziness. An animal Mr. McGoo, nearsighted Kifaru cannot tell a man from a tree at distances of more than thirty feet, cannot see any object distinctly if it is more than twenty or even fifteen feet away, and has to cock his head sideways to see, with one eye at a time, around the bulk of his muzzle and his massive front horn. Moving forward with the horn lowered, he is running blind.

By day as well as night, Kifaru hears and smells a whole world of fascinating objects which he cannot see. His curiosity drives him on to poke and probe among them—to look for the needle, as it were—but his timid disposition makes him fear, and fear deeply, the very objects that he wants to examine. He hesitates, agonized, while the two conflicting instincts boil within him. Usually he runs away but sometimes rushes forward to investigate with the world's most farcical display of bluff, noise, wasted energy, and sheer ineptitude—the notorious rhino "charge."

Once, near the Upemba National Park in Katanga, I watched a typically addlepated rhino stage a typically silly charge. He was busy with a big mouthful of twigs when he heard a frog start to croak about a hundred feet away. He stopped chewing, cocked his head, and listened—with leaves fluttering out of his mouth—then trotted anxiously toward the sound. As he approached, the frog croaked loudly and hopped by chance in his direction. A ton and a half of spooked rhinoceros made an abrupt U-turn, retreating to "safety." He sulked for a few minutes before advancing again. This time the frog jumped in the opposite direction, making him feel more confident: he lowered his horn and charged, smashing the frog under his hoofs without even knowing it. He returned to the spot, sniffing until he found it, and pawed at the little blob of pulp with a puzzled expression.

At the opposite extreme, rhinos have attacked railroad trains. During the early days of the Uganda Railway—while disturbed lions were carrying off the station masters or the signalmen—a frightened and confused rhino charged and jolted a stationary coach, knocking himself down but getting up and trotting away, somewhat dazedly, to brood about the experience. One of the trains was actually derailed when another rhino charged the locomotive, knocking off a steel plate which dropped beneath a wheel. This time the rhino didn't get up.

As a match for human hunters, poor Kifaru is the laughingstock of equatorial Africa, ridiculed in native folk tales and proverbial wisdom. *"Bairinga kipserageta!"* say the Lumbwa tribesmen of East Africa—"May you be killed by a rhino!"—but they only say it to their worst enemies. They cannot think of any more undignified, cowardly, and humiliating death.

It is exactly that, for the great majority of rhino-caused fatalities or severe injuries come when a man turns his back and runs. An inexperienced hunter, white or black, may panic as he sees the huge animal galloping toward him in its classic dust cloud: he shoots in haste, wounds rather than kills, drops his gun, and tries to outrace the dazed or maddened rhino. He can't possibly do it, since Kifaru is at least a third faster, while the very fact that he runs increases the rhino's confidence and the noise he makes while running gives the half-blind animal a chance to use his keen hearing and correct his angle of approach which was, most probably, wrong to begin with. Under these conditions, even a badly wounded and further handicapped rhino may be lucky enough to connect or, rather, collide with his target.

Brainwashed by the hunters' propaganda, Kifaru is looked upon as a hardened criminal rather than a scatterbrained delinquent. Hoping to refute that point of view, late in 1959, I purchased a recently captured, full-grown black rhino from the Uganda Public Works Department, christened him Pierrot, turned him loose in a 250- by 200-foot kraal at my Mugwata game park, and walked into the kraal, determined to tame and train him.

Pierrot heard the gate close behind me, and stared nervously in my direction from his position some 150 feet away. He worried about the problem for several minutes before deciding on the traditional rhino answer—charge. Then he trotted toward me, accelerating, his head held horizontally. In that position his already poor vision was blocked by his front horn, so, as he launched himself into a furious gallop, he cocked his head to the side, straining to see with a single eye. When he reached a point about thirty feet away, where he could vaguely distinguish my shape, he adjusted his angle, lowered his horn and thundered toward me—a blind juggernaut committed to a fixed direction.

I had about a second to answer or ignore him. If his aim appeared to be dangerously accurate, I could make a quick sideways jump like a rodeo clown; if not, I could stand my tracks and watch.

ON this, his first try, Pierrot's aim looked a little too good. I jumped. He shot past, snorting, with his tasseled tail held high in the air. Decelerating to a stop more than thirty feet beyond, he turned around and peered anxiously, trotting back and forth while he tried to find the target. Since I am somewhat smaller than a railroad train, he failed to locate me. I moved back about twenty feet. He heard me, snorted indignantly, "prrrufff!" and charged again.

This time I didn't have to move. Pierrot misjudged his angle badly, missing by a wide margin. His third attempt was even worse, and after five or six failures he stopped charging. Confused and obviously upset, he snorted, growled, shook his head and pawed at the ground. I let him sulk for ten minutes before I clued him to the target, jumping up and down and hooting like a baboon.

Pierrot raised his head, started to trot in my direction, spotted a small cassia tree at a ninety-degree angle, veered, galloped toward it under full steam, veered again, and wound up 150 feet to my left. He spent the next ten minutes trotting back and forth, head cocked, trying to find me. He was concentrating very hard, but he wasted his energy on two more small trees and a big clump of thorn bush. Then, when he finally spotted me, he charged, missed again, and, of course, missed by an even wider margin.

Disgusted by the whole series of fiascos, a ton and a half of unhappy horned fury sat down on his haunches, grunting. As he did, I charged the rhino, yelling like a Masai. Appalled, he scrambled to his feet and stood, staring, until I got to within twenty feet of him. Then he fled in terror to the far end of the kraal. "The greatest bluffer in all Africa," as Carl Akeley once called him, had been shamelessly outbluffed.

We repeated those absurd maneuvers for the next four days, but I never charged the rhino again. Instead, I simply dodged or stood my ground as Pierrot continued to charge . . . and to miss . . . and to try again. If he became familiar with my appearance, I reasoned, he would be eager to satisfy his curiosity as soon as he decided that I wasn't going to hurt him.

The first signs of understanding came toward the end of the fourth day when I moved to a point within ten feet of the rhino's head and he neither charged nor retreated but watched quietly. After a moment, he started to worry again and backed off. Trying to reassure him, I made a noisy little retreat. That brought him back but he didn't charge: I was well within his field of clear vision and I was becoming a familiar if a somewhat baffling sight. Encouraged, I took a step toward the rhino. He took a step backward. So I took a step to the rear, and he moved

forward one step.

We danced that little waltz, with minor variations, for a full month. It was dull work, especially so when compared to the quick, spectacular results that can be obtained with more intelligent animals. Working with my full-grown lion, Simba, in the backyard arena of my place at Kisenyi, I had tamed him in a couple of days and trained him in *less* than a month, to sit, stand, lie down, roll over, mount a series of pedestals, and leap through a hoop of fire. Now, working with Pierrot, the pair of us simply stepped forward, backward, forward, and backward again. Friends and family had predicted my atrocious death beneath the rhino's hoofs, but the way things looked, I was more apt to die of boredom—either that or fallen arches.

The big breakthrough came, one day, as I was standing a couple of feet away from Pierrot's head. He suddenly turned his two-foot front horn toward me, then rubbed his leathery cheek along my arm. I returned the gesture with a hearty slap on the neck, figuring that a rhino would, like an elephant, prefer a firm caress to an iritating little tickle. He nudged me in the ribs with his horn, rubbing it along my body. I took a dozen steps away from him, curious to see his reaction. He came toward me with an accelerating trot. I was in the direct line of charge but I stood my ground as the rhino advanced. He came to a halt with his horn less than two feet from my chest, then cocked his head and ogled me.

I let out my breath, gave him another friendly slap on the neck and led him on a long walk around the edge of the kraal, keeping a position three-quarters forward so that he could see me easily. He followed like a three-thousand-pound lamb, dutifully keeping step—which wasn't at all surprising—turned whenever I turned, and gave me a few playful little nudges in the rear.

Within a week, the horned fury and I were playing ball. We used a three-foot sphere of cattle hide stuffed with straw. I bowled it to Pierrot with my hand and he bowled it back with his horn. John Grindle's cricket-playing elephants would have laughed us off the field, but the rhino found it thrilling sport, smacking the ball enthusiastically but with very poor aim. His physical handicaps made it difficult to teach him more sophisticated games: he was too nearsighted, unable to jump or even to scramble over any kind of barrier, and he lacked grasping equipment comparable to an elephant's adroit trunk.

Poor blundering Kifaru, hiding out in his beloved thickets, is seemingly far from extinction: there are an estimated 10,000 to 13,000 black rhinos left, most of them living in national parks and game preserves. That sounds like a safe, even impressive figure, but the rate of attrition keeps increasing as the money-minded poachers swarm into so-called sanctuaries with their rifles, snares, and poison arrows. Even the Masai, tragically corrupted with the rest, are now spearing *e-muny*, as they call the black rhino. They claim "self-defense" but their real motive is the money or, God help them, the illegal drugs they can obtain from the sale of the horns.

Every year poachers kill some 20 per cent of Africa's living black rhinos—and the rhino's birth rate is a scant 5 per cent. The carnage could be reduced if collective fines were imposed on tribesmen living in heavily poached areas and a joint Oriental-African embargo passed against the rhino-horn traffic, forbidding any and all sales. Instead, rhino horn is auctioned off legally in Mombasa and legally imported in the East where, within twenty years or so, Africa's last black rhino will wind up as magic powder in a little muslin bag.

AFRICA'S most dangerous animal, judging from a human rather than a hunting point of view, is not the leopard, lion, elephant, Cape buffalo, or rhinoceros. He kills a greater number of men than all of them put together, although he is himself far easier to kill and cannot be compared in speed, agility, or wariness to any member of the Big Five.

Confronted by a single animal species that consistently dines upon men, Africans react with lackadaisical indifference to the hidden threat of Mamba, the crocodile's presence, flirting with the danger until it finally catches up with them. Men who would run screaming with terror from an eighty-pound leopard, will take a nap near the shore where flesh-eating animals twenty times larger, less cautious, and more likely to attack may be lurking. Women washing clothes wade in and *face the shore* to beat their laundry on the rocks; children, carried off by the hundreds every year, play in the shallows unattended. No one ever dreams of posting sentinels, and natives scoff or grumble if you try to suggest it. Such an elementary precaution would involve, as they have often told me, "too much trouble."

The solution to this tragic problem cannot be found in killing off the crocodiles. Whenever and wherever the colonial governments tried it, the near or total extermination of the giant reptiles harmed the very people it was supposed to aid: large predatory fish, formerly kept in check by the departed crocodiles, were now free to multiply without restraint and massacre the plant-eating fish population that forms the mainstay of the fishing natives' diet. Some careless individuals were spared a messy death, but entire tribes were soon menaced by starvation or, almost as disastrous, the loss of their traditional way of life.

Crocodiles and snakes have been linked, since the dawn of history, with consummate and even cosmic evil. The animals themselves, hidden away behind their man-made devil masks, are loathed with a passion rarely shown toward any living creature. Snakes, who almost never bother humans when they are left alone, are denounced as "evil" because they sometimes bite in self-defense, usually when stepped upon. Crocodiles are called evil because they sometimes eat men—as they eat any other kind of animal protein that swims, drifts, or blunders into their path, including their own infant offspring. They do not, however, kill for social status, hatred, lust, or superstition, so they cannot qualify as sportsmen.

During World War II, on Ramree Island in the Bay of Bengal, eighteen miles from the western coast of Burma, British troops, equipped with mortars and machineguns, had trapped more than a thousand Japanese infantrymen, hemming them up in a coastal mangrove swamp. On the night of February 19, 1945, while both sides were exchanging heavy fire, the Japanese were suddenly assailed from a new quarter; wave after wave of salt-water crocodiles attacked, snatching impartially at dead, wounded, and living. By morning—out of a thousand Japanese—only twenty survived.

The constant racket of a military barrage probably goaded the offenders to a state of collective hysteria; they may, ironically, have decided that the thundering British-Japanese combat was a kind of super mating battle.

Whatever the exact cause, the crocodile's only mass attack on human beings came as a direct result of World War II—man's own greatest attack upon man. The Big Dragons, inspired to uniquely aberrant behavior, killed hundreds of men on Ramree Island in the Bay of Bengal. Men, who have been at war almost constantly throughout history, killed *fifty million* of their fellow humans from the start of World War II to its finish *(Guinness Book of World Records)*.

That war, and not the putterings of hungry reptiles in their dens, was and remains the ultimate horror.

EPILOGUE: In writing my first book on Africa, *Congo Kitabu*, I tried to convey, within the framework of my personal experiences, some of the flavor and meaning of the old Africa, now passing away. I have written *Animal Kitabu* because I feel that some understanding of Africa's so-called wild animals and their ways is vitally needed to stimulate and aid conservationist programs.

Since the birth of Christ—who said that not a sparrow fell without God's knowledge—106 mammalian species have become extinct, 40 of them during the past half-century of industrial and scientific progress. Today, further menaced by exploding world population, some 250 rare mammals and 350 birds are menaced by extinction, from the little Madagascar aye-aye, a primate relative of man, to the world's largest mammal, the hundred-foot blue whale.

The World Wildlife Fund, established in 1961, has advanced four major reasons why the survival of other species than our own is vital to our human future, even in an age of computers and orbiting satellites. As stated by Dr. Fritz Vollmar, the international organization's Swiss Secretary-General:

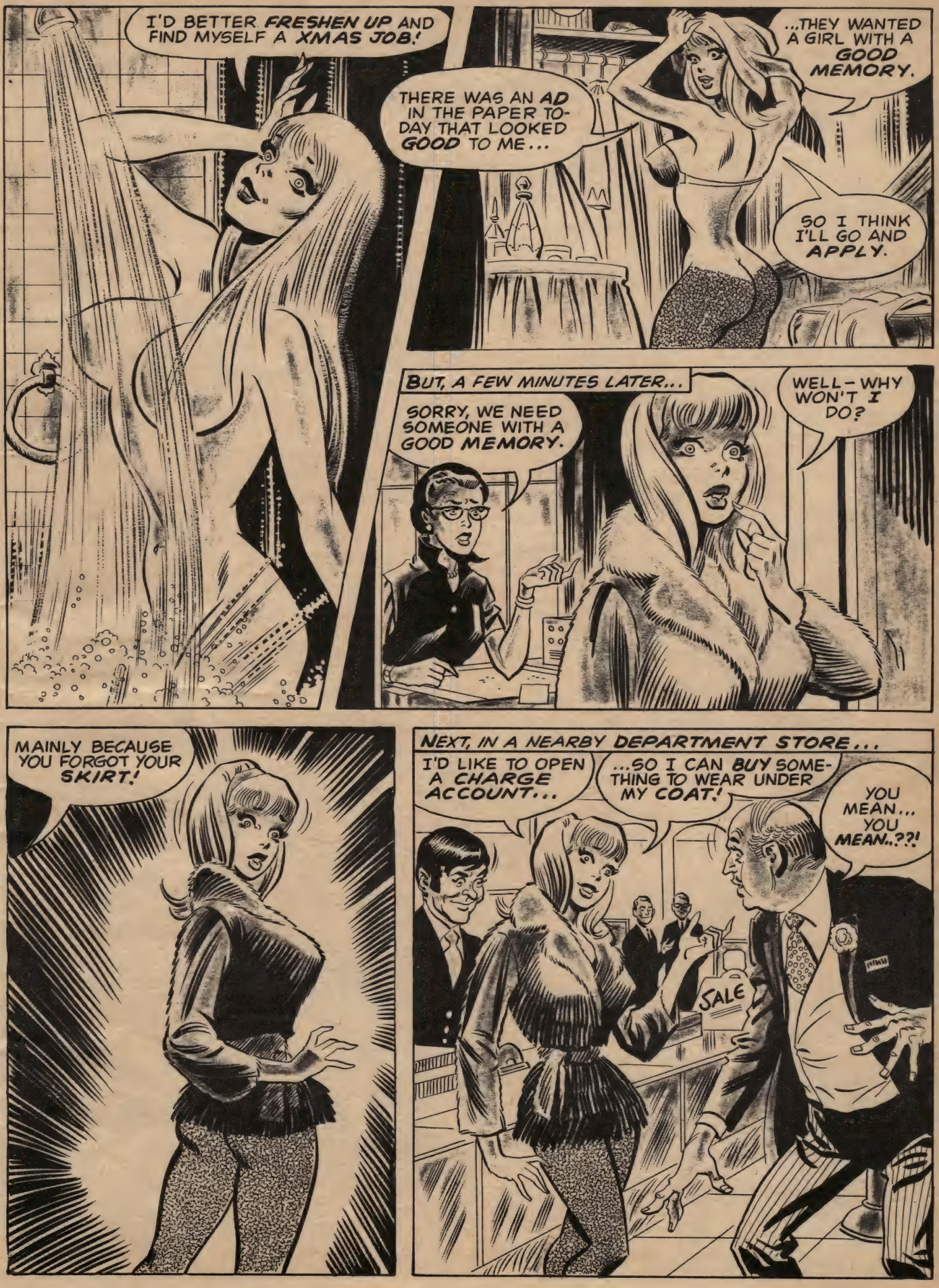
> 1) With the tremendous strides toward urbanization of vast tracts of countryside, the city-dweller needs more and more the relaxation and enjoyment which nature and wildlife can give him.
>
> 2) Some species, already extinct because of man's interference with nature, could have provided a valuable source of food, particularly in some developing nations. They might also have been able to provide valuable information to the scientist.
>
> 3) Rare animals and birds can be of great economic value to under-developed countries, particularly as tourist attractions.
>
> 4) Man has an ethical and moral responsibility to preserve anything which lives on earth.

The last two or three generations of mankind have, by conscious intent or ignorant neglect, reduced the world's wildlife heritage to a tattered remnant of its former natural glory. It is up to our generation to decide what happens next. If we permit the wanton slaughter and pollution to continue, if we fail to control the ever-rising human population in industrialized and "underdeveloped" nations alike—we shall not only sacrifice the lives of so-called wild animals but rob and degrade the future of mankind.

A White Hunter still operating in Kenya has advertised his services with a new slogan: "Go now to Africa. Your trophies and your pictures may be all of Africa's great game that your sons will ever see."

To hell with trophies. I would rather take away an arkload of animals, so that our sons can see them *alive*. ●●●

Pussycat
"'Twas the night before Xmas..."
GOSH, I LOVE TO RECEIVE PRESENTS!
BUT I WISH I COULD AFFORD TO SEND SOME.
UNFORTUNATELY, I'M TOO FLAT!
... BROKE, THAT IS!


I'D BETTER FRESHEN UP AND FIND MYSELF A XMAS JOB!
THERE WAS AN AD IN THE PAPER TODAY THAT LOOKED GOOD TO ME...
...THEY WANTED A GIRL WITH A GOOD MEMORY.
SO I THINK I'LL GO AND APPLY.
BUT, A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SORRY, WE NEED SOMEONE WITH A GOOD MEMORY.
WELL—WHY WON'T I DO?
MAINLY BECAUSE YOU FORGOT YOUR SKIRT!
NEXT, IN A NEARBY DEPARTMENT STORE...
I'D LIKE TO OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT...
...SO I CAN BUY SOMETHING TO WEAR UNDER MY COAT!
YOU MEAN... YOU MEAN..??!
SALE

WELL, WE DON'T GIVE CHARGE ACCOUNTS TO JUST ANYBODY!
BUT I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE NOT JUST ANYBODY!

YOU CAN BUY WHAT YOU LIKE...AND DON'T RUSH!
JUST WALK NICE AND SLOW.
MEN ARE SO FRIENDLY!
Sale

I'D BETTER FIND A DRESSING ROOM TO TRY THESE ON.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE.
MAY I COME IN, GIRLS?

THEY MUST BE STUCK-UP! THEY DON'T ANSWER!

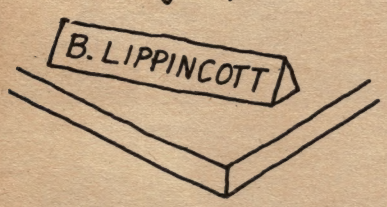
GEE, MOST OF THESE CLOTHES ARE TOO SMALL ON ME.
IT'S FUNNY... I ALWAYS HAVE THIS PROBLEM!

IT'S HOPELESS!
NOTHING SEEMS TO FIT ME!
OHH! HOW DARE YOU PEEK INTO THE DRESSING ROOM?
C'MERE, BLONDIE... I WANNA SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
DRESSING ROOM??
YOU'VE BEEN ON DISPLAY WITH ALL THE OTHER DUMMIES IN OUR FRONT SHOW WINDOW FOR THE PAST HALF HOUR!
GOSH! AND I DIDN'T EVEN POWDER MY NOSE!
TRACEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE
THE CROWD WON'T LEAVE! THEY'RE DEMANDING TO SEE MORE OF YOU!
YOU'RE BIGGER THAN OUR BARGAIN BASEMENT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
WHAT'S THAT?
AND SO OUR HEROINE LANDS HER JOB!
GOLLY! YOU ALL ASK FOR THE SAME THING!
THIS is the END!

Report on 100 coupon-clippers

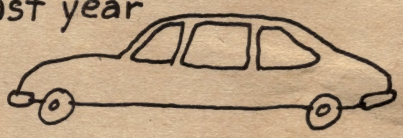
Here's what has happened to one hundred clippers of ICS coupons like the one you see below. We picked their names at random from our roll of recent graduates, so they're typical of the men and women who clipped the coupon, then decided to start studying with ICS.

85 won job promotions



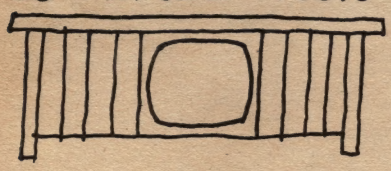
59 moved into better homes

41 bought new cars last year



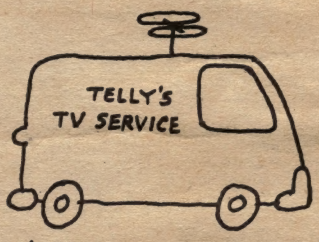
49 have a second car

38 own color TV sets



39 have reached management level

25 earn $10,000 a year or more



6 started their own business

ICS® International Correspondence Schools
Division of Intext

ICS, Scranton, Pa. 18515
Canadian residents use this address for service from ICS Canadian, Ltd.
In Hawaii: P.O. Box 418, Honolulu.

Join the club

Clip the coupon that can accelerate *your* future.

Take your first step . . . mail this coupon today . . . ICS, Scranton, Pa. 18515.
I'm interested in a program of independent study. Send me your free 3-booklet Success Kit: (1) "How to Succeed," 30 pages of valuable job tips, (2) Sample text demonstrating famous ICS method, (3) Catalog for subject checked below . . .

Miss
Mrs.
Mr. (Please print) _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Occupation _____ Employed by _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to _____ P.M.

Approved for veterans.
Accredited member, Nat'l Home Study Council
Convenient payment plan.
Special rates to members U.S. Armed Forces.

D3534M

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Accounting (U.S. or Can.)
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ General Accounting
- ☐ Practical Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Air Conditioning Maint.
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing & Design
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Carpenter-Builder
- ☐ Carpentry & Millwork
- ☐ Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
- ☐ House Planning, Int. Design
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Plumbing & Heating
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration

ART and DESIGN
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Commercial Cartooning
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Sign Painting & Design
- ☐ Sketching & Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding & Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Mechanic-Techn.
- ☐ Diesel-Gas-Motor Vehicle Engines
- ☐ Auto. Electrical Techn.
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

BUSINESS
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Industrial Psychology
- ☐ Managing a Small Store
- ☐ Personnel-Lab. Rel'ns
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Retail Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Management

BUSINESS: SALES
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Real Estate Sales
- ☐ Sales & Sales Mgmt.

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Plastics Technician

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Highway Eng. Tech.
- ☐ Sewer Plant Operator
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping
- ☐ Water-Works Operator

COLLEGE COURSES
- ☐ American History
- ☐ Calculus ☐ Economics

COMPUTERS
- ☐ COBOL Programming
- ☐ Fortran Programming
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Programming the 360
- ☐ Programming the 1401

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Blueprint Reading
- ☐ Design Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Structural

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Industrial Elec. Technician
- ☐ Motor Repairman
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ENGINEERING (Refresher Courses for Graduate Engineers)
- ☐ Chemical ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical ☐ Industrial
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Sanitary ☐ Structural

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Business
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math.
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory
- ☐ Preparatory Course for H.S. Equivalency Test

MACH. SHOP PRACTICE
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Maintenance Mechanic
- ☐ Reading Shop Prints
- ☐ Tool & Die Maker
- ☐ Welding, Gas & Elec.

MECHANICAL
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Aircraft Mechanic
- ☐ Hydraulic, Pneumatic Power
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Refrig., Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Vibration Analysis and Control

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Secretary, Legal
- ☐ Secretary, Medical
- ☐ Secretary, Professional
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic ☐ Typist

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Color TV Servicing
- ☐ Electronics Fundamentals
- ☐ Electronic Technician
- ☐ General Electronics
- ☐ Indust. Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio Telephone License
- ☐ TV and Radio Servicing ☐ with Equip. Training

WRITING
- ☐ English and Writing
- ☐ Free-Lance Writing
- ☐ Other (Please specify)

I put 2 full inches on my arms— 3 inches on my chest and trimmed 4 inches off my waist in just 7 weeks...

thanks to the Joe Weider Musclebuilding Course!"—

WHY NOT YOU?

SAYS MOVIE AND T.V. STAR, ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, "Mr. Universe" winner. He believes you, too, can easily duplicate his musclebuilding success with the Weider Course.

Why only the Joe Weider "MR. AMERICA" muscle-building course can MUSCLE YOU UP — SHAPE YOU UP—TOUGHEN YOU UP—FAST in just 7 short weeks—and in the privacy of your own home.

It makes no difference whether you're fat, skinny, scraggy or flabby, young or not-so-young—whether you're an office worker, laborer, executive or schoolboy—the WEIDER SYSTEM will pack 4 inches on your chest, 3 inches on each arm—give you football-player shoulders, muscularize your waistline, sock your legs with strength and speed—and "powerize" your entire body—IN JUST 7 SHORT WEEKS—OR LESS!

Only the WEIDER SYSTEM can do this for you because it is based on **scientific** principle—and **proven** by the hundreds of thousands of Champions it has developed since 1938. Practically every Mr. America, Mr. Universe and other "perfect man" title winners used the WEIDER SYSTEM to build their muscle-studded bodies.

NO OTHER MUSCLE-BUILDING SYSTEM ON EARTH CAN MATCH THIS FABULOUS RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT—AND NOW THAT SAME SURE-FIRE SYSTEM IS ENTIRELY WITHIN YOUR REACH!

Just rush in free coupon and I will send you proof that you too can own a new "Wildcat Take-Charge" body in just 7 short weeks—It's free, while the supply lasts!

FREE! BIG MUSCLE-BUILDING BOOK!

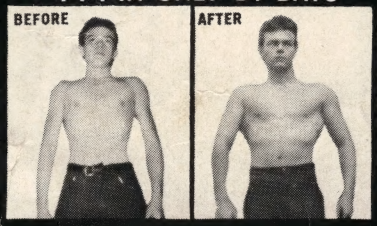
MAIL THIS COUPON TO ME TODAY AND I'LL RUSH YOU MY NEW BIG 34-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK — FREE! It's jam-packed with **proof** that you can become an athletic, virile, "Take-Charge" He-Man **in just 7 WEEKS—OR LESS!** It's loaded with photos, tips, suggestions that will help make your fondest musclebuilding dreams come true—just as it did for Arnold Schwarzenegger and over 2,000,000 other successful students! **SEND FOR IT NOW—IT'S ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

JOE WEIDER

Is your Personal Trainer! He has trained almost every "Mr. America", "Mr. Universe", "Mr. Canada", perfect men title winners since 1938 — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over! No other instructor in history can come close to this fantastic record!

HERE'S LIVING PROOF HOW FAST MY COURSE WORKS!

. . . IN ONLY 14 DAYS



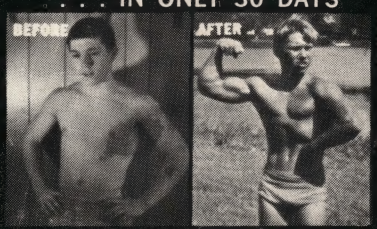
HE GAINS 16 POUNDS

BEFORE: Walter Leno, Jr. was weak and "under-nourished" looking—ashamed to be seen anywhere in public.

AFTER: Walter used Weider methods and in just 14 days put on 16 pounds, 2¼" on his arms and 2¼" on his chest!

IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU, TOO!

. . . IN ONLY 30 DAYS



HE GAINS 25 LBS.

BEFORE: Paul Carmody weighed a skinny 135 lbs. with "toothpick" arms and a shallow chest. He longed to be big and strong.

AFTER: Paul put himself under Weider methods and gained 25 muscular lbs. in 30 days, adding 1½" to his arms, 5" to his chest!

WHY NOT YOU?

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

JOE WEIDER
Dept. 16-10A
531 - 32nd Street
Union City, New Jersey 07087

Dear Joe: Okay, sock it to me! Rush me your Free musclebuilding information and Free "Muscle Up" book that I can use right away to build a handsome new "Take-Charge" body—in just 7 short weeks—in the privacy of my own home. I'm enclosing 25c to cover mailing and handling costs. I'm under no further obligation.

NAME (please print clearly) AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION — NOTHING TO BUY!

THE STRONGEST, MOST VIRILE AND ADMIRED MEN ARE BUILT BY THE WEIDER SYSTEM—FAST!

Your quick, easy way to spare time earnings, top-pay jobs, or business of your own;

TV-RADIO, ELECTRONICS

TRAIN AT HOME — *Learn-by-doing with NRI programmed equipment. All this is yours at no extra cost, from Achievement Kit to Color TV, in NRI TV-Radio Servicing course. You gain priceless confidence as you work with your hands as well as your head.*

Be a skilled technician in America's fastest growing industry

Regardless of your educational background, you can learn the Electronics field of your choice the practical, "hands on" NRI way. The NRI color Catalog, sent to you FREE and without obligation, tells you how you can qualify quickly to be a part of the fastest growing industry in this land. It shows you how you can train at home in your spare time for top-pay positions in industry, in business, or with the government. You'll read how you can get into the exciting field of broadcasting or how you can start a business of your own as a skilled TV-Radio Technician — either part-time or establishing your own full-time shop.

Make $5 or more per hour starting soon

NRI prepares you quickly to cash in on the boom in Color TV, one of the great money-making fields you can choose with an NRI diploma. TV Technicians are in demand *now* to keep millions of color sets in working order. NRI is the *only* school offering home education in Color TV Servicing that includes a color set totally engineered for training purposes. You learn by doing, demonstrating things you read about in "bite-size" texts as you build and use professional lab equipment. Electronics comes alive in a unique, fascinating, easy-to-understand way. In Color TV, the end product is your own high quality set, yours to keep for years of viewing pleasure.

TRAIN WITH THE LEADER

Tens of thousands of NRI graduates are proof it is practical to train at home in your spare time. NRI gives you a choice of 12 training programs. Five of them include FCC License preparation. *You must pass your FCC License exams or NRI refunds your tuition in full.* Decide *now* to move ahead in Electronics. Mail the coupon for FREE NRI CATALOG. No salesman will call. NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington, D.C. 20016.

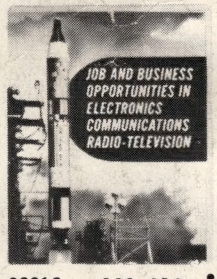
"I am an engineer at KSTF-TV and also run a part-time repair business. I have more sets to fix than I can find time for. NRI has changed my whole life and at least doubled my income." Gene Cochran, Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

"I am an AT&T Communications Technician. Because of NRI I was given credit for 13 mos. experience and my starting pay raised. They were impressed NRI could train me to obtain a 1st class FCC License." Craig D. Sparks, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"I don't have words to describe how thankful I am to NRI. I'm an electronic technician. Before I took your course I was only a wirer at $60 a week. Now I also do TV work outside my job." Ernest Marin, Bronx, New York.

"I find that all my spare time is in demand for repair work around town. I have the lessons from the course and frequently consult them. I doubt there is a better course available." Lyle M. Springer, Grangeville, Idaho.

APPROVED UNDER NEW GI BILL If you have served since January 31, 1955, or are in service, check GI line in coupon.



MAIL FOR FREE NRI CATALOG

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Electronics Division, Washington, D.C. 20016

202-010

Please send me your new catalog. I have checked the field(s) of most interest to me. (NO SALESMAN WILL CALL). Please PRINT.

- ☐ TV-Radio Servicing (with color)
- ☐ Advanced Color TV
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Complete Communications
- ☐ FCC License
- ☐ Aviation Communications
- ☐ Marine Communications
- ☐ Mobile Communications
- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Math for Electronics
- ☐ Electronics for Automation
- ☐ Electrical Appliance Repair

☐ Check for facts on GI Bill

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Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

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